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RED SAUNDERS AT BIG BEND

I

ENTER MR. SETT AND EXIT THE DOG

BY

HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

AUTHOR OF "RED SAUNDERS"

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST

OF all the worlds I ever broke into, this one's the most curious," said Red. "And one of the curiousest things in it is that I think it's queer. Why should I, now? What puts it into our heads that affairs ought to go so and so and so, when they never do anything of the sort? Take any book you read, or any story a man tells you: it runs along about how Mr. Smith made up his mind to do this or that, and proceeded to do it. And that never happened. What Mr. Smith calls making up his mind is, when you come down to bed-rock, nothing more nor less than what Mr. Smith pleasantly calls his mind dodging to cover under pressure of circumstances. That's straight. Old lady Luck comes for Mr. Smith's mind, swinging both hands; she gives it a stem-winder on the ear; lams it for keeps on the smeller; chugs it one in the short ribs, drives right and left into its stummick, and Mr. Smith's mind breaks for cover; then Mr. Smith tells his wife that—he's made up his mind—*He*, mind you. Wouldn't that stun you?

"Some people would say, 'Mr. Sett and Mr. Burton made up their minds to start the Big Bend Ranch.' All right; perhaps

"HE WAS A LOVELY PET"

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"HERE COMES A FUNNY LITTLE CUSS"

they did, but let me give you an inside view of the factory.

"First off, Billy Quinn, Wind-River Smith, and me were putting up hay at the lake beds. It was a God-forsaken, lonesome job, to say the best of it, and we took to collecting pets, to make it seem a little more like home.

"Billy shot a hawk, breaking its wing. That was the first in the collection. He was a lovely pet. When you gave him a piece of meat he said 'Cree,' and clawed chunks out of you, but most of the time he sat in the corner with his chin on his chest, like a broken-down lawyer. We didn't get the affection we needed out of him. Well, then Wind-River found a bull-snake asleep and lugged him home, hanging over his shoulder. We sewed a flannel collar on the snake and picketed him out until he got used to the place. And around and around and around squirmed that snake until we near got sick at our stummicks watching him. All day long, turning and turning and turning.

"'Darn it,' says I; 'I like more variety.' So that day, when I was cutting close to a timbered slew, out pops an old bob-cat and starts to open my shirt to see if I am her long-lost brother. By the time I got her strangled I had parted with most of my complexion. Served me right for being without a gun. The team run away as soon as I fell off the seat and I was booked to walk home. I heard a squeal from the bushes, and here comes a funny little cuss. I liked the look of him from the jump-off, even if his mother did claw delirious delight out of me. He balanced himself on his stubby legs and looked me square in the eye, and he spit and fought as though he weighed a ton when I picked him up — never had any notion of running away. Well, that was Robert — long for Bob.

"The style that cat spread on in the matter of growing was simply astonishing; he grew so's you could notice it overnight. At the end of two months he was that big he couldn't stand up under our sheet-iron cook-stove, and this was about the beginning of our family troubles. Tommy, the snake, was a good deal of a nuisance from the time he settled down. You'd have a horrible dream in the night — be way down under something or other, gasping for wind, and, waking up, find Tommy nicely coiled on your chest. Then you'd slap Tommy on the floor like a section of large rubber hose. But he bore no malice. Soon's you got asleep he'd be right back again. When the weather got cool he was always under foot. He'd roll beneath you and land you on your scalp-lock, or you'd ketch your toe on him and get a dirty drop. I don't think I ever laughed more in my life than one day when Billy come in with an armful of wood, tripped on Tommy, and come down with a clatter right where Judge Jenkins, the hawk, could reach him. The Judge fastened one claw in Billy's hair and scratched his whiskers with the other. Gee! The hair and feathers flew! Bill had a hot temper and he went for the hawk like it was a man. The first thing he laid his hand on was Tommy, so he used the poor snake for a club. Wind-River and me were so weak from laughing that we near lost two pets before we got strength to interfere.

"But, as I was saying, the cold nights played Keno with our happy home. Neither Tommy nor Bob dared monkey with the Judge — he was the only thing on top of the earth the cat was afraid of. Bob used to be very anxious to sneak a hunk of meat from His Honor at times, yet, when the Judge stood on one foot, cocked his

head sideways, snapped his bill and said 'Cree,' Robert reconsidered. On the other hand, Tommy and Bob were forever scrapping. Lively set-to's, I want to tell you. The snake butted with his head like a young streak of lightning. I've seen him knock the cat ten foot. And while a cat doesn't grow moldy in the process of making a move, yet the snake is there about one seventeen-hundredth-millionth part of a second sooner. And that's a good deal where those parties are concerned. Now, on cold nights, they both liked to get under the stove, where it was warm, and there wasn't room for more'n one. Hence, trouble; serious trouble. Bob hunted coyotes on moonlight nights. We threw scraps around the corner of the house to bait 'em, and Bob would watch there hour on end until one got within range. It was a dead coyote in ten seconds by the watch, if the jump landed. If it didn't, Bob had learned there was no use wasting his young strength trying to ketch him. He used to sit still and gaze after them flying streaks of hair and bones as

"WE NEAR LOST TWO PETS"

though he was thinking 'I wisht somebody'd telegraph that son-of-a-gun for me.'

"Well, then he'd be chilly and reckon he'd climb under the stove. But Thomas 'ud be there.

"'H-h-h-h-hhhh!' says Tom, in a whisper.

"'Er-raow-pht!' says Robert. 'Mmmmmmm—errrrr—pht!' And so on for some

"'I WISHT SOMEBODY'D TELEGRAPH THAT SON-OF-A-GUN FOR ME'"

time, the talk growing louder, then, with a yell that would stand up every hair on your head, Bob 'ud hop him. Over goes the cook-stove. Away rolls the hot coals on the floor. Down comes the stove-pipe and the frying-pans and the rest of the truck, whilest the old Judge in the corner hollered decisions, heart-broke because he was tied by the leg and could not get a claw into the dispute.

"By the time we had 'em separated — Bob headed up in his barrel and Tom tied up in his sack — put the fire out, and fixed things generally, there wasn't a great deal left of that night's rest.

"But children will be children. We swore awful, still we wouldn't have missed their company for a fair-sized farm.

"And now comes in the first little twist of the Big Bend Ranch, proper — all these things I'm telling you were the eggs. Here's where the critter pipped.

"'Twas November, and such a November as you don't get outside of Old Dakota, a regular mint-julep of a month, with a dash of summer, a sprig of spring, a touch of fall, and a sniff or two of winter to liven you up. If you'd formed a committee to furnish weather for a month, and they'd turned out a month like that, not even their best friends would have kicked. And here we'd been makin' hay, and makin' hay, the ranch people thanking Providence that prairie grass cures on the stem, while we cussed, for we were sick of the sight of hay. I got so the rattle of a mower give me hysterics. We were picked because we were steady and reliable, but one day we bunched the job. Says I, 'Here; we've cut grass for four solid months includin' Sundays and legal holidays, although the Lord knows where they come in, for I haven't the least suspicion what day of the month it may be, but anyhow, let's knock off one round.'

"So we did. I sat outside in the afternoon, while the other two boys and the rest of the family took a snooze. Here comes a man across the south flat a-horseback.

"I watched him, much interested: first place, he was the first strange human animal we'd laid eye on for six weeks; next place, his style of riding attracted attention. I thought at the time he must have invented it, him being the kind of man that hated horses, and wanted to keep as far away from them as possible, yet forced

by circumstances to climb upon their backs.

"His mount was a big American horse, full sixteen hand high, trotting in twenty-foot jumps. If I had anything against a person, just short of killing, I'd tie him on the back of a horse trotting like that. It's a great gait to sit out. Howsomever, this man didn't sit it out; what he wanted of a saddle beyond the stirrups was a mystery, for he never touched it. He stood up on his stirrups, bent forward like he was going to bite the horse in the ear, soon's the strain got unendurable.

"Well, here he come, straight for us. I'd a mind to wake the other boys up, to let 'em see something new in the way of mishandling a horse, but they snored so peaceful, I refrained.

"'How-de-do?' says he.

"I said I was worrying along, and sized him up, on the quiet. He was a queer pet. Not a bad set-up man, and rather good-looking in the face. Light yellow hair, little yellow mustache, light blue eyes. And clean! Say, I never saw anybody that looked so aggravating clean in all my life. It seemed kind of wrong for him to be outdoors; all the prairie and the cabin and everything looked mussed up beside him.

"As soon as he opened up, I noticed he had a little habit of speaking in streaks, that bothered me. I missed the sense of his remarks.

"'Would you mind walking over that trail again?' I asked him. 'I do most of my thinking at a foot-step and your ideas is over the hill and far away before I can recognize the cut of their scalp-lock.'

"'Haw!' says he and stared at me. I was just on the point of askin' him if red hair was a new thing to him, when all of a sudden he begun to laugh. 'Haw-haw-haw!' says he. 'Not bad at all, ye know.'

"'Of course not,' says I. 'Why should it be?'

"This got him going. I saw him figuring away to himself, and then I had to smile so you could hear it.

"'Well,' says I, better humored, 'tell us it again—I caught the word sheep in the hurricane.'

"So he went over it, talking slow. I listened with one ear, for he had a white bulldog with him; a husky, bandy-legged brute with a black eye, and he was sniffing, dog fashion, around the door, while I blocked him out with my legs. Doggy was in a frame of mind, puzzling out bull-snake trail, and hawk trail, and bob-cat trail. He foresaw much that was entertaining the other side of the door, and wanted it, powerful.

"'Here,' says I, 'call your dog. I can't pay attention to both of you.'

"'He won't hurt anything, you know,' says the man.

"'Well, we've got a cat in there that'll hurt *him*,' I says. 'You'd better whistle him off before old Bob wakes up and scatters him around the front yard.'

"BOB 'UD HOP HIM"

"Gee! That man sat up straight on his horse! Cat hurt that dog? Nonsense! Of course, he wouldn't let the dog hurt the cat, and as long as I was afraid——

"I looked into that peaceful cabin. Billy was lying on his back, his fine manly nose vibrating with melody; Wind-River was cooing in a gentle, choked-to-death sort of fashion, on the second bunk; Tom was coiled in the corner, the size of half a barrel; the Judge slept on his perch; Robert reposed under the cook-stove with just a front paw sticking out. It was one of

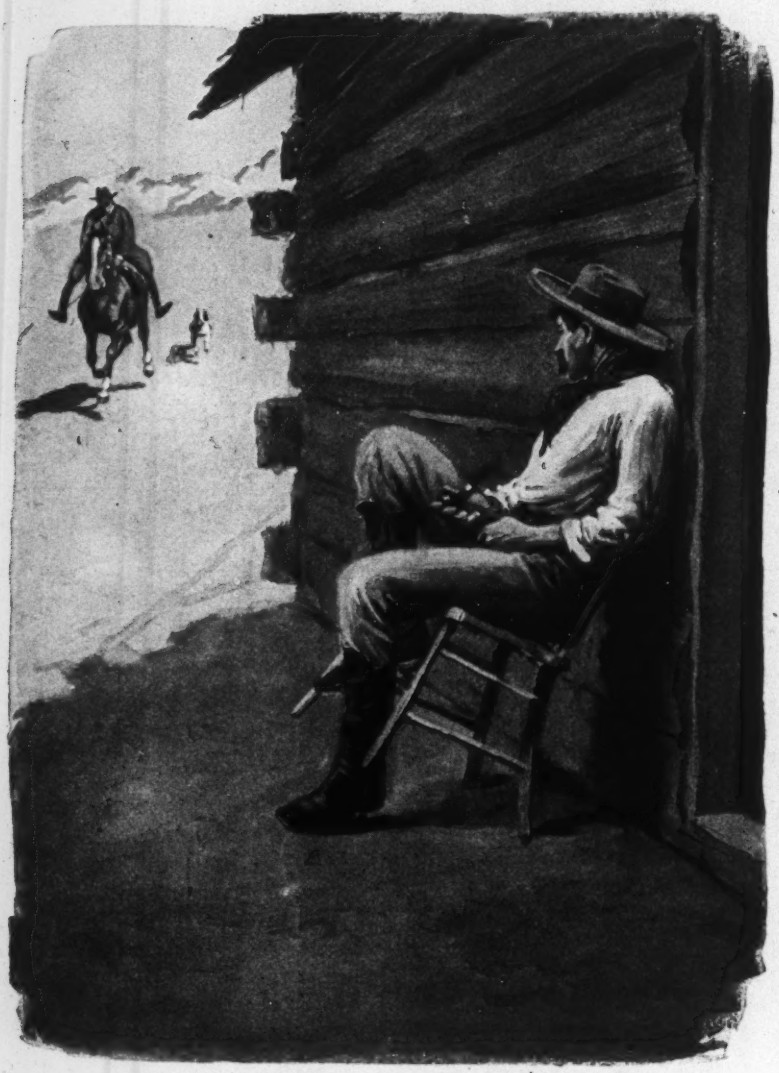
them restful scenes our friends the poets sing about. It did appear wicked to disturb it but ——

"'Will you risk your dog?' I asked that man very softly and politely.

"'Certainly!' says he.

"Says I, 'His blood be on your shirt-front,' and I moved my leg.

"Well, sir, Billy landed on the grocery shelf. Wind-River grabbed his gun and sat up paralyzed. It really was a most surprising noise. I've had hard luck in my life, but all the things that ever happened to me would seem like a recess to that bulldog. Our domestic difficulties was forgotten. 'United We Stand,' waved the motto of the lake-bed cabin. Jerusalem! That dog was snake-bit, and hawk-scratched-and-bit-and-clawed, and bob-cat-scratched-and-bit-and-clawed, till you couldn't see a cussed thing in that cabin but blur. And of all the hissing and squawking and screeching and yelling and snapping and roaring and growling you or any other man ever heard, that was the darnedest. I took a look at the visitor. He'd got off his horse and was standing in the doorway with his hands spread out. His face expressed nothing at all, very forcible. Meanwhile, things were boilin' for fair; cook-stove, frying-pans, stools, boxes, saddles, tin cans, bull-snakes, hawks, bob-cats, and bulldogs simply floated in the air.



"HIS STYLE OF RIDING ATTRACTED ATTENTION"

"SEARCHING HIS SOUL FOR SOUNDS TO TELL HOW SCART HE WAS"

"'I wish you'd tell me what in all perdition has busted loose in this cabin, Red Saunders!' howls old Wind-River in an injured tone of voice; 'and whether I shell shoot or sha'n't I.'

"There come a second's lull. I see Judge Jenkins on the dog's back, his talents sunk to the hock, whilest he had hold of an ear with his bill, pullin' manfully. Tommy had swallered the dog's stumpy tail, and Bob was dragging hair out of the enemy like an Injun dressing hides.

"A bulldog is like an Irishman; he's brave because he don't know any better, and you can't get any braver than that, but there's a limit, even to lunk-headedness. It bored through that dog's thick skull that he had butted into a little bit the darnedest hardest streak of petrified luck that anything on legs could meet with.

"'By-by,' says he to himself. 'Out doors will do for me!' And here he comes! Neither the visitor nor me was expecting him. He knocked the feet out from under us and sat his master on top. We got up in time to see a winged bulldog, with a tail ten foot long, bounding merrily over the turf, searching his soul for sounds to tell how scart he was, whilest a desperate bob-cat, spitting fire and brimstone, threw dirt fifty foot in the air trying to lay claws on him.

"As they disappeared over the first rise I rolls me a cigarette and lights it slowly.

"'Just by way of curiosity,' says I; 'how much will you take for your dog?'

"'My Heavens!' says he, recovering the power of speech. 'What kind of animal was that?'

"'Come in,' says I, 'and take a drink—you need it.'

"So we gathered up the ruins and tidied things some, while the new man sipped his whisky.

"'My!' says he, of a sudden. 'I must go after my poor dog.'

"I sort of warmed to him at that. 'Dog's all right,' says I. 'He'll shake 'em loose and be home in no time. Now you tell me about them sheep.'

"'Sheep?' says he, putting his hand to his head. 'What was it about sheep?'

"'Hello in the house!' sings out Billy. 'The children's comin' home!'

"We tumbled out. Sure enough, the warriors was returning. First come the Judge, tougher than rawhide, half walking and half flying, his wings spread out, 'cree-ing' to himself about bulldogs and their ways; next come Bobby, still sputtering and swearing, and behind ambled Thomas at a lively wriggle, a coy, large smile upon his face.

"'Ur-r-roup! Roup!' sounds from the top of the rise. The family, halted and turned around, expectin' more pleasure, for there on the top of the hill stood the terrible scart but still faithful bulldog calling for his master to come away from that place quick, before he got killed. But he had one eye open for safety, and when the

"CALLING FOR HIS MASTER TO COME AWAY FROM THAT PLACE QUICK, BEFORE HE GOT KILLED"

family stopped, he ducked down behind the hill surprisin'.

"'Well, I must be going,' says the visitor. 'My name's Sett — Algernon Alfred Sett—and I shall be over next week to talk to you about those sheep.'

"'Any time,' says I. 'We'll be here till we have to shovel snow to get at the hay, from the look of things.'

"'Well, I'm very anxious to have a good long talk with you about sheep,' says he. 'I've been informed that you had a long experience in that line in — er — Nevverdah ——'

"'Nevverdah?' says I. 'Oh! — Nevada. I beg your pardon — I've got in the habit of pronouncing in that way. It wasn't Nevada, by the way — it was Texas — but that's only a matter of a Europe or so. Yes, I met a sheep or two in that country, I'm sorry to say.'

"'I — er — think of engaging in the business, dontcher know,' says he, relaxing into his first method of speech; 'and should like to consult you professionally.'

"'All right, sir!' says I. 'I'm one of the easiest men to consult west of any place east. Can't you stay now and get the load off your mind?'

"'Well — *no*,' he says to me very confidentially. 'You see, that dog is a great pet of my wife's, and I'm also afraid she will be a little worried by my long absence, so ——'

"'I see, sir — I see,' I answered him. 'Well, come around again and we'll talk sheep.'

"'Thank you — thank you *so* much,' says he, and pops up on his horse. Then again, without any warning, he broke into a haw-haw-haw! as he threw a glance at the family, who sat around eyeing him. 'You were quite right about that *cat*, you know,' says he. 'Capital! Capital! But a *little* rough on the dog.' And off he goes, bobbity-bob, bobbity-bob.

"'Where'd you tag that critter, Red?' says Wind-River. 'My mind's wanderin'.'

"'He comes down the draw much the graceful way he's going up it,' says I. 'From where, and why how, I dunno. But I kind of like him against my better instincts, Windy.'

"Windy spit thoughtfully at a fly fifteen foot away. 'I shouldn't have time to hate him much myself,' says he.

"And there you are. That's how I met Brother Sett, and the Big Bend Ranch stuck her head out of the shell."

THE WILD-ANIMAL SURGEON AND HIS PATIENTS

BY

A. W. ROLKER

AUTHOR OF "BABIES OF THE ZOO," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH

OPERATING on a caged beast is like operating on a very young child, only more difficult. Like the infant, the animal can give no hint or help to the operator. But where the human makes complaint at the first touch of pain, the brute is a stoic; accidents are self-treated by a salving lick of the tongue, or the favoring of the injured member until time shall have restored its strength. These the trainer may never learn of. Only when suffering reaches the point of agony, and the victim is "down and out," does the outcry come. Consequently, the animal-surgeon's services are called upon, as a rule, only in the acute stage of the ailment, when death, or, at the least, permanent crippling is imminent. Add to this the fact that the patient is by nature suspicious, by changed environment subject to devastating panic, and by equipment of claw, fang, or venom, often a deadly menace to the operator, and you may get some fractional idea of the difficulties involved in first aid to the injured animal.

Yet the work must be done, and done it is, with increasing success and upon a widening range of subjects every year. Many of the animals are rare and expensive. Economy demands that every effort be made to save them. Then, too, there is no sight more piteous and appealing than a wounded animal when at length its courage and endurance give way. Usually the attitude is one of patient resignation and waiting for death. Sometimes, however, the victim will make direct appeal to its human jailers.

So it was with "Jimmie," a common little monkey of no particular value, who belonged to the New York Zoölogical Park.

Jimmie was a brown, wild, daring little heathen, deplorably unregenerated, with violent likes and dislikes, and abandoned to little personal affairs of the "rough and tumble" variety. Not an ape in the great Primates' house seemed too big to Jimmy; and in a strenuous bout with a lanky, overgrown monkey, he was thrown from the ceiling-bars to the floor of his cage, where he lay with a broken arm. Time was when such an unimportant little cripple, chattering softly and extending the dangling member toward his keeper, would simply have been "put out of misery." But, of the hundred monkeys in the place, Jimmie was the clown and "star performer," and Director William T. Hornaday decided to set and to bandage the delicate little bone.

Jimmie sat, a picture of misery, contrite and reformed, in a corner of his cage. The dull, sickening pain of the injury showed in the distorted little face. He felt very miserable indeed, and, when he saw his keeper, he advanced, limping, held forth the sick arm, and in a low and plaintive chatter told his friend all about it. Crying and whining softly, he was borne to the operating room and stretched on a table, while a chloroformed rag was pressed to his nose and the surgeon gently pulled and twisted till the frail, broken end of the bone — not thicker than a chicken's wing — was back in place. Then a plaster cast was put around the arm, and, to prevent the monkey from reaching it with his teeth, a circle of thin board, six inches in diameter

JIMMIE AFTER HAVING HIS BROKEN ARM RESET

and sawed out in the center, was fastened around his neck. When Jimmie awoke he had a proper headache and a gorgeous thirst, and arrangements didn't strike him as popular. He looked like a clown with his head burst through the paper of a circus hoop, and every instinct of his finer nature revolted. But the cast was there to stay, and in six weeks the patient was discharged, as healthy as any of his brethren.

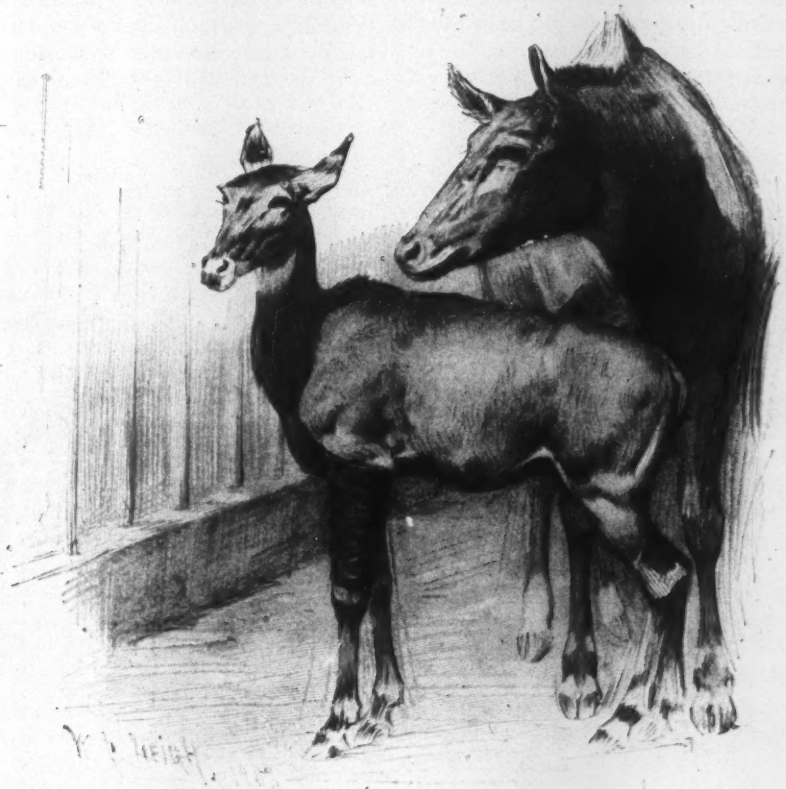
An operation just as delicate was setting the fragile leg-bones of a fawn. "Nellie," a three-months-old antelope fawn in the Central Park Menagerie, New York, miscalculated a leap over a watering trough and came to the ground in a golden-brown heap, with a foreleg broken in two places, once between the knee and ankle, and again in the upper joint, a few inches under the shoulder blade. Trembling and panting with fright and pain, she was carried to the menagerie hospital, and her black, feverish nose pressed into downy cotton, soaked in ether. Things looked serious. The break in the upper joint was so high up that only a few inches of end, to which the broken bone might be attached, were below the shoulder blade; but an experiment was decided upon. The frail bones were carefully set, and splints resorted to. These were an inch longer than the length of the leg, and so shaped and rounded and smoothed at the top that they fitted in the pit, exactly as a crutch fits under a man's arm. Then splints, leg, and all were wound around and around with bandages, freshly tarred to hold in place. For a month the little patient was tied to the floor to save her from further damage. Then she was allowed to get up to rub noses with her anxious mother, and to hobble about on her crutch, the wonder of all who came to see. When, at the end of six weeks, the splints were finally removed, the leg was bare of hair, but the bone had knitted firmly and perfectly, and within another month the sick leg was covered with a downy growth, and all traces of the mishap had disappeared.

Ordinary "setting" is not the only branch of bone surgery practiced by the wild-animal expert on his charges, at least one instance of "bloodless" surgery being on record. The patient was "Prince Henry," a baby camel who lived within a stone's throw of the range of Nellie, the antelope. The Prince was a white, crooked-necked, gawky, long-legged little fellow, wondrously amiable and inquisitive, and with no hump to speak of. One of the

difficulties in raising perfect specimens from captive-born camels is that the youngsters grow fat too rapidly. The copious draughts of the strong mother's-milk, together with a lack of exercise in captivity, work wonders with the young ones in the laying on of adipose tissue. Then the soft, yielding bones of their legs, not having had time to harden, threaten to bend or grow "bowed," just as in the case of a child made to walk too soon. This is what happened to Prince Henry. He cultivated an absurd paunch and started his hump growing ahead of schedule time, until his 250 pounds of avoirdupois threatened his manly shape. His forelegs showed signs of giving way at the ankles, so that, instead of joining perpendicularly to the broad soft cushion-feet, they threatened to spring back to an obtuse angle, causing what is technically known as "flat-footedness." The remedy applied was the same used to reinforce weak ankles in human creatures. Boots, the Prince must wear, tightly laced boots, reaching from knee to ankle, to aid the tender sinews and to support the delicate bones. For two months this strange baby stood, little black boots encircling his two snowy forelegs, while visitors flocked to see the novel sight, and the big, yellow mother, nosing her precious one softly, stood proudly by. By that time the bones had stiffened and hardened, and to-day Prince Henry is a perfect camel, full-grown, light yellow, and with thick, knotty legs that would walk away under a pack-load of half a ton.

An operation which, although common, never fails to awaken interest is the periodical trimming of the feet of that huge, gray sage, the elephant. Chained to one spot year in, year out and deprived of his normal exercise, the elephant fails to wear out the boots with which Nature provides him, and falls into the hands of the chiropodist. The sole of the foot is an enormous, flat pad, or cushion — nearly oval and measuring twenty inches across — which consists of a tough elastic gristle or cartilaginous growth. An elephant at large in his jungle, or doing his day's work in India, gets sufficient exercise to wear the soles of

NELLIE, THE FAWN, WHOSE FORELEG WAS BROKEN IN TWO PLACES

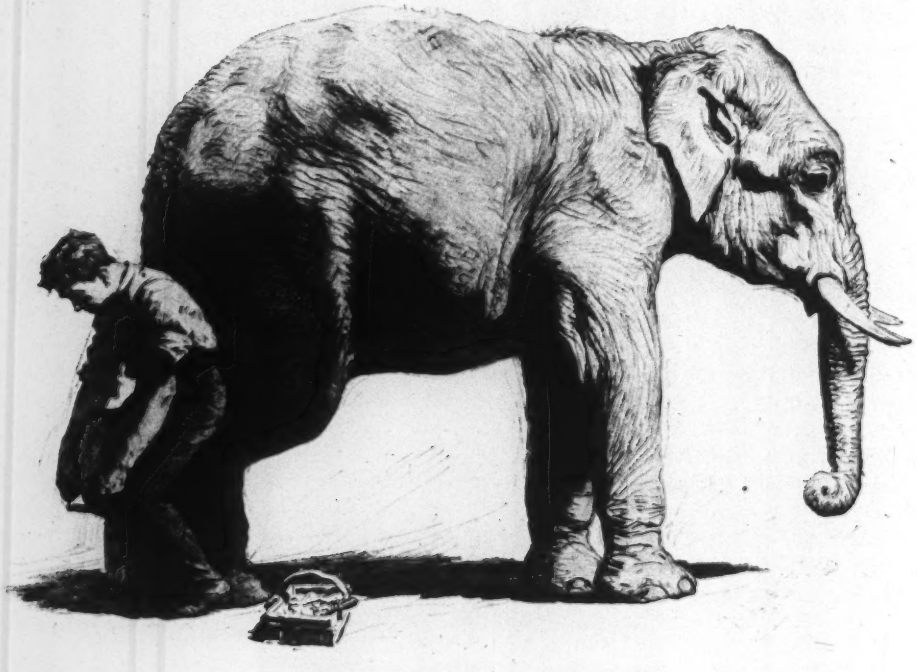


his feet to the thickness of an inch. But the "zoo" captive's soles grow thicker and thicker, until they crack and pick up all sorts of foreign matter that may work to the quick. Then, too, unless pedicured, his toe-nails would grow until they curbed under the foot. It is strange how a menagerie elephant, chained year in and year out practically to one spot, can manage to pick up things in his feet. Visitors, especially children, throw all sorts of objects into an elephant's stall. One six-months' crop of "pick-ups" dug from the feet of "Jewel," one of the Central Park elephants, consisted of a die (one of a set of dice), the bowl of an iron teaspoon, the handle of a penknife, and an iron nail.

The tools for trimming elephant's feet are a carpenter's drawknife and a rasp for the soles, and a horseshoer's knife and sandpaper for the toe-nails. The operator places a beer keg or a strong box behind one huge hindfoot, lightly prods the thick ankle with his elephant hook, and commands the beast to "Hold up!" Up comes the mighty foot, slowly and heavily, but obediently as the velvety paw of a kitten. The foot is rested on the box or the keg where it remains while the expert works on it much as a horseshoer pares the hoof of a horse. Great slivers of the horny sole are sliced off until it is cut nearly to proper thickness, when the rasp is used to smooth off. Similarly, the toe-nails are treated with the knife and the sandpaper, while the big patient stands with swinging trunk and an occasional wag of an ear, too full of satisfaction for utterance. When the turn of the fore-feet comes, the great beast is made to lie down on its side and the hoofs are propped up and treated.

Elephants, fawns, and monkeys are docile patients. The animal-surgeon has plenty of the other kind. One of the most unruly "cases" is the bison or American buffalo, for a more savage, sullen, and densely stupid creature doesn't exist. As a rule, the shaggy brown hillocks of might roam their ranges in peace, and there is a clearly defined understanding as to which individual is "boss" of the herd. But frequently a young bull with blood fired to fighting pitch gives battle to a scarred old veteran, or a crazy cow with a calf gores a jealous sister; and then there is much blood and an ugly, ragged, torn wound; as in the attack of "Belle" on "Bess," which happened in the Barnum & Bailey Circus winter quarters in Bridgeport, Conn. Belle was a huge, sturdy, handsome cow in proud possession of her third calf, and Bess hardly a less splendid specimen. Trouble over the calf had threatened between them

TRIMMING THE FEET OF AN ELEPHANT



CAPTURING "BLIND ALICE," A LIONESS, WHOSE INGROWN NAILS THREATENED LAMENESS AND BLOOD POISONING

"The beast was now a picture of frenzied madness"

a number of times, until, one afternoon, Belle gave a savage grunt, lowered her battering-ram head, cleared intervening space at a bound, and drove her stocky horn deep into a buttock of the unsuspecting rival. With a bellow of pain and anger, the big beast went down as if struck by a locomotive. Enraged at her own helplessness and at the sight of her own blood, she tossed and kicked and scrambled in the dust, bellowing and snorting, while her enemy stood, tail high and head low and fiery-eyed, preparing to charge the keepers who were running to still the fight. With poles and pitchforks and shouting and waving of hats, Belle was "bluffed" into flight; but it was seen at a glance that the other was severely injured and in danger of bleeding to death. Kicking, and still struggling to rise, she struck with her sharp cloven feet, bellowed, snorted, and grunted and gored the earth in her madness. Not before she lay lassoed and bound head and feet, with a score of men piling on top of her, could the surgeon examine the wound.

The injury was a serious one; a wicked, ten-inch rent, jagged and zigzag, and broad and deep. The cow had lost much blood by this time and it was necessary to work quickly. A blanket was thrown over her head and saturated with chloroform. The furious, struggling, and labored breathing eased more and more until the surgeon and his assistants could go to work. An artery which had been severed was secured with ligatures. The gap was washed with a bichloride solution, a rubber "drainage tube" was inserted, and sixteen stitches taken in the rent. The wound was so long and so deep, that unless the animal be kept absolutely quiet, the stitches would tear out. The bison must be tied to the ground. Three-foot tent pins, big around as a wagon-tongue, were driven deep, and from these a network of ropes and slings wound around the big brown body, securing it as if in a monstrous vise. For two weeks Bess remained tied, eating, sleeping, and drinking where she lay, while the surgeon visited her daily and dressed the wound, watching her progress; as a house surgeon might

observe a patient on a hospital bed Within a month the buffalo had recovered completely, except for a scar like zigzag lightning on one haunch.

What a buffalo operation is among herbivorous animals, an operation on a lion or a tiger is among the carnivorous family. The Central Park Menagerie people will not soon forget the case of "Blind Alice," a stone-blind lioness. Alice, who was a majestic, golden-yellow, African specimen, walked lame one morning, and through the tangle of hair overhanging a ponderous paw it was seen that a claw — poniard-like and longer and stouter that a man's middle finger — had curled upward and grown deep into a pad. Unless operated upon at once, the foot would fester and blood poisoning set in The dangerous patient must be lassoed and bound, when the claw could be cut into halves, then severed and pulled from its sore, unnatural bed, and the ugly wound washed with an antiseptic solution.

A long rope, supplied with a slip noose and manned by six sturdy assistants, was passed between bars from the front of the cage, through bars of the roof, where a keeper had climbed to guide the sling to rope the animal as she should be roped — along one side of the neck and across the breast under the opposite shoulder, to hold securely without strangulation. But, in spite of her blindness, the job was a difficult one. Scenting trouble from the sounds of preparation, she had become restless and nervous, and at the strange noise of footsteps overhead became more and more excited, bounding back and forth, until, with an angry snarl, she sprang against the bars in a far corner of her cage where she stood to give battle. In an instant every instinct of self-preservation was aroused, and what had been a docile animal, reconciled to captivity, was transformed to a ferocious and maddened brute, fighting for life. With mouth open and lips drawn back, baring yellow teeth to the gums, she crouched in an attitude of defense, her body quivering with fear and fury. When the rope touched her she was beside herself. There was a deafening roar and a convulsive fight was on. In the midst of a cloud of sawdust she stood erect, snarling, boxing with her forepaws, and snapping quick as lightning to destroy the unseen foe From corner to corner she darted; but with unfaltering patience the enemy followed, trying by a lucky twist to fasten the noose It was a fight of an hour. The lioness fought on two legs as well as on all fours or on her back, and finally, when she blundered into the sling and it drew tight with a jerk, apparently she was as fresh as

CHLOROFORMING PRINCESS, A SPLENDID AND UNUSUALLY SAVAGE TIGRESS, WHO COULD NOT EAT BECAUSE OF AN ABSCESS

when she began. She stemmed her legs doggedly, but the floor was too smooth, and, as the rope creaked and cut out of sight into her fur, she was dragged hard against the bars at the front of the cage. The beast was now a picture of frenzied madness. At times it seemed that she must burst the strong rope and begin the fight all over again. However, to reach through the bars and to slip a sling about each firmly planted foot, and to throw the animal and pull her paws outside the cage, was now the work of a minute. There lay the mighty creature at last, bound helplessly, yet never for an instant admitting defeat. Her deep bass roar sounded within a foot of the ear of the operator, and her hot breath touched the faces of the assistants and the spectators. And then came the climax, which showed the boundless desperation of a lion fighting in the last ditch. With an ear-splitting roar Alice seized the nearest pair of bars in her mouth. There was grating and crunching of iron against bone, and the half-inch steels, set five inches apart, bent until they touched, while splinters of teeth chipped out of the blood-red mouth and whistled like miniature bullets about the ears of the guests. So frenzied was the mad beast that she seemed unconscious of the cruel laceration of her mouth.

If the work of capturing Alice was more difficult than had been expected, the extent of her ailment was another surprise. Upon hastily clearing the tangle of hair from the feet, it was found that, instead of but one claw puncturing the flesh, every claw on every foot had grown an inch or more into the poor pads. The operator set a pair of stout sheet-iron shears near the root of the first claw, but, despite the powerful leverage, it was all he could do to cut through. When severed, so deep was the point of the claw imbedded, that a pair of pincers were required to pull it from the wound. The operation was frightfully painful to the poor brute, and there was more blood and more snapping of teeth, until it was decided to use chloroform. A canvas bag, filled with lint and cotton soaked with the anæsthetic, was slipped over the fine, wrinkled face and the dauntless head, and the labored breathing of the patient drew the fumes deep into the lungs. The struggling became fainter and fainter, the rumbling roars died to mere grunts, and the straining against the ropes lessened, until, with a deep sigh, the unfortunate lioness was out of her pain. Claw after claw was then trimmed, while at the least twitch the bag was again slipped over the head. The claw-trimming operation was successful, but the chloroform had been given too late. The fight against the noose and the frightful shock of the first part of the operation proved too much, even for the tremendous vital force of the great feline. Out of her sleep she staggered to her feet, stood on spread legs, rolled her fine eyes upward in search of a warm ray from the friendly morning sun; then stood with open mouth, like the huge sick kitten she was, while blood trickled from her gums and tongue, where she had lacerated herself in her wonderful fight. Her keeper pushed a basin of water into her cage and called her by name, but, for the first time in the five years of her captivity, she failed to respond. Her confidence in her one friend was gone. From that day on she "fell off in her feed," and failed until she died—a sad instance of an animal operation gone wrong.

The great felines are among the most frequent patients of the wild-animal surgeon, most often for dental troubles, which are common and often fatal to this species. A remarkable operation in this line was performed one night in the menagerie of the Forepaugh Circus, on "Princess," a splendid and unusually savage tigress, with a record as a man-eater down in Mysore. One afternoon Princess refused her raw beef, and showed symptoms of a toothache. Again and again she grasped the meat and tried to eat, but released it with a snarl of pain, and, when one of her jaws began to swell, it was decided to operate. To rope a vindictive, blood-thirsty brute like Princess, in the way Blind Alice was secured, was impossible. The tigress would have made a flying leap to the roof bars of her cage, her long nimble paw would have darted through, and the man whom it reached would probably never have walked again. Another plan had to be devised. That night a keeper was set on watch in front of Princess's cage, and, finally, when she sank into the deep sleep of hunger and exhaustion, a long stick with a huge ball of chloroform-soaked cotton was noiselessly thrust through the bars, and for many minutes was held to her nose. Then the experts were summoned. To make doubly

sure, a chloroform bag was slipped over her head, the mighty paws, limp and relaxed, were noosed and tied, and the surgeon entered the den.

The sleek, orange-black, striped sides of the tigress heaved regularly as she lay in deepest sleep. With practiced hand the expert removed the bag from the grim, set face and pried the jaws farther apart. A great, reeking abscess was found at the root of a back tooth in the upper jaw. One deep, long slash with a razor-sharp lancet and the operation was done. Then the abscess was cleaned and syringed with peroxide of hydrogen, the ropes and slings untied, and the man-eater left to awaken to a relieving surprise.

A curious instance of the unexpected ways in which a caged animal can come to grief was the case of "John," a wise old Rocky Mountain grizzly, in the Walter Maine Circus Menagerie. John, who was a very good bear, especially for one of the shaggy, powerful, cunning species known as the king of American beasts, began late one night to show symptoms of a mysterious and serious pain. With open mouth and tongue protruding, he lay huddled in a huge gray heap, his mischievous eyes bloodshot and restless. Now and then, with a grunt of pain, he would make frantic efforts to bite a spot close behind a shoulder-blade. What ailed the fine old fellow, none could suppose; but one of the difficulties of ministering to wild animals is their wonderful fortitude in concealing evidences of injury until in a critical stage, and it was decided, therefore, to examine him at once.

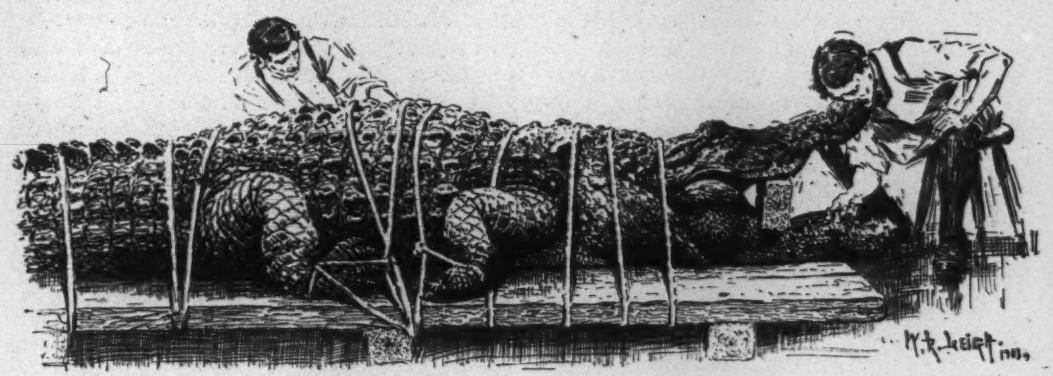
The bear was driven to one end of his cage and, by a wooden partition, shoved between opposite pairs of bars at the front and the rear of the cage, was cut off in a narrow compartment where he had little chance to fight and dodge and where he lay, presently, bound head and paws. Sitting astride the great, shaggy heap, an animal-surgeon groped in the thick coat in search of the trouble. Knives and lancets lay ready for use, but what the expert really needed was a pair of wire nippers. Somewhere, John had espied a piece of bale wire, and decided it was a splendid thing to play with on the sly. Unnoticed, as only a secretive old bear can play, he had enjoyed himself hugely until he had tangled the wire around and around himself, deep in his thick coat, where one hooked and sharply pointed end had gored deeper and deeper until it had formed an ugly, inflamed wound. A thorough washing with an antiseptic solution and a liberal sprinkling of iodoform, and John was turned loose, a better and a wiser bear.

Remarkable as the operations already cited are, perhaps the most extraordinary feat of surgery ever performed on a wild animal, was the sawing of the teeth of "Mose," a monstrous, vicious, "rogue" alligator. Mose was one of the largest of his species in captivity, measuring fourteen feet in length, three and a half feet about the middle, and twenty inches from the corners of his maw to his front teeth, and weighing 1,000 pounds. He snapped a foreleg off an eight-foot saurian, clean as if the stout member had been a pipe-stem instead of a thick bone covered with tough muscles and springy sinews. However, the cold-blooded victim soon recovered. But the taste of fishy-flavored meat fired the old cannibal with ambition for more. Bellowing like a goaded bull, he would toss his head and forebody out of the water, lash the pool white with his ponderous tail, and snap his dread jaws, set with rows of hundreds of stout, needle-sharp teeth.

One feeding time, while spectators were watching Mose feeding on big pieces of fish and meat, Cleopatra, an eight-foot alligator, ranged alongside. With a deep, rumbling bellow he churned the water to foam, and, turning like a flash, he opened his great maw wide and rushed upon the smaller "'gator." There was a moment of wild confusion and seething water, then Cleopatra floated to the surface, her belly ripped open for nearly its whole length by the great teeth of the bull saurian. She lived on for two weeks, despite the dreadful wound, and was found floating belly up in her tank. Mr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the Reptile House, to check Mose's career of slaughter, decided that the points of his teeth must be sawed. A platform of heavy boards, which had been used as a "stone-boat," was placed in the bottom of the tank, the alligator, having been previously blindfolded by a huge bag, was driven upon it, and ropes were then stealthily passed under the platform and over the alligator. When about a dozen ropes were ready they were suddenly drawn tight, holding Mose fast. The powerful, flapping tail was tautened down to the boards, the

clawed feet were secured, and all was ready for the work to begin.

Mr. Ditmars jumped into the pit. With one stroke of a knife he cut the noose of the bag over the 'gator's head and with the haft tapped him sharply across the nose. The pink maw opened wide in a hopeless effort to catch the enemy. Before it could close the surgeon jammed an eighteen-inch piece of plank into it and locked the jaws apart. Then he settled himself on a three-legged stool, produced a brightly polished saw, and sawed off the top of a front tooth. Another and another tooth was rasped



SAWING OFF THE TEETH OF MOSE, A VICIOUS ALLIGATOR—ONE OF THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF ANIMAL SURGERY

through until all in the foreground were cut off and the operator had to reach deep into the maw to get at the back teeth. One by one the prides of Mose's life were cut off, calmly as if he were a little pup troubled with his milk teeth, until enough alligator teeth to supply a high-school with souvenirs were strewn about the floor.

Mose has been a paragon of virtue ever since. He rarely bellows. He never tries to bite; on the contrary, he tries to look merry and pleasant. Only once since that memorable day has it been necessary to strap him again to the timber. But it was when he had corns that pained him much indeed, and that needed to be trimmed.

At the Reptile House, where Mose lives, the experts have all sorts of troublesome and dangerous operations with their charges. The twenty-seven-foot, regal python gets the blues, tries to starve herself by skipping her fortnightly feeding for three months or so, and needs to be captured and "stuffed" with bolognas of rabbits or chickens to keep precious life in her; a twenty-foot boa-constrictor gets a toothache and must be operated on; or an eighteen-foot anaconda needs help to shed her skin so as to prevent a fatal disease. Even the short, fat, alligator-like gila monster, with the pink and black mottled skin and ugly bullet head, needs repairing with a physic when the stomach in his little eighteen-inch system rebels. But none of these operations is considered particularly dangerous by an expert animal-surgeon; it is only when he operates on the deadly cobra-de-capello, or a rattlesnake, or a moccasin or other venomous reptile, that the specialist uses the extreme of caution.

One of the most frequent complaints from which poisonous snakes suffer is abscess about the head and jaws and teeth. Recently an abscess was cut from the jaws of one of three five-foot cobra-de-capellos, the only reptiles of their kind in the United States. The injury was the result of a fierce fight in which the three snakes became involved. Low, angry hissing, scuffling, and dull impact of bodies against the glass of the cage attracted several keepers one morning, and the three reptiles were found, hoods swelled angrily, mouths open and ready to strike, and bodies set tense like steel springs, in the forms of horizontal S's. Quick as flashes the snakes would dart and bury fangs in opponents—it didn't seem to matter which one—and it was seen that the fight must be stopped or there would be a kill; for, although the cobra is immune to the frightful poison of its own kind, the snakes might lacerate each other to death. The combatants were separated by long bamboo sticks; but within a few days the jaws of one began to swell, showing formation of an abscess which would require prompt treatment.

To capture the deadly one with as little risk as possible was the chief concern. The three cobras lay like a tangle of worms, coiled in a heap, and it was necessary to separate them. High up on the rear wall of the cage, where no deadly head could reach, a sliding door had been provided for just such an emergency. Through this the long stick was pushed, and, by nagging the reptiles, each was driven into a separate corner. The rest of the strategy was as simple. One of the peculiar traits of a snake is that, once he is covered with a blanket or a bag, he will remain under what he thinks his hiding place for a considerable time. When he does decide to move, the movement of the blanket will give ample warning. A pair of blankets were dropped from the end of the stick over two of the cobras, and the sick one was pinned down by the head, while a keeper reached through the feeding door and grasped the uncanny, squirming, hissing subject by the neck, close to the skull. In this position the cobra was helpless. Choked though she was, her hood inflated with anger, her pink mouth opened wide, showing the wicked poison fangs, she writhed and flapped her fat body, flailing the keeper viciously, but all to no avail. The man held fast to the neck, and the surgeon got to work with his lance. He pushed the fine, sharp steel into the swelling, and made a wide slash. He pressed and kneaded the abscess as if he were operating on the back of the neck of no more dangerous a creature than a hen. Then cotton, soaked with an antiseptic, was pushed into the hollow, which was syringed and washed. The operation was now complete, but the wound would have to be treated until healed. So a bandage of lint and cotton was placed over the wound and saturated with antiseptic, after which the snake was released in her cage. Thereafter it was necessary only to keep the bandage moist by making practice with a big syringe several times a day. The visitors wondered at the strange sight of a cobra swathed in bandages "for a sore throat"—a vivid illustration of the work of the wild-animal surgeon and his patients.

OPERATING ON A COBRA WHO HAD AN ABSCESS AS A RESULT OF A FIGHT WITH TWO OTHER COBRAS

HOCH: CHARLIE MANDERFELD!

THE STORY OF CHARLIE MANDERFELD, PRIVATE, CAPTAIN COYNE'S COMPANY, 70TH N. Y., SICKLES' OWN REGT., EXCELSIOR BRIGADE

BY

CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS

(CHARLES O. SHEPHERD)

IT is thus that General Sickles told it to me:

"Some time ago my servant brought to me the card of

CHARLES MANDERFELD

"It had no significance to me and I responded with indifferent despatch. When I finally entered the drawing-room, I beheld, seated, a blond giant of Teutonic mould. His full beard and piercing blue eyes indicated a man quite out of the ordinary, and his bearing was soldierly, while his dress plainly showed that 'assistance' was not the object of his visit. He arose and, bringing his heels together with a click, gave me a precise military salute.

"'Pardon me, mine General, I come to see my old Commander.'

"'O, am I your old Commander?'

"'Yes, General, I belonged to the 70th New York — the Excelsior Brigade.'

"'Glad to see you, I'm sure,' I responded. 'Won't you sit down again?'

"'General,' he continued, as he took the proffered chair, 'I come a long vay to see you und my old comrades.'

"'Oh, indeed. How far?'

"'All the vay from South Africa, General.'

"'Well, well; that is a long way. How did you get so far away from home?'

"'I tells you how it vas, General' (speaking with a strong German accent): 'I come by America from Germany in 1855 ven I vas sixteen years old yet, for I hear there vas plenty of gold to be picked up in the streets. I come by the sailing ship once, und it vas forty days before ve land. Vell, ven I steps out of Castle Garden the air vas thick mit snow und I feel putty bad for I don't see any gold already. I don't got but *zwei* mark, und I vas hungry. I don't know vich vay I go for I speak not English. I go up dot wide street what I hear vas Broadway. The many peoples they make me dizzy, und I turn out of Broadway into vat I now know vas Barclay street. Byme by putty soon I see a grocery store mit a German name, und I go in, und ven I speak mit somebody I happy to hear answer in German. I ask for work und after making me some questions the storekeeper he say, "All right, I start you in the lumber business right away." I say I know nuttings about the lumber business. I never hear of 'im. He laugh und say, "You soon learn." He hand me some boxes of matches und say, "Dot's de lumber business." He teach me to say in English — "Matches, five cents a box." He show me about the money, und I start out. He tell me not to go beyond Broadway or I get lost yet. Vell, in couple hours I sell my first lot of matches, und ven I get back that man make me compliments und give me more matches to sell. By night I earn my supper und my lodging. He say I vas a good boy. I goes on a few weeks ven I get a place by Newark, New Jersey, as a vaiter in a restaurant. Vell, I save some money und byme by I starts a little market garden. My fadder he vas a market gard'ner in Germany. I makes money putty good und in 1861 a fellow he buys me out for tree tousand dollar. I think I go back by Germany, but shust then the war he come on here,

und I say to myself—"Charlie Manderfeld, that not right! It not honorable that you go avay! You make your money by America, und you not go avay now und leave her in trouble. People say you coward." So I stay und I enlist in the 70th New York—your Excelsior Brigade. Vell, General, I goes on until I vas wounded by Malvern Hill already. Then they discharge me und I goes back by Germany. I puts one tousand dollar in my fadder's lap, und I puts one tousand dollar in my mudder's lap, und I keeps one tousand dollar for myself. I stays in Germany two—tree years, but I gets tired. I live so long in America that Germany vas slow, und one day a fellow he say to me, "Charlie Manderfeld, why you don't go by South Africa? There plenty of money to be made there. There vas gold und there vas diamonds." Vell, I think 'em over, und byme by I goes by South Africa, und I been there ever since. Now I comes back by America to see my old General und my comrades.

"'Ven I come back by America, General, I come by my own country; I claim America as my country ever since I fight for her. I got American wife, General. I tell you more as plenty about her ven you see her. Vill you do me the great honor to dine mit us to-morrow, to-day, ven you like? We stop by the Waldorf-Astoria.'

"I dined with them as requested, when he told me this story:

"'General, I tell you how I get my wife. I want American wife, so when I make plenty money I think I come by the United States und get one. Shust then I hear of nice American girl in South Africa und I goes to see her. I like her putty good. She not too young und she not too old, und I waste no time. I say to her, "My good lady, I looking for American wife, und I hear of you already before I take passage by New York. Suppose mebby you think putty good of me, I look no furder. I think very much of you. Anybody in South Africa vill tell you all you vant to know about Charlie Manderfeld. They tell you he got big ranch, plenty cattle, und he owe nobody nuttings. He plenty able to take care of a family, und they tell you that he is honest gentleman. Shust now I got only small house on my plantation, but suppose I get a wife I build one house so big as she like und I furnish it shust as she like. I make her comfortable."

"'I tell you, General, we come to understanding putty quick, und she been a good wife.' (Looking at her affectionately.) 'She give me six fine sons und they all do putty good by South Africa.

"'General, vill you do me much favor und help me find my old tent mate und file mate, Billy Williamson? He save my life by Malvern Hill already.'

"I was obliged to confess my ignorance of Billy, but offered to write to officers of the regiment and to the Grand Army organization.

"'I must find 'im! I must find 'im! He save my life, General. I advertise. How many newspapers in America, General—a tousand?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'and many more.'

"'That's all right, General; I advertise in 'em all.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'you don't know if he is alive, you don't know what State he lives in if he is alive, and you would have to advertise in many papers in every State and Territory.'

"'That's all right, General. I advertise in a tousand papers, but I find 'im.'

"'You must have plenty of money, Charlie. Do you realize what that would cost?'

"'Oh, yes! I got plenty. *Macht nichts aus.* I care nuttings vat it cost. I find 'im.'

"'It will cost perhaps ten thousand dollars.'

"'Oh, dot's all right. I care nuttings. I tell you how it vas, General. Ven I gets by South Africa I first works in a store up by the diamond mines. Byme by in a few years I make a little store by myself. I works hard und I makes money putty good. Byme by I grub-stake a man. I hear nuttings from 'im for long time. Then he comes back und say, "Charlie Manderfeld, I find diamonds!" Und I get my half interest. Ve vorks the mine, but my partner he got no money, so byme by I buy 'im out. I puts in more machinery und I goes down deeper, und after a while I makes diamonds putty good. Then the peoples who sell me goods say, "Charlie Manderfeld, vy you don't start other stores?" I say I got not enough money. They say, "Oh, that's all right. You honest man, Charlie Manderfeld; you good merchant und we trust you." So I make other stores, und in a few years I have six—five. Ven the miners they trek, I trek too. Then

another fellow he get discouraged und down on his luck, und I buy his little diamond mine. Then I buy shares in a big diamond mine. I get along first rate. About tree—four years ago a man come to me und say, "Charlie Manderfeld, Cecil Rhodes he want to make one big company of all diamond mines und we buy yours."

"'"Oh!" I say, "dot's all right. Vat you gif me?"

"'"Vell," he say, "we gif you more as they vas wort—we gif you fifty tousand pounds."

"'I say no, I like 'em putty good, I not sell 'em. He say it's more as they are wort, but I say dot's all right; I keep 'em. Byme by he comes back und say, "Charlie Manderfeld, your mines not wort so much money, but we gif you one hundred tousand pounds." I say, "Vell, if you don't like 'em, don't take 'em. If those mines is wort one hundred tousand pounds to Cecil Rhodes, they wort one hundred tousand pounds to Charlie Manderfeld. I not sell 'em."

"'"Vell," he say, "vat you take?" I tell 'im to go avay for a week und I think. I say, "Ven I tells you, you take 'em or you leaves 'em. Don't make talk." Ven he come back I say I take one hundred fifty tousand pounds in cash und one hundred fifty tousand pounds in shares of the new company. He make bad faces, but he come back in a few days und say he take 'em. I gets my money und my shares, und I gets twenty per cent. on those shares ever since. Then I make me a fine house by Mafeking, und I goes into the Parliament of South Africa.

"'Then I buys a hundred tousand acres of land und I stocks 'em mit cattle und ostriches. I got plenty of game too already. I gets everything going putty good, und then I takes my wife und I goes by Germany. I got big families, General. I make my fadder, und my brothers, und my sisters, und my uncles a home und a pension in Germany so long as they live. The young peoples I bring by South Africa. I make 'em places. Some of 'em they don't know quite so much, hey? If they *gescheidt* I make 'em business; but if they *dumm* I make 'em pension too. Anyhow, General, it make me very happy. I adopt three little girls und I educate them so good as the best. They very much comfort to me und all marry well. Oh, General, we got quite a colony by ourselves, und we make it putty good. Now I comes by America to see my old General und my comrades. I vants to find Billy Williamson, General.'

"I gave him a letter to an advertising firm, and the next day Charlie came back to say that he had made a contract with them for $10,000 to advertise everywhere. In about six weeks Charlie again returned, with a countenance all aglow, and said: 'I got 'im, General! I find 'im!'

"'Where?' I asked.

"'Oh, by Iowa. I go out to see 'im. I take my wife by her old home by Binghamton, und then I go.'

"In another month or six weeks Charlie again presented himself to me, saying:

"'I see 'im, General.'

"'Well, how was he?'

"'Oh, he vas putty well. He got a wife—good wife—und two kinder.'

"'Is he comfortable?'

"'No, General, not so good. He got a little farm und big mortgage. But he glad to see me. I hug 'im und he hug me. We haf a good visit, General, und ve talk over old times. Byme by in a few days I say to his wife, "Mary Williamson, you got nice farms about here, ain't it?"

"'"Oh, yes, Charlie Manderfeld; we got nice farms."

"'"I wish you show 'em to me, hey?" So she take me in the buggy und we drive to plenty farms.

"'Then I say, "Mary Williamson, you now show me shust the nicest farm vat you know." So she drive me to a farm on a river—good house, fine Holsteins—und she say that the nicest farm vat she know. I say, "Don't you vish you haf that farm, Mary Williamson?"

"'"Oh, yes," she say; "I vish I haf it, but what's the use? I can't haf it; we got no money."

"'"No, Mary," I say; "of course you can't haf it; you got no money. It vas too bad. But it vas nice farm, ain't it?"

"'"Oh, yes; it's a nice farm."

"'Then I say, "Now we go home, Mary." That evening I say, "Billy, why you don't keep a store instead of a farm? You putty old to work on a farm, ain't it?" He say, "Oh, Charlie, I like it better, but I got no money."

"'"Oh, you got no money too. Dot's too bad. That vas nice store in the village, Billy, hey?"

"'"Yes, I know it vas a nice store, but I got no money."

"'"It vas too bad, Billy. I vish you haf that store. Well," I say, "let's go to bed."

"'The next day I goes all by myself und I buy dot farm und every ting on it, und dot store und every ting in it; I make the deed of the store to Billy und I make the deed of the farm to Mary. Ven I take 'em the deeds we all laugh. I happy und they happy. Mary she cry. Billy save my life, you know, General. Vell, I see 'em move onto the farm und into the store, und then I say, "Billy, I go by Chicago; I come back in few days." I go by Chicago und I buy fifty tousand dollars United States bonds. Ven I come back I make trust deed by a lawyer und I puts the bonds in the bank. I say, "Pay Billy Williamson the coupons so long as he live und then give the bonds to the kinder."

"'Billy say, "Oh, Charlie Manderfeld; this too much." I say, "Billy, *vas machst du?* You gif me my life by Malvern Hill already und I gif you little bit of store." Then he cry, und dose kinder they cry, und I feel funny myself, General, und I say, "Shut up. You make foolishness." Vell, General, I guess we all make foolishness, but we very happy. Byme by I bid 'em good-by, und now I shust come back. Say, General, before I goes back by South Africa I vant to see the President.'

"I told him that was easily arranged, as he was a Member of Parliament. So I gave him several letters and started him for Washington. There, he was not only introduced to President McKinley but to the Speaker of the House, who gave him, by virtue of his office as Member of Parliament, the freedom of the floor. He was introduced to members of Congress galore and taken also to the Senate. He came back to New York a happy man.

"Again he visited me and expressed a further wish:

"'General, I like some badges, hey? I join the Grand Army.'

"'Have you got your discharge, Charlie?'

"'Oh, yes, General; I got 'im.'

"So I helped him not only to join the Grand Army, but also to membership in the Army of the Potomac and to his corps badges. He took all these to Tiffany's and had them reproduced in gold and set with diamonds. Then he called at my house again and for the last time. He slapped his breast, proudly exclaiming, as he looked at his badges:

"'There, General! Ven I goes back by South Africa they think Charlie Manderfeld somebody, ain't it? They see he vas real soldier; that he vin these decorations fighting for American Union.

"'Und now, my good General, farewell. I wish some day you do me the honor to be my guest in my home by Mafeking. You shall haf so many servants as you like to wait on you — you shall haf so many horses as you like to command und so many carriages. You may hunt or fish or drive at your pleasure. We make our life putty good in South Africa, und not so dull. We haf many nice peoples among our neighbors. We make you plenty of amusements und pleasures. We make your welcome hearty once already. So long as you honor us by remaining, our house shall be yours. Good-by, General.'

"When he returned to South Africa he sent me a rough diamond from one of his mines. The stone is as large as the end of one's finger. My home is also decorated with a beautiful pair of antlers, which were from somewhere on his large estate. His last gift was a huge ostrich egg with a picture of Paul Kruger painted on it, for, in spite of his loyalty to his adopted country, he sympathized with the Boer cause."

Yes, you are "somebody." Great-hearted, great-souled, Charlie Manderfeld!

You have exemplified to us that rarest of human virtues — Gratitude. Bless your dear loyal heart!

HOCH! CHARLIE MANDERFELD!

THE TOUCH OF NATURE

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE MATTER OF REAL ESTATE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

"THERE is," wrote the authorities with a rare enthusiasm, "no greater power for the mental, moral, and physical uplifting of the Child than a knowledge and an appreciation of the Beauties of Nature. It is the duty and the privilege of the teacher to bring this elevating influence into the lives of the children for whom she is responsible."

There are not many of the Beauties of Nature to be found on the lower East Side of New York, and Miss Bailey, who was responsible for fifty-eight of the little children of that district, found this portion of her duty full of difficulty. Excursions were out of the question, and she soon found that specimens conveyed but crudely erroneous ideas to the minds of her little people. She was growing discouraged at the halting progress of the First Reader Class in Natural Science when, early in October, the Principal ushered into Room 18 Miss Eudora Langdon, Lecturer on Biology and Nature Study in a Western university, a shining light in the world of education, and an orator in her own conceit.

"I've brought Miss Langdon to you, Miss Bailey," said the Principal when the introductions had been accomplished, "because she is interested in the questions which are troubling you. I shall leave her with you for a short time. She would like to speak to the children if you have no objection."

"Surely none," replied Miss Bailey; and when the Principal had retired to interview parents and book agents, she went on: "I find it difficult to make Nature Study at all real to the children. They regard it all as fairy-lore."

"Ah, yes," the visitor admitted; "it does require some skill. You should appeal to their sense of the beautiful."

"But I greatly fear," said Teacher sadly, "that the poor babies know very little about beauty."

"Then develop the ideal," cried Miss Langdon, and the eyes behind her glasses shone with zeal. "Begin this very day. Should you like me to open up the topic?"

"If you will be so very good," said Teacher, with some covert amusement, and Miss Langdon, laying her note-book on the desk, turned to address the class. Immediately Nathan Spiderwitz, always on the alert for bad news, started a rumor which spread from desk to desk — "Miss Bailey could to be goin' away. This could be a new teacher."

"Children," Miss Eudora began, with deliberate and heavy coyness; "I'm *so* fond of little children! I've always loved them.

"'LIONS, . . . BIG HAIRY LIONS WITH TEETH'"

"PROMPTING WAS RECKLESS NOW AND HANDS SPRANG UP IN ALL DIRECTIONS"

'That's why your kind Principal brought me here to talk to you. Now, wasn't that good of him?"

At this confirmation of their fears the First Reader Class showed so moderate a joy that Miss Langdon hurried on: "And what would you like me to tell you about?"

"Lions," said Patrick Brennan promptly. "Big hairy lions with teeth."

The visitor paused almost blankly while the children brightened. Miss Bailey struggled with a rebellious laugh, but Miss Langdon recovered quickly.

"I shall tell you," she began serenely, "about beauty. Beauty is one of the greatest things in the world. Beauty makes us strong. Beauty makes us happy. I want you all to think — think hard — and tell me what we can do to make our lives more beautiful."

Fifty-eight pairs of troubled eyes sought inspiration in the face of the rightful sovereign. Fifty-eight little minds wrestled dumbly.

"Well, I suppose I must help you," said Miss Eudora with elephantine sprightliness. "Now, children, in the first place, you must always read beautiful books; then, always look at beautiful things; and lastly, always think beautiful thoughts."

"Miss Langdon," Teacher gently interposed, "these children cannot read very much — twenty-five words perhaps — and for the majority of them, poor little things, this school-room is the prettiest place in the world."

"Oh, that's all right. My text is right there," said the visitor, with a nod towards a tree, the only large one in the district, which was visible through the window. It had not yet lost its leaves, and a shower during the preceding night had left it passably green. Turning to the children, now puzzled into fretful unhappiness, she clasped

her hands, closed her eyes in rapture, and proceeded :

"You all know how beauty helps you. How it strengthens you for your work. Why, in the morning when you come to school you see a beautiful thing which cheers you for the whole day. Now, see if you can't tell me what it is."

Another heavy silence followed and Miss Langdon turned again to Teacher.

"Don't you teach them by the Socratic method?" she asked loftily.

"Oh, yes," Miss Bailey replied, and then, with a hospitable desire to make her guest feel quite at home, she added : "But facts must be closely correlated with their thought-content. Their apperceiving basis is not large."

"Ah, yes ; of course," said the expert vaguely, but with a new consideration, and then to the waiting class : "Children, the beautiful thing I'm thinking of is green. Can't you think of something green and beautiful which you see every morning?"

Eva Gonorowsky's big brown eyes, fixed solemnly upon Teacher, flamed with sudden inspiration, and Teacher stiffened with an equally sudden fear, for smoothly starched and green was her whole shirt-waist, and carefully tied and green was her neat stock.

Eva whispered jubilantly to Morris Mogilewsky, and another rumor swept the ranks. Intelligence flashed into face after face, and Miss Bailey knew that her fear was not unfounded, for, though Miss Langdon was waving an explanatory arm towards the open window, the gaze of the First Reader Class, bright with appreciation and amusement, was fixed on its now distracted teacher.

"You can see this beautiful green joy sometimes when you are in the street," Miss Langdon ambled on ; "but you see it best when you are here."

Three hands shot up into the quiet air.

"And I don't think the children in the other rooms see it as well as you do."

"No ma'an," cried a delighted chorus, and eight more hands were raised. Prompting was reckless now and hands sprang up in all directions.

"No, I don't think they do," Miss Langdon agreed. "I think perhaps that Heaven meant it just for you. Just for the good little boys and girls in this room."

The enthusiasm grew wild and general. Miss Langdon turned a glance of triumph upon Miss Bailey, and was somewhat surprised by the very scarlet confusion which she saw.

"It's all in the method," she said with pride, and to the class : "Now, can you tell me the name of this beautiful green thing which makes us all so happy?"

And the answer was a great, glad cry : "Teacher's jumper!"

"What!!"

"Teacher's jumper!" shouted the children, as before.

"Miss Bailey, do you understand them?" asked the expert. "What are they saying?"

"Well," Miss Bailey explained, and all her amusement had given place to keen distress ; "you see, they did not understand that you were talking of the tree."

"But what are they saying?"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am ; but they thought you meant this green shirt-waist of mine."

Miss Langdon sat down suddenly ; stared ; gasped ; and then, as she was a clever woman, she laughed.

"Miss Bailey," she said, "you have a problem here. I wish you all success, but the field seems unpromising. The apperceiving basis is, as you say, very limited."

To the solving of this problem Teacher bent all her energies. Through diligent research she learned that the reading aloud of standard poems has been known to do

"'TEACHER FOOLS. . . . LARKS AIN'T SINGIN' IN SKIES'"

wonders of mental and moral uplifting. But standard poems are not commonly adapted to minds six years old and of foreign extraction, so that Miss Bailey, though she explained, paraphrased, and commented, hardly flattered herself that the result was satisfactory. In courteous though puzzled silence the First Reader Class listened to enough of the poetry of the ages to have lifted them as high as Heaven. Wordsworth, Longfellow, Browning, or any one who had seen and written of the beauty of bird or growing thing, was pressed into service. And then, one day, Miss Bailey brought her Shelley down and read his "Ode to the Skylark."

"Now, don't you think that's a pretty thing?" she asked. "Did you hear how

"'TEACHER AIN'T NO GINNEY'"

the lark went singing, bright and clear, up and up and up into the blue sky?"

The children were carefully attentive, as ever, but not responsive. Morris Mogilewsky felt that he alone understood the nature of this story. It was meant to amuse; therefore it was polite that one should be amused.

"Teacher fools," he chuckled. "Larks ain't singin' in skies."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Bailey.

"'Cause we got a lark by our house. It's a from tin lark mit a cover."

"A tin lark! With a cover!" Miss Bailey exclaimed. "Are you sure, dear, that you know what you are talking about?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an, I know," Morris began deliberately. "My papa, he has a lark. It's a from tin lark mit a cover. Und it's got a handle too. Und my papa he takes it all times on the store for buy a lark a beer."

"Lager beer! Oh, shade of Shelley!" groaned Miss Bailey's spirit, but aloud she only said: "No, my dear, I wasn't reading about lager beer. A lark is a little bird."

"Well," Morris began with renewed confidence, "I know what is a bird. My auntie she had one from long. She says like that, she should give it to me but my mamma she says, 'No, birds is foolishness.' But I know what is a bird. He scups or a stick in a cage."

"So he does," agreed Miss Bailey, rightly inferring from Morris's expressive pantomime that to "scup" was to swing. "But sometimes he flies up to the sky in the country, as I was reading to you. Were you ever in the country?"

"What country?" asked Morris. "Russia? I comes out of Russia."

"No, not Russia. Not any particular country. Just the open country where the flowers grow."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said the child gently. "But I was once to Tompkins Square. On'y it was winter und snow lays on it. I ain't seen no flowers."

"And do none of you know anything about the country?" asked the teacher sadly.

"Oh, yiss ma'an, I know," said Eva Gonorowsky. "The country is the Fresh Air Fund."

"Then you've been there," cried Miss Bailey. "Tell us about it, Eva."

"No ma'an, I ain't seen it," said Eva proudly. "I'm healthy. But a girl on my block she had a sickness und so she goes. She tells me all times how is the country. It's got grass stickin' right up out of it. Grass und flowers! No ma'an, I ain't never seen it: I don't know where is it even, but, ah! it could to be awful pretty!"

"Yes, honey, it is," said Teacher. "Very, very pretty. When I was a little girl I lived in the country."

"All day?" asked Morris.

"Yes, all day."

"Und all night?"

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, poor Miss Bailey," crooned Eva. "It could to be a awful sickness what you had."

"No, I was very well. I lived in the country because my father had a house there, and I played all day in the garden."

"Weren't you scared of the lions?" asked Patrick in incredulous admiration.

"We had no lions," Miss Bailey explained apologetically. "But we had rabbits and guinea pigs and a horse and a cow and chickens and ducks and — and ——"

"Und eleflints," Morris suggested hopefully.

"No, we had no elephants," Teacher was forced to admit. "But we had a turtle and a monkey."

"Did your papa have a organ?" asked Sadie Gonorowsky. "Organs mit monkeys is stylish for mans."

"Think shame how you says!" cried her cousin Eva reproachfully. "Teacher ain't no Ginney. Organs ain't for Sheenies. They ain't for Krishts even. They all, all for Ginneys."

"So's monkeys," said Sadie, unabashed. "Und organs mit monkeys *is* stylish."

The children's deep interest in the animal kingdom gave Miss Bailey the point of departure for which she had been seeking. She abandoned her readings from the poets, and she bought a rabbit and a pair of white mice. The First Reader Class was enchanted. A canary in a gilded cage soon hung before the window and "scupped" most energetically, while goldfish in their bowl swam lazily back and forth. From these living texts, Miss Bailey easily preached care and kindness towards all creatures, and Room 18 came to be an energetic though independent branch of the S. P. C. A.

The most sincere and zealous worker in this new field was Morris Mogilewsky, monitor of the goldfish bowl. Day after day he earned new smiles and commendations from his liege lady by reports of cats and kittens fed and warmed, and of dogs rescued from torment. He was awakened one night by the cries of an outcast cat and followed the sounds to the roof of his tenement, only to find that they came from another roof further down the block. The night was wet and blustering, but Morris was undismayed. He crawled over walls and round chimneys until he reached the cat and dragged her back to safety and refreshment. When, in the early dark of the next morning, Mrs. Mogilewsky discovered that the elements of the family breakfast had been lavished on the wanderer, she showed some natural resentment, but when she understood that such prodigality was encouraged and even rewarded in high places, her wrath was very great.

"So-o-oh, you foolishness like that on the school learns!" she fumed. "Und your teacher she learns you you should like so mit your papa's breakfast und cats make! She is then fine teacher!"

"She's awful nice teacher," cried Morris with hot loyalty. "Awful nice. Sooner you seen her sooner you could to be loving

"'SO-O-OH, YOU FOOLISHNESS LIKE THAT ON THE SCHOOL LEARNS!'"

mit her too. Ain't you *never* comin' on the school for see mine teacher?"

"No!" his mother almost shrieked. "No! I seen her on the street once und she had looks off of Krishts. I don't need no Krishts. You don't need them neither. They ain't for us. You ain't so big like I could to tell you how they makes mit us in Russia. I don't likes you should hold so much over no Krisht. For us they is devils."

"Teacher ain't no devil," cried Morris, and he would have laid down his loyal life to have been able to add now, as he had some months earlier, "she aint no Krisht neither," but he knew that his mother had

"'A GREAT BIG ALL OF PEOPLE'"

guessed truly. Teacher, with a wonderful absence of shame, had told him that she was a Christian, and he had sworn to protect her secret.

His mother's constant though generally smoldering hostility towards Miss Bailey troubled and puzzled him. In fact, many things were beyond his understanding. Night after night he lay in his corner behind the stove and listened while his father and his father's friends railed against the Christians and the Czar. He had seen strange meetings of grim and intent men, had listened to low and hurried reading of strange threats and mad reviling. And always he gathered that the Christian was a thing unspeakable, unknowable, without truth or heart or trust. A thing to be feared and hated now but, in the glorious future when the God of Israel should be once more mindful of his people, a thing to be triumphed over and trampled on.

Yet each morning Morris waited at the big school door for the smile of a lady's face, the touch of a lady's hand, and each day he learned new gentleness and love, new interests and new wonders under her calm-eyed dominion. And behold, the lady was a Christian and he loved her and she was very good to him!

For his bright service to the cause of nature in the matter of the cat, she had decorated him, not with a button or a garter, though neither would have been inappropriate, but with a ring bearing his initials gorgeously entwined. Then proud and happy was Morris Mogilewsky, and wild was the emulation of the other members

of the First Reader Class. Then serious was Teacher's account with a jeweller over in Columbia Street and grave her doubts as to Herr Froebel's blessing on the scheme. But the problem was solved. Of all the busy hours in Room 18's crowded day, there was none more happy than that devoted to "Nature Study — Domestic Animals and Home Pets."

And then one morning Morris failed to answer to the roll-call. Never had he been absent since his first day at school, and Miss Bailey was full of uneasiness. Nathan Spiderwitz, Morris's friend and ally, was also missing, but at half-past nine he arrived entirely breathless and shockingly untidy.

"Nathan," said Teacher reprovingly, "you are very late."

"Yiss ma'an. I tells you 'scuse," gasped Nathan. "On'y Morris ——"

"Where is he?" cried Miss Bailey. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Yiss ma'an. He ain't got no more that golden ring what you gives him over that cat."

A murmur of commiseration swept through the room. "Oh, poor Morris!" sighed Eva Gonorowsky. "Ain't that fierce! From sure gold rings is awful stylish und they costs whole bunches of money."

"Morris is a silly little boy," said Teacher crossly, for she had been frightened, as it now seemed, to no purpose. "I'll measure his finger for a new ring when he comes in."

"He ain't comin'," said Nathan briefly.

"Not coming to school simply because he lost a ring! Nonsense! Nathan, you just run back to Morris's house and tell him he must come. Tell him I'll give him a new ring and ——"

"But he ain't *to* his house," Nathan objected. "I seen how he goes away."

"Well, then, how did he go away?"

"Teacher, it's like this. Me und Morris we stands by our block when comes the baker's wagon. Und the baker he goes in the groc'ry store to sell bread und his wagon und horse stands by us. Und, say, on the horse's face is something, from leather, so the horse couldn't to eat. He couldn't to open his mouth even. But all times he longs out his neck like he should eat und he looks on me und Morris. So Morris he says: 'Ain't it fierce how that bad man makes mit that horse? Something from leather on the face ain't healthy for horses. I guess I takes it off.'"

"But he didn't, Nathan."

"Yiss ma'an, he takes it off. He says like that: 'You know how Teacher says

"'THEY TAKES HIM HERE THE WHILE HE GETS KILLED OFF OF A HORSE'"

we should make all times what is lovin' mit dogs und cats und horses.' Und say, Teacher, Missis Bailey, that's how you says. He had a ring over it. A from sure gold ring mit his name——"

"But the horse!" Miss Bailey interrupted. "The horse with the muzzle. I remember, dear, what I said, but I hope Morris didn't touch that baker's horse."

"Sure, did he," cried Nathan. "He buttons out that thing what I told you from leather, on the horse's face, und the horse he swallows the golden ring."

sure gold ring mit his name scratched in on it, what he had off of you, Teacher, for present over that cat."

"Oh, you must be wrong," cried Miss Bailey. "It can't be as bad as you say."

"Yiss ma'an, from sure gold mit——"

"But his hand. Are you sure about his hand?"

"I seen it," said Nathan. "I seen how comes blood on the sidewalk. I seen how comes a great big all of people. I seen how comes Morris's mamma und hollers like a fair theayter. I seen how comes

"'I LIKES YOU SHOULD ON MY HOUSE COME FOR SEE ME SOME DAY'"

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," gasped Miss Bailey. And Nathan explained:

"Morris, he gives the horse a sweet potato und the horse he swallows the golden ring. He swallows it way, *way*, WAY down. Und it was from sure gold——"

"But it must have been very loose or it would never have come off his finger so easily."

"It didn't come off," said Nathan patiently. "The horse he swallows the finger, too—four fingers—und it was from Patrick Brennan's papa—he's a cop—und he makes come the amb'lance. Und sooner the doctor seen how comes blood on the sidewalk he says like this: so Morris bleeds four more inches of blood he don't got no more blood in his body. Say, I seen right into Morris. He's red inside. So-o-oh, the doctor he bangages up his hand und takes him in the amb'lance, und all times his mamma hollers und yells und says mad words on the doctor so he had a mad over her. Und Morris he lays in the amb'lance und cries. Now he's sick."

School dragged heavily that morning for the distressed and powerless Miss Bailey. She thought remorsefully of the trusty armor of timidity which she had, plate by plate, stripped from her favorite, and of the bravery and loving kindness which she had so carefully substituted and which had led the child — Where?

"Nathan," she called as the children were going home, "do you know to what hospital Morris was taken? Did you see the doctor?"

"Sure did I."

"Was he a tall doctor? Had you ever seen him before?"

"No ma'an," answered Nathan with a beautiful directness. "It wasn't your fellow. We ain't seen him from long. But Morris he goes on the Guv'neer Hospital. I ain't never seen the doctor, but I knows the driver und the horse."

Shortly after three o'clock that afternoon Miss Bailey and Doctor Ingraham were standing beside a little bed in Gouverneur Hospital.

"Nathan is a horrible little liar," said the doctor genially. "Morris will be as well as ever in a week or so. The horse stood on his foot and bruised it rather badly, but he has all his fingers and his ring too. Haven't you, old man?"

"Yiss ma'an, yiss sir; I'm got it here," answered the boy, as, with his uninjured hand, he drew up his battered trophy, hung about his neck on a piece of antiseptic gauze. "It's from sure gold und you gives it to me over that cat. But say, Teacher, Missis Bailey, horses ain't like cats."

"No, dear, I know; that was a wicked horse."

"Yiss ma'an; I guess you don't know 'bout horses. You says boys should make all times what is loving mit horses, but horses don't make what is lovin' mit boys. Und my mamma she says it's a foolishness you should make what is lovin' mit somethings sooner you don't know somethings is loving mit you. I done it and now I'm got a sickness over it."

"Dear, I know. But it won't be a very long sickness, and I shall come to see you every day to bring you books and candy and to tell you stories."

"Tell me one now!" Morris implored. "Take off your hat so I can put mine head at your necktie, und then you should tell me that story over, 'Once upon some time when that world was young.'"

It was nearly five o'clock when Miss Bailey gently disengaged herself and set out upon her uptown way. She passed from the hush of the hospital wards and halls into another phase of her accountability. Upon the steps, a woman, wild-eyed and disheveled, was hurling an unintelligible mixture of pleading and abuse upon the stalwart frame of Patrick Brennan's father, the policeman on the beat. The woman tore her hair, wept, and beat her breast, but Mr. Brennan's calm was impassive.

"You can't see him," he remarked. "Didn't they tell you that Thursday was visiting day? Well, and isn't this Choosday? Go home now and shut up."

"Mine Gott, he will die!" wailed the woman.

"Not he," said Mr. Brennan. "Go home now and come back on Thursday. There's no good standing there. And there's no good coming back in half an hour. You'll not see him before Thursday."

The woman fell to wild weeping and her sympathizing neighbors followed suit. "Ach, mine little boy!" she wailed. "Mine arme little Morris!" And "arme little Morris" the neighbors echoed.

"Morris Mogilewsky?" asked Miss Bailey.

"Yes ma'am," answered Mr. Brennan with a shrug.

"Yes ma'am," cried the neighbors in shrill chorus.

"Yes ma'am," wailed the woman. "Mine Morris. They makes I shouldn't to see him. They takes him here the while he gets killed off of a horse."

"Killed und *chawed* off of a horse," shrieked the comforting neighbors.

"And are you his mother?" pursued Miss Bailey.

"Yes ma'am," they all answered as before.

"Very well, I think I can take you to see him. But not if you are going to be noisy."

A stillness as of death settled upon Mrs. Mogilewsky as she sank down at Miss Bailey's feet in dumb appeal. And Constance Bailey saw, in the eyes so like Morris's fixed upon her face, a world of misery which she had surely though innocently wrought.

Dr. Ingraham was summoned and bent to Miss Bailey's will. A few moments later Morris's languid gaze embraced his mother, his teacher, and his doctor. The latter found Mrs. Mogilewsky's woe impervious to any soothing. "Chawed off of a horse!" she whimpered. "All the child what I got, *chawed* off of a horse!"

"Wicked old horse!" ejaculated Teacher.

"Crazy old teacher!" snorted Mrs. Mogilewsky. "Fool old teacher! I sends mine little boy on the school so he should the English write und talk und the numbers learn so he comes—through the years maybe—American man, und she learns him foolishness over dogs und cats und horses. Crazy, crazy, crazy!"

"Oh, come now. That's rather strong," remonstrated Doctor Ingraham, with a quizzical glance at Miss Bailey. Mrs. Mogilewsky wheeled towards her benefactress.

"Do you know Morris's teacher?" she asked eagerly. "Ach, lady, kind lady, tell me where is her house. I like I shall go on her house; for tell her how she makes sickness on my little boy. He lays on the bed over her. I like I should tell her somethings."

"Mrs. Mogilewsky," began Miss Bailey, gently, "there is nothing you could say to her that would make her more sorry than she is. She is broken-hearted already, and if you don't stop talking like that you will make her cry. And then Morris would surely cry too; shouldn't you, dearie?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an," quavered Morris.

"You!" groaned Mrs. Mogilewsky. "Be you Morris's teacher? Gott, how I makes mistakes! So you learn him that foolishness extra so he get chawed off of horses."

"Nonsense," interposed the doctor. "Miss Bailey is awfully fond of that child of yours."

"So," said Mrs. Mogilewsky, "You makes mistakes too. Well, I guess I should excuse you the while you is lovin' mit Morris, und you ain't so awful old, und so you makes mistakes. I likes you should on my house come for see me some day. The doctor comes too maybe. That makes me glad in mine heart."

"We shall be delighted," answered Dr. Ingraham as he led the speechless Miss Bailey away. "Delighted, Mrs. Mogilewsky. It's so good of you to have forgiven her. But, as you say, she is very young. Perhaps she will reform."

"Sometimes," sighed the dispirited Miss Bailey, for the day had been discouraging and her weariness was great; "sometimes I think I shall resign."

"Do," said Dr. Ingraham; "that's a capital idea."

Morris watched their retreating figures wistfully. "Mamma," said he, "you says she could to come on our house on'y you ain't asked her nothings over Krishts."

"Think shame how you says," his mother admonished him. "Mit me that makes no more nothings. Ain't you seen how she is lovin' mit you? Und Morris, mine golden one, I'm always lovin' mit somebody what is lovin' mit you."

CAN THE SOUTH SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM?

BY

CARL SCHURZ

This discussion of the Negro Question by Carl Schurz is of the highest permanent value. Mr. Schurz has had an active share in settling each successive phase of the great question, since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He was one of the founders of the Republican Party; he helped elect Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States; he fought through the Civil War; studied the condition of the South on the ground after hostilities ceased, and was influential in ending military rule there in 1872. There is probably no man living who has a more intimate knowledge of the Negro Question than Mr. Schurz. His paper has the intellectual authority which comes from over forty years' practical dealing with a question by a man of distinguished mind. It has the moral authority which comes only from a man who has never allowed any consideration of policy to obscure the ethical meaning of the question with which he dealt.—THE EDITOR.

IN the recent public discussions of the race problem in the United States, occasional reference has been made to a report submitted by me to President Johnson in 1865. At the request of the President I had visited the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana for the purpose of studying their condition and of laying the results of my observations before him. It may be profitable at the present moment to recall that condition, inasmuch as thus some light may be shed upon the origin and purpose of the so-called reconstruction measures, to which the gravest of the difficulties prevailing in the Southern country are now attributed.

When I set out on that tour of investigation, only three months had elapsed since the close of the Civil War. The Confederate soldiers had but recently returned to their homes. They found those homes, wherever touched by military operations, more or less devastated, and, in almost every instance, in a greatly neglected if not dilapidated state. During the Civil War the resources of the South had wholly been devoted to the support of the Confederate Government and its armies, and therefore, economically speaking, wasted. The Confederate money in the hands of the Southern people was absolutely worthless. Want and misery stared them in the face. Their sustenance, for the time being, depended on the crops to be raised that summer. Until then, the plantations had been cultivated by slave labor. But the slaves had been declared free. During the war a large number of the negroes had still remained on the plantations doing their accustomed work. But the complete discomfiture of the Southern armies made the decree of emancipation effective everywhere. Negro slavery had come to a sudden end, and thus the whole agricultural labor system of the South, the only labor system known and believed in by the Southern people, was entirely upset and made inoperative.

It is not surprising that, mortified by their defeat and chafing under the urgent necessities of their situation, the white people of the South should have been in a desperate state of mind—a state of mind eminently unfitted for calm and judicious reasoning, and especially for the solution of problems calling for equanimity and patience. But for this excited state of mind they would perhaps at once have recognized the fact that the emancipation of the slaves was irrevocable, and that the only sensible and profitable course open to the late master class was to accommodate themselves to the new order of things as

best they could and to set the former slaves to work as free laborers, peaceably, in a friendly spirit, and on fair terms. But two things stood in the way. One was a traditional and stubborn prejudice. Wherever on my tour of investigation I tried to discuss with Southern men the immediate problem to be solved, which I did every day, I was constantly met by the assertion: "You cannot make the negro work without physical compulsion." In the language of my report, "I heard this hundreds of times, heard it wherever I went, heard it in nearly the same words from so many different persons that at last I came to the conclusion that this was the prevailing sentiment among the Southern people. There were exceptions to this rule, but far from enough to affect the rule. In the accompanying documents you will find an abundance of proof in support of this statement. There is hardly a paper relative to the negro question annexed to this report which does not in some direct or indirect way, corroborate it. Unfortunately, the disorders necessarily growing out of the transition state continually furnished food for argument. I found but few people who were willing to make due allowance for the adverse influence of exceptional circumstances. By a large majority of those I came in contact with, and they mostly belonged to the more intelligent class, every irregularity that occurred was directly charged against the system of free labor. If negroes walked away from the plantations, it was conclusive proof of the incorrigible instability of the negro and the impracticability of free labor. If some individual negro violated the terms of his contract, it proved unanswerably that no negro had or ever would have a just conception of the binding force of a contract, and that this system of free negro labor was bound to be a failure. If some negroes shirked or did not perform their task with sufficient alacrity, it was produced as irrefutable evidence to show that physical compulsion was absolutely indispensable to make the negro work. If negro idlers or refugees crawling about the towns, applied to the authorities for subsistence, it was quoted as incontestably establishing the point that the negro was too improvident to take care of himself and must necessarily be consigned to the care of a master. I heard a Georgia planter argue most seriously that one of his negroes had shown himself certainly unfit for freedom because he impudently refused to submit to a whipping. I frequently went into an argument with those putting forth such general assertions, quoting instances in which negro laborers were working faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of their employers, as the employers themselves informed me. In a majority of cases the reply was that we Northern people did not understand the negro, but that they (the Southerners) did; that, as to the particular instances I quoted, I was probably mistaken; that I had not closely investigated the cases, or had been deceived by my informants; that *they knew* the negro would not work without compulsion, and that no one could make them believe he would. Arguments like these naturally finished such discussions. It frequently struck me that persons who conversed about every other subject calmly and sensibly would lose their temper as soon as the negro question was touched."

Of course, the natural impulse of people entertaining such sentiments, and exasperated by their immediate necessities, was to resort to that "physical compulsion" without which, in their opinion, the negro would not work. For this they found, unfortunately, not infrequent occasion in the conduct of a certain number of negroes. In one respect the behavior of the negroes immediately after their emancipation was remarkable. It is probable that some of them had suffered cruel punishments or other harsh treatment while in the condition of slavery; but not one act of vengeance on the part of a negro after emancipation is on record. On the contrary, there were many instances of singularly faithful and self-sacrificing attachment of negroes to their former masters and their families. Neither could they, at that period, be charged with many criminal excesses beyond pig and chicken stealing. But their ideas as to what use they might or should make of their newly won freedom were rather dim and confused. A good many of them, probably indeed, a very large majority, remained on the plantations and continued their work under some sort of contract arrangement with their former masters. But other colored people, a not inconsiderable number, followed the natural impulse of testing the quality of their freedom by walking away from the places

on which they had been held to labor, and by wandering to the nearest town or military post "to have a good time" for a while. Still others made contracts with the planters and then broke them with or without cause. All this and much more of the same sort would, under the circumstances, not have appeared surprising to cool and unprejudiced minds, but rather as the inevitable concomitant of so great a revolution as was the sudden liberation from slavery of several millions of human beings. These were comparatively slight disorders which, if kindly and prudently met, would in a great measure soon have been righted. But against these irregular movements, "physical compulsion," without which, in the Southerner's opinion, the negroes would not work at all, was fiercely put in action. Some planters held back their former slaves on their plantations by brute force. Armed bands of white men patrolled the country roads to drive back the negroes wandering about. Dead bodies of murdered negroes were found on and near the highways and by-paths. Gruesome reports came from the hospitals — reports of colored men and women whose ears had been cut off, whose skulls had been broken by blows, whose bodies had been slashed with knives or lacerated with scourges. A number of such cases I had occasion to examine myself. A veritable reign of terror prevailed in many parts of the South. The negro found scant justice in the local courts against the white man. He could look for protection only to the military forces of the United States still garrisoning the "States lately in rebellion" and to the Freedmen's Bureau — that Freedmen's Bureau, the original purpose of which was to act as an intermediary between the planters and the emancipated slaves, the white and the black, to aid them in the making of equitable contract arrangements, and, generally, in organizing the new free labor system for the benefit of both. It would have been an institution of the greatest value under competent leadership, had not its organization been to some extent invaded by mentally and morally unfit persons. That this imperfect organization and the corresponding failures in its conduct prevented it in so large a measure from accomplishing its object, cannot be too much deplored. For nothing was more needed at that time than an authority standing between the late master and the late slave, commanding and possessing the confidence and respect of both, to aid the emancipated black man in making the best possible use of his unaccustomed freedom, and to aid the white man, to whom free negro labor was a well-nigh inconceivable idea, in meeting the difficulties which partly existed in reality and were partly conjured up by the white man's prejudice and inflamed imagination.

That the Freedmen's Bureau actually did much valuable service in this direction cannot be denied. It did protect many freedmen against violence and prevailed on many others to abstain from breaking their contracts with white men, and to stay at work. It helped in developing the work of education among the blacks which had been started by benevolent Northern people with admirable energy and self-sacrifice during the Civil War, wherever the national army controlled any district of country largely peopled by blacks. But the shortcomings of the general management of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the ill-suited qualifications of some of its agents and representatives, greatly impaired that moral authority which was especially required for so comprehensive and delicate a task.

The second great difficulty, and of worse effect even than the partial failure of the Freedmen's Bureau, was the precipitate course of President Johnson with regard to the reconstruction of the Southern State Governments. During the Civil War, and even immediately after his election to the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Johnson was one of the fiercest "Rebel-haters." His "loyalty" to the Union was of the most unforgiving, most uncompromising and merciless kind. The burden of his daily talk was that "rebellion was treason and that treason was a crime which must be made odious," that this was to be accomplished by meting out the severest punishment to the instigators and leaders of the rebellion, and that hanging was not too good for them." There seemed to be reason for apprehending that, if Mr. Johnson should come into power, the victory of the Union armies might be tarnished by relentless severity in the treatment of the vanquished. But no sooner had he actually been raised to power by the assassination of Lincoln, than he began to initiate a policy which, if carried through, would have subjected the "States lately in rebellion" almost

instantly and absolutely to the control of the men whom but recently he had denounced as fit for the gallows.

In June, 1865, he issued a proclamation concerning the reorganization of the State Government of North Carolina, some provisions of which were judged by many friends of the administration as somewhat hasty. Letters expressing that opinion were received by the President, and similar criticism appeared in several of the most important newspapers. It was at that time that the President surprised me with the request that I should investigate the conditions prevailing in the Gulf States for him. In the conversations preceding my departure for the South, he designated his North Carolina proclamation, not as the expression of a fixed plan definitely determined upon, but as an "experiment." Before going farther, he "would wait and see" how the proposed method of reconstruction might work practically. But he did not wait and see. He caused it to be generally understood that the "States lately in rebellion" would speedily be reconstructed, their people, meaning the white people, to elect their Legislatures and Executive as well as judicial officers, as before the war. When asked by the Provisional Governor of Mississippi, and other Southern men, for permission to organize the local militia, he readily gave his consent; whereupon the Provisional Governor of Mississippi forthwith called upon "the young men of the State who had so distinguished themselves for gallantry" — meaning of course Confederate soldiers — to respond promptly to this call. The result was that efforts were made to reorganize county patrols which "had already been in existence, and had to be disbanded on account of their hostility to Northern people and freedmen."

The known attitude of President Johnson concerning the speedy reconstruction of the "States lately in rebellion" produced an effect that might easily have been foreseen. The white people of the South might have accommodated themselves in good faith to the introduction of free labor in the place of slavery, in spite of their prejudices and their traditional habits of life, had that introduction been presented to them as a stern and inexorable necessity. A good many of the difficulties standing in its way would have been overcome had the white people become convinced that there was absolutely nothing else to do. But when they heard that the President was willing, and even eager, without delay to put the entire management of their internal affairs into their hands again, they saw the way open for a sweeping reaction against the emancipation policy. The temptation was irresistible. The conviction that the negro would not work without physical compulsion, grew stronger among them than ever. A little over two months after the close of the war, one of the Provisional Governors admitted that the people in his State still indulged in the lingering hope that slavery might yet be preserved. That lingering hope now spread visibly. In public argument the emancipation proclamation was by hot-headed extremists denounced as unconstitutional and of no force, and this denunciation was frantically applauded by large multitudes. Although the necessity of accepting the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution was generally recognized, it was hoped that it could effectively be neutralized by State and municipal action. Various parishes in Louisiana and municipal bodies in other States adopted ordinances of which provisions like the following, constantly recurring, were characteristic:

No negro or freedman shall be allowed to come within the limits of the town without special permission from his employer, specifying the object of his visit and the time necessary for the accomplishment of the same. Whoever shall violate this provision shall suffer imprisonment and two days' work in the public streets or shall pay a fine of $2.50.

Every negro is required to be in the regular service of some white person or former owner, who shall be responsible for the conduct of said negro. But said employer or former owner may permit said negro to hire his own time by special permission in writing, which permit shall not extend over seven days at any one time. Any negro violating the provisions of this section shall be fined $5 for each offense or in default of the payment thereof shall be forced to work five days on the public road or suffer corporeal punishment as hereinafter provided.

No public meetings or congregations of negroes shall be allowed after sunset, but such public meetings and congregations may be held between the hours of sunrise and sunset, by the special permission in writing of the Captain of patrol within whose beat such meetings should take place. This prohibition, however, is not intended to prevent negroes from the usual church services conducted by white ministers and priests. (Fine for violating this provision $5, or five days' work on the public road or corporeal punishment.)

No negro shall be permitted to preach, exhort, or otherwise declaim to congregations of colored people without special permission in writing from

the president of the Police Jury. (Fine $10 or ten days' work or corporeal punishment.)

No negro shall sell, barter or exchange any article of merchandise without the special written permission of his employer, specifying the articles of sale or barter or traffic. (Fine $1 for each offense, forfeiture of said articles or work on the public road or corporeal punishment.)

All the foregoing provisions shall apply to negroes of both sexes.

It shall be the duty of every citizen to act as a police officer for the detection of offenses and the apprehension of offenders who shall be immediately handed over to the proper captain or chief of patrol.

The aforesaid penalties shall be summarily enforced, and it shall be the duty of the captains and chief of patrol to see that the aforesaid ordinances are promptly executed.

Evidently the condition of the person laboring under such ordinances would be, if not slavery in terms, something closely akin to it. Under such a regime the negro, if only temporarily the slave of an individual owner, would always have been the slave of the white people at large. When, as was provided in some of the ordinances, "every citizen," meaning, of course, every white man, was authorized and commanded "to act as a police officer for the detection of such offenses and the apprehension of such offenders," and when such "penalties were to be summarily enforced," and it was put in the power and made the duty of captains and chiefs of patrol to see that the aforesaid ordinances were promptly executed, the freedman in name was little, if at all, better than a slave in fact.

The men who designed and formulated such ordinances, which in a somewhat changed form reappeared in the enactments of Southern Legislatures, hoped, of course, that they would be permitted to carry them out, and they believed to see in President Johnson's attitude excellent reason for that hope. It was not surprising that under such circumstances acts of violence against freedmen multiplied, that the patrols or "militia companies" became more active in capturing stray negroes, and that the reign of terror grew more and more like that of the old slavery times. The only influence which to some extent restrained this violent reactionary movement consisted in the continual presence of the Federal troops who, at that time, were governed by the orders of the War Department under Secretary Edwin M. Stanton. The protection of the freedmen by the Federal forces was, of course, submitted to by the whites, but in most cases sullenly and with an important mental reservation. With the same mental reservation — a reservation not at all concealed but openly avowed — several things were submitted to, the acceptance of which was known to be necessary in order to bring about the restoration of the Southern States to full control of their local affairs.

On this point I said in my report to President Johnson: "When speaking of popular demonstrations in the South in favor of submission to the Government, I stated that the principal and almost the only argument used, was that they found themselves in a situation in which they could do no better. It was the same thing with regard to the abolition of slavery. If abolition was publicly acquiesced in, whether in popular meetings or in State Conventions, it was on the ground of necessity — not infrequently with the significant addition that, as soon as they had once more control of their own State affairs, they would settle the labor question to suit themselves, whatever they might have to submit to for the present. Not only did I find this to be the common talk among the people, but the same sentiment was openly avowed by public men in speech and print. Some declarations of that kind, made by persons of great prominence, have passed into the newspapers and are undoubtedly known to you. I append to this report a specimen, not as something particularly remarkable, but in order to present the current sentiment as expressed in the language of a candidate for a seat in the State Convention of Mississippi. It is a card addressed to the voters of Wilkinson County, Mississippi, by General W. L. Brandon. The General complains of having been called an 'unconditional emancipationist, an abolitionist.' He indignantly repels the charge and avows himself a good pro-slavery man. 'But, fellow-citizens,' says he, 'what I may in common with you have to submit to, is a very different thing. Slavery has been taken from us; the power that has already practically abolished it threatens totally and forever to abolish it. But does it follow that I am in favor of this thing? By no means. My honest conviction is, we must accept the situation as it is, until we can get control once more of our own State affairs. We cannot do otherwise to get our place again

in the Union, and occupy a position, exert an influence, that will protect us against greater evils which threaten us. I must, as any other man who votes or holds an office, submit for the time to evils I cannot remedy.' General Brandon has only put in print what, as my observations lead me to believe, a majority of the people say even in more emphatic language; and the deliberations of several legislatures in that part of the country show what it means."

The same expectation served also to embarrass and impede the efforts made for the education of the freedmen. Aside from several honorable exceptions, I found the popular prejudice against negro education almost as bitter as it had been when slavery still existed. Hundreds of times I heard the old assertion repeated that "learning will spoil the negro for work," and that "negro education would be the ruin of the South," and in innumerable instances I discovered symptoms of the amazing notion that "the elevation of the blacks would be the degradation of the whites." The consequence of all this was that, in a large number of places, negro schools could be established and maintained only under the immediate protection of the Federal troops, and that, once the military garrisons were withdrawn, school-houses would be set on fire and the teachers driven off. This opposition to negro schools, too, received a strong impulse from the expectation so much encouraged by President Johnson, that the late slave States would soon again be in unrestricted control of their home affairs, and that negro education, being an impediment in the way of reëstablishment of an order of things nearly akin to slavery, would then again be done away with.

Such was the condition of things in the late Confederate States shortly after the Civil War. In investigating it at the request of President Johnson, I honestly endeavored to see things as they were; I neglected no source of information open to me; I talked with all classes of people and improved every opportunity to observe with my own eyes. And when I reported to the President, I took care rather to understate than to overcolor my facts and conclusions, and as much as possible to let my authorities speak for themselves.

To recapitulate: The white people of the South were harassed by pressing necessities, and most of them in a troubled and greatly excited state of mind. The emancipation of the slaves had destroyed the traditional labor system upon which they had depended. Free negro labor was still inconceivable to them. There were exceptions, but, as a rule, their ardent, and, in a certain sense, not unnatural, desire was to resist its introduction and to save or restore as much of the slave labor system as possible. The Government of the Union was in duty and honor bound to maintain the emancipation of the slaves, and to introduce free labor. The solution of such a problem would have been extremely difficult under any circumstances. It was in this case especially complicated by the partial failure of the Freedmen's Bureau, and still more by the decided encouragement given to the reactionary tendency prevailing among the Southern whites, by the attitude of President Johnson which permitted the Southern whites to expect that they would soon have the power to reëstablish something similar to slave labor.

There was, no doubt, a general and sincere desire among the Northern people to restore the "States lately in rebellion" to their Constitutional functions as soon as this could be done with safety to the freedom of the emancipated slaves and the effective introduction of the free labor system in those States. The maintenance of the freedom of the emancipated blacks and the establishment of an order of things in which their rights would be safe were universally recognized as a binding duty.

Those in power, mindful of that duty, saw a clear alternative before them: either the "States lately in rebellion" had to be kept under military rule until the Southern whites would have so accustomed themselves to the new order of things that the rights of the freedmen and the development of free labor would no longer require military protection, or the freedmen had to be endowed with a certain measure of political power so that they might be enabled to protect themselves in the enjoyment of their rights.

As to the first horn of the dilemma, the continuation of military rule in the South was difficult and highly objectionable for several reasons. The troops still occupying the Southern States consisted largely of war volunteers, many of whom, since the real war was over, were anxious and claimed the right, to go home. But the

protection of the rights of the freedmen and the introduction of the free labor system required the presence of a great many garrisons to be scattered all over the Southern country, and therefore a large number of soldiers. Moreover, the maintenance of military government in the South for an indefinite time would have been extremely undesirable, even if the necessary number of soldiers could have been ever so easily procured — for the reason that military rule as such is on general principles in the highest degree uncongenial to the spirit of our free institutions; and for the additional reason that the exercise of extraordinary powers by military garrisons in a conquered country is very apt to bring forth grave abuses, and that garrison life of just that kind, under just such circumstances, is eminently calculated to exercise a very demoralizing influence upon soldiers, especially upon volunteer soldiers, after a victorious campaign. It seemed therefore highly expedient that the necessity of indefinitely continuing military rule in the South be obviated in some way.

On the other hand, to enable the freedmen to protect themselves by the exercise of a certain measure of political power, was a problem hardly less perplexing. This could be done only by putting into their hands the ballot as a defensive weapon. That the great mass of the negroes would not use the ballot intelligently and with conscientious care was indeed apprehended by every thoughtful person. That it would have been vastly preferable to introduce colored suffrage gradually, and perhaps dependent upon certain qualifications, if that had been practicable by Federal action, was also admitted by many, if not most, of those who were in favor of making the negro a voter. But while it was foreseen that the exercise of suffrage by the bulk of the negroes in the South might bring forth unwelcome results, it was thought that those results might in the long run prove not as deplorable as would be those to be expected from an indefinite continuation of military rule; that the Southern people might see fit to subject the suffrage in their States to suitable qualifications equally applicable to whites and blacks; that the negro voters might be guided by wise leadership; and finally that, whatever might happen, this escape from the perplexing dilemma was after all the most in consonance with our principles of democratic government — a government the blessings of which cannot be had without the risk of its bringing forth concomitant troubles.

I am convinced that this statement fairly represents the line of reasoning prevalent among thinking men in the North who at that time favored negro suffrage. To judge from certain of their public utterances, it is now believed by many Southern men that negro suffrage was imposed upon the South from motives of hatred or vindictiveness. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There was indeed here and there some fierce language indulged in, the war passions not having completely subsided. It is also true that the reckless policy and the intemperate utterances of President Johnson had made the anti-slavery men in the country and the Republican majority in Congress suspect that their cause had been betrayed by the President, and that the most trenchant measures were necessary to baffle that treachery. And thus one of the most intricate problems of our history became involved in a passionate political fray, well apt to heat men's minds and to make many of them reckless of consequences. But I can confidently affirm — and I had at the time very large opportunities for personal observation — that the serious and influential men favoring negro suffrage, were not controlled by any feeling of hatred or vindictiveness but by the sober consideration that the legitimate results of the war — among them, in the first line, the abolition of slavery and the establishment of free labor in the South — were in very serious danger of being rendered practically inoperative, if not entirely annulled, by the reactionary movement in the South, and that the grant of the ballot to the negroes would be, all things considered, the most democratic as well as the most practicable means to thwart such a reaction.

It has since, in view of the fact that negro suffrage did not give good government to the South and did not secure the negro himself in the safe enjoyment of his rights, been asserted and widely accepted that the endowment of the recently liberated slaves with the suffrage was the worst mistake that could have been committed under the circumstances. I am far from denying that negro suffrage, as first exercised, brought on great scandals in the

State and municipal governments in the South, and that it did not succeed in securing the negro in his rights; but it must not be forgotten that negro suffrage was resorted to in a situation so complicated that whatever might have been done to solve the most pressing problems would have appeared a colossal mistake in the light of subsequent developments. Would it have been better to leave the "States lately in rebellion" immediately after the war entirely to themselves? No one well acquainted with the drift of things in the South at that period will have the slightest doubt that such a policy, in spite of the acceptance of the thirteenth amendment, would have resulted in the substantial reenslavement of the freedmen, with incalculable troubles to follow. Would it have been better to keep the South under military rule until the free labor problem in the late slave States should have been satisfactorily solved? It is very questionable whether an indefinite continuation of military rule would not have resulted in abuses, and more or less permanent evils, so great that the latter-day critic might, quite pertinently, ask: "Why did not the statesmen of those times obviate the necessity of continuing military rule by granting to the freedmen the necessary political power to protect themselves?"

It should be remembered that so tremendous a social revolution as the sudden transformation of almost the whole laboring force of a large country from slaves into free men could never have been effected quite smoothly without producing hot conflicts of antagonistic interests and feelings, and without giving birth to problems seeming for a time almost impossible of solution. The troubles brought upon us by so sweeping a change as the sudden abolition of slavery were, after all, the common fate of humanity under like circumstances. It is only a question of more or less, and we have, perhaps, not more than our inevitable share.

The introduction of negro suffrage in the South took place under peculiarly unfavorable circumstances. The evils apt to follow the injection of such a mass of ignorance as an active element into the body politic might have been greatly mitigated had the colored voters fallen under conscientious and wise leadership. No greater misfortune could have happened than that this leadership was actually seized in several Southern States by unscrupulous adventurers, most of whom had come from the North to exploit the confusion prevailing in the Southern country for their personal profit, while also some Southern men of similar character and purpose followed their example. I do not, indeed, mean to say that all the Republican leaders in the South belonged to that class, for there were very honorable and patriotic men among them. But in some of the States the demagogues and rascals were the most successful in pressing to the front and in obtaining the control of affairs. Then followed the so-called carpet-bag governments — a mimicry of legislation by negroes, some of whom were moderately educated, while some were mere plantation hands, led by a set of cunning rogues who were bent upon filling their pockets quickly. It is difficult to exaggerate the extravagances, corrupt practices and downright robberies perpetrated under those governments.

That the Southern whites, especially those who had any material stake in their communities, should not have been willing long to tolerate such shameful and ruinous misrule, is not at all surprising. But that statesmen of good character and high position in the National Government should have been willing systematically to sustain that misrule, is a fact which the historian will find it difficult to explain, unless he accepts the theory that selfish party spirit will sometimes seduce public men in approving, or even doing, on the political field, things from which they would shrink with disgust in private life. It is true that the opposition to the carpet-bag governments in the South took a lawless character and brought forth a large number of bloody outrages. But while duly striving to repress those outrages, the Administration and the Republican majority in Congress should not have forgotten that the provocation for the violent opposition to carpet-bag misrule was such as would hardly have been withstood by any spirited people on earth, and that the disorder could not possibly be allayed so long as that rapacious misrule continued by its excesses to provoke it. But party spirit did seem to forget this. Expecting to keep the Southern States under Republican control and thus to fortify the Republican majorities

in Congress and in the Electoral College, the party leaders in power insisted upon supporting the carpet-bag governments, even by military interference, to an extent now hardly credible, and upon continuing the system of political disabilities by which those who had occupied certain positions under the Confederate Government were excluded from the suffrage as well as from eligibility to office, while the negro was endowed with the ballot and made eligible to political positions. It is hardly necessary to say to-day that the true policy in the public interest would have been to accompany the introduction of negro suffrage with a general amnesty admitting to political activity and position that element which no doubt represented the best intelligence of the South, and at that time, also, the most conciliatory impulses. It is doubtful whether excessive party spirit has ever in our history played a more mischievous part than it did in this instance.

When, in 1877, the Hayes administration came into power, the controlling influence of that party spirit was at an end. The Administration called some of the most prominent and highly respected Southern leaders into conference to secure their influence for the protection of the emancipated negroes in the enjoyment of their rights, while the countenance of the national authority was withdrawn from the carpet-bag governments. The Southern leaders, thus consulted, promised their best endeavors, whereupon the Federal troops were removed from the South and the carpet-bag governments quickly disappeared one after another. I have no doubt the Southern leaders in question had given their promise in perfect good faith, and have honestly exerted themselves to stem in their respective States the movements hostile to the rights of the freedmen. But their influence was not strong enough to resist the prevailing current. Indeed, the bloody outrages ceased in a great measure. But the efforts to overcome or nullify the negro vote by illegitimate means did not cease. The rudest form of force was supplanted by artifice. Tissue ballots, puzzling arrangements of the ballot boxes, and all possible devices human ingenuity can invent were resorted to for this purpose, and with great success.

Early in 1885, after the election of Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency, I visited the South again. The negroes had been told, and very many of them had believed it, that the election of a Democratic President would be immediately followed by the restoration of slavery. When month after month had passed after the dreaded event without any startling commotion of that kind, the apprehension subsided and some intelligent colored men conceived the idea that it would be the best policy for their race in the South to divide the colored vote between the two political parties and thus to win friends and protectors on both sides. At the same time a fresh breeze of industrial enterprise and development was blowing in the South, encouraging the hope that the growing up of new economic interests would bring forth new political alignments, and thus gradually loosen the so far rigid adherence of the Southern whites to one party organization. This would, of course, have facilitated the division of the negro vote. By such agencies many troubles in the internal condition of the South might have been allayed and the way to a final solution of the puzzling and dangerous problem prepared, had not the race-antipathy overshadowed almost all political thought among the Southern whites. With a majority of them — apparently a large majority — the desire not merely to control or reduce in strength, but entirely to suppress the colored vote, seemed to overrule every other consideration, and to this end, they finally resorted to the adoption of provisions in some of their State Constitutions by which in various indirect ways the grant of the suffrage to the negro was to be made substantially inoperative, without in terms directly disfranchising the negro as such altogether. The colored people were thus effectively stripped of the political power by the exercise of which they had been expected to protect their own rights.

That the suppression of the negro franchise by direct or indirect means is in contravention of the spirit and intent of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States hardly admits of doubt. The evident intent of the Constitution is that the colored people shall have the right of suffrage on an equal footing with the white people. The intent of the provisions of the State Constitutions in question, as avowed by many Southern men, is that the colored people shall not vote.

However plausibly it may be demonstrated by ingenious argument that the provisions in the State Constitutions are not in conflict with the National Constitution, or that, if they were, their purpose could not be effectively thwarted by judicial decisions — yet it remains true that by many, if not by all, of their authors they were expressly designed to defeat the universally known and recognized intent of a provision of the National Constitution.

Can it be said by way of moral justification that the colored people have deserved to be deprived of their rights as a punishment for something they have done? It is an undisputed matter of history that they came to this country not of their own volition, that they were not intruders, but that they were brought here by force to serve the selfishness of white men; that they did such service as slaves patiently and submissively for two and a half centuries; that even during a war which was waged, incidentally if not directly, for their deliverance, a large majority of them faithfully continued to serve their masters while these were fighting to keep them in slavery; that they were emancipated, not by any insurrectionary act of theirs, but by the act of the government; that when, after their emancipation, they confronted their old masters as free men, they did not, so far as known, commit a single act of vengeance for cruelties they may have suffered while in slavery; that the right of suffrage was given to them, not in obedience to any irresistible urgency on their part, but by the national power wielded by white men, to enable the emancipated colored people to protect their own rights; and that when their exercise of the suffrage brought forth in some States foolish extravagances and corrupt government it was again principally owing to the leadership of white men, who worked themselves into their confidence and, for their own profit, led them astray.

The only plausible reason given for that curtailment of their rights is that it is not in the interest of the Southern whites to permit the blacks to vote. I will not discuss here the moral aspect of the question, whether "A" may deprive "B" of his rights if "A" thinks it in his own interest to do so, and the further question, whether the general admission of such a principle would not banish justice from the earth and eventually carry human society back into barbarism. I will rather discuss the question whether under existing circumstances it would really be the true interest of the Southern whites generally to disfranchise the colored people.

Here I encounter the objection that this is not a question for me, or any other Northern man, to discuss; that the Southern whites understand their own interests best, and that, more especially, they know best how to deal with the negro. I cannot accept this without serious qualification. Undoubtedly there are in the South men who understand their own and their neighbors' interests best; but there are others who do not understand those interests at all, and whose opinions in several important historic instances have overruled the opinions of those who did. I remember cases in which a large and controlling majority of the Southern whites made grievous mistakes as to the true interests of the South — cases in which they would have acted most wisely had they accepted the advice of well-meaning outsiders, whom, in the excitement of the moment, they repelled as impudently intrusive critics, and whom they even put down as their enemies. I have seen the time when it was the belief of an apparently overwhelming majority of the Southern whites that the "peculiar institution" of slavery was an economic, moral, social, and political blessing, while in fact, slavery as the predominant interest, making everything else subordinate to itself, weighed down, like an incubus, industry, commercial enterprise, popular education — everything that constitutes progressive civilization. I remember the time when an apparently irresistible sentiment drove the Southern whites into a reckless war for the purpose of founding an independent empire on the corner-stone of slavery, while sober judgment would have told them that their resources were unequal to the task, and that, even if they had proved themselves equal, an empire so founded could not possibly have stood against the civilization of the age. I have heard them, after the war, insist, with an almost unanimous voice, that they knew the negro better than anybody else did and that "the negro would not work without physical compulsion." Subsequent developments have proved that in this respect their judgment was glaringly

at fault; and here is that proof: In 1860 the cotton crop, raised by slave labor under the system of "physical compulsion," was 4,861,000 bales. In 1898 the cotton crop was 11,216,000 bales, and in 1899, 11,256,000 bales. A portion of these crops was, no doubt, cultivated by whites. But it will hardly be denied that by far the larger part was raised by negro labor, while a considerable portion of the colored people did not work on cotton plantations; and the crops in 1898 and 1899 were raised while the negro, as a rule, did not labor under physical compulsion. It is thus conclusively demonstrated by undisputed fact that the Southern whites who after the close of the war almost unanimously insisted that the "negro would not work without physical compulsion," were signally wrong as to what means must be used "to make the negro work." The list of such mistakes of judgment might be largely extended. After such proofs of the fallibility of the Southern mind on vital points as to the interest of the South, and the negro question in particular, Northern men may be pardoned if they hesitate to accept the doctrine that the Southern whites, as a rule "know all about" that problem, that their treatment of it stands above criticism, and that, therefore, Northern men should abstain from discussing the question whether it would really be the true interest of the Southern whites under present circumstances to disfranchise the colored people generally. We may, therefore, fairly discuss the matter, especially as it has a national bearing.

Negro suffrage is plausibly objected to on the ground that the great bulk of the colored population of the South are very ignorant. This is true. But the same is true of a large portion of the white population. If the suffrage is dangerous in the hands of certain voters on account of their ignorance, it is as dangerous in the hands of ignorant whites as in the hands of ignorant blacks. To remedy this, two things might be done: to establish an educational test for admission to the suffrage, excluding illiterates; and, secondly, to provide for systems of public instruction so as gradually to do away with illiteracy, subjecting whites and blacks alike to the same restrictions and opening to them the same opportunities. This would be easily assented to by the Southern whites if the real or the principal objection to negro suffrage consisted in the ignorance of the black men. It is also said "that education unfits the negro for work." This is in so far true as it makes many negroes unwilling to devote themselves to the ordinary plantation labor, encouraging them to look for work more congenial to their abilities and tastes, and sometimes even seducing them to live upon their wits without work. But the same, then, is true in regard to white men. The increasing disinclination of young white persons to walk behind the plow or to attend to the milking of cows in the solitude of farm life, and the spreading among them of the desire to enjoy a pleasanter existence and to do easier and finer work in the cities, which we observe all around us in the North, with no little anxiety as to what it may at last lead to, is no doubt largely attributable to the natural effects of popular education. But if here, at the North, the question were asked whether for this reason popular education should be restricted to the end of increasing the fitness and taste for farm work among our people, there would hardly be an audible voice of assent.

That the evil of ignorance as an active element on the political field presents a more serious and complicated problem in the South than in the North cannot be denied, for the mass of ignorance precipitated into the body politic by the enfranchisement of the blacks is so much greater there than here. But most significant and of evil augury is the fact that with many of the Southern whites a well-educated colored voter is as objectionable as an ignorant one, or even more objectionable, simply on account of his color. It is therefore not mere dread of ignorance in the voting body that arouses the Southern whites against the colored voters. It is race-antagonism, and that race-antagonism presents a problem more complicated and perplexing than most others, because it is apt to be unreasoning. It creates violent impulses which refuse to be argued with. One of the worst effects of the predominance of the slavery interest produced upon the public mind in the old days consisted in the despotic virulence with which in the South it suppressed the freedom of inquiry and discussion with regard to a matter which in the highest degree concerned the welfare of the Southern people. The expression of any opinion

hostile to slavery was fiercely resented as an attack upon an institution which must not be touched, a sort of sacrilegious attempt to subvert the very foundations of Southern society. Had the same freedom of inquiry and discussion prevailed in the South which prevailed in other parts of the country, the Civil War would probably have been prevented. The race-antipathy now heating the Southern mind threatens again to curtail the freedom of inquiry and discussion there — perhaps not to the same extent, but sufficiently to produce infinite mischief by preventing an open-minded consideration of one of the most important interests.

To those who, among the passionate cries of the moment, have preserved the pride of independent opinion, the following view of the present situation may commend itself for serious reflection: The colored people, originally brought here by force, are here to stay. The scheme to transport them back to Africa is absolutely idle. If adopted, its execution would be found practically impossible. To transport ten millions of negroes across the sea would require ten thousand voyages of ships carrying one thousand passengers each. The bulk of the colored population will remain in the South, where the climate is more congenial to them and where they can more profitably devote themselves to productive work. It would be a great economic embarrassment to the South if that working force disappeared from its fields. Under the fundamental law of the country they are no longer slaves, but free men. They have the aspirations of free men. According to the intent of the same fundamental law, they are also citizens and voters. Whether it would or would not have been wiser to emancipate them gradually and to withhold the right of voting from them, or to introduce them by degrees into the body of voters, is no longer the question. Regrettable as this may be, we have to face actual circumstances. The fact we have to deal with is that by the recognized intent of the National Constitution they are as much entitled to the right of suffrage as white men are. It has been suggested that the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the National Constitution, embodying the provisions referred to, be done away with by further amendment; but leaving aside the question whether as a matter of right this should be done, I doubt whether a single well-informed man can be found in the country who thinks it possible that the required three-fourths of the States will ever consent to such a repeal. To discuss the visionary colonization scheme or the equally impossible repeal of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments means, therefore, not only to squander time and breath, but to divert the popular mind from the true problem and from the real possibilities of its solution. It must, to start with, be taken as a certainty that the negroes will stay here and that the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments will stand, and if they are to be made inoperative at all, it must be by means of a sort of tricky stratagem in flagrant violation of the spirit of the Constitution. Such stratagems are usually not approved by conscientious persons, and they cannot be resorted to by a people without a mischievous lowering of the standard of public morals and an impairment of self-respect.

This is evidently a political and social condition which cannot continue to exist without constant and most unwholesome irritation and restlessness. Such as it is, it cannot possibly be permanent. The colored people will be incessantly disturbed by the feeling that they are unjustly deprived of their legal rights and have become the victims of tyrannical oppression. The most thoughtful and self-respecting among the whites will be ashamed of that state of things, and dissatisfied with themselves for tolerating it. The reckless among the white population, the element most subject to the passions fomented and stirred by a race-antipathy, and most responsive to the catch-phrases of the demagogue, will understand it as a justification of all the things done to put down the negro, and as an incitement to further steps along the same line.

And here is the crucial point: *There will be a movement either in the direction of reducing the negroes to a permanent condition of serfdom — the condition of the mere plantation hand, "alongside of the mule," practically without any rights of citizenship — or a movement in the direction of recognizing him as a citizen in the true sense of the term. One or the other will prevail.*

That there are in the South strenuous advocates of the establishment of some sort of semi-slavery cannot be denied.

Governor Vardaman, of Mississippi, is their representative and most logical statesman. His extreme utterances are greeted by many as the bugle-blasts of a great leader. We constantly read articles in Southern newspapers and reports of public speeches made by Southern men which bear a striking resemblance to the pro-slavery arguments I remember to have heard before the Civil War, and they are brought forth with the same passionate heat and dogmatic assurance to which we were then accustomed — the same assertion of the negro's predestination for serfdom; the same certainty that he will not work without "physical compulsion"; the same contemptuous rejection of negro education as a thing that will only unfit him for work; the same prediction that the elevation of the negro will be the degradation of the whites; the same angry demand that any advocacy of the negro's rights should be put down in the South as an attack upon the safety of Southern society, and as treason to the Southern cause. I invite those who indulge in that sort of speech to consider what the success of their endeavors would lead to.

In the first place, they should not forget that to keep a race in slavery that had been in that condition for many generations, as was done before the Civil War, is one thing, comparatively easy; but that to reduce that race again to slavery, or something like it, after it has been free for half a century, is quite another thing — nobody knows how difficult and dangerous.

In the second place, they should not forget that the slavery question of old was not merely one of morals and human rights, but that it had a most important bearing upon the character of democratic government as well as upon economic interests and general progress and prosperity. Some of us remember vividly how, in ante bellum days, the Southern people smarted under the feeling of their commercial and industrial inferiority to the North; how they held conventions and conferences to consult about the means by which they might be relieved of their "abject and disgraceful dependence" — about factories to be built on Southern soil, about commercial connections to be established with the outside world, about steamships to run between Southern ports and those of foreign countries, and so on, and how, in spite of all those schemes and spasmodic efforts, the inferiority of the South remained substantially the same. The main reason of the failure was that the Southern people would not touch the principal cause of their inferiority. Above all else they idolized and cared for their "peculiar institution" of slavery. They were nervously anxious to avoid doing or even saying anything that might directly or indirectly endanger that "peculiar institution," and it was this nervous anxiety which made them suspicious of every new idea or aspiration that might in some direct or indirect way have shaken the social and political order based upon slavery — especially suspicious of anything apt, directly or indirectly, to make the laboring force of the country more intelligent and thereby more ambitious. Nothing can have a more benumbing effect upon the active energies of a people than such a tendency. I am far from saying that the South would have rivaled the North in productive activity and progress had slavery not existed. Climatic conditions would have prevented that; but surely the difference between the two sections of the country would have been far less. We have heard much from Southern men since the close of the Civil War of the substantial benefits the abolition of slavery has conferred upon the South — of the impetus it has given to the spirit of enterprise in the opening and the exploitation of natural resources, the building up of industries, the enlargement of means of communication and the development of other agencies of civilization. All this is recognized to be owing to the removal — the partial removal at least — of the incubus of that "peculiar institution" which stupefied everything. And now the reactionists are striving again to burden the Southern people with another "peculiar institution," closely akin to its predecessor in character, as it will be in its inevitable effects if fully adopted by the Southern people — that is, if the bulk of the laboring class is again to be kept in stupid subjection, without the hope of advancement and without the ambition of progress. For, as the old pro-slavery man was on principle hostile to general negro education, so the present advocate of semi-slavery is perfectly logical in his contempt for the general instruction of the colored people and in his desire to do away with the negro

school. What the reactionist really wants is a negro just fit for the task of a plantation hand and for little, if anything, more, and with no ambition for anything beyond. Therefore, quite logically, the reactionist abhors the educated negro. In fact the political or social recognition of the educated negro is especially objectionable to him for the simple reason that it would be an encouragement of higher aspirations among the colored people generally. The reactionist wishes to keep the colored people, that is, the great mass of the laboring force in the South, as ignorant as possible, to the end of keeping it as submissive and obedient as possible. As formerly the people of the South were the slaves of slavery, so they are now to be made the victims of their failure to abolish slavery altogether.

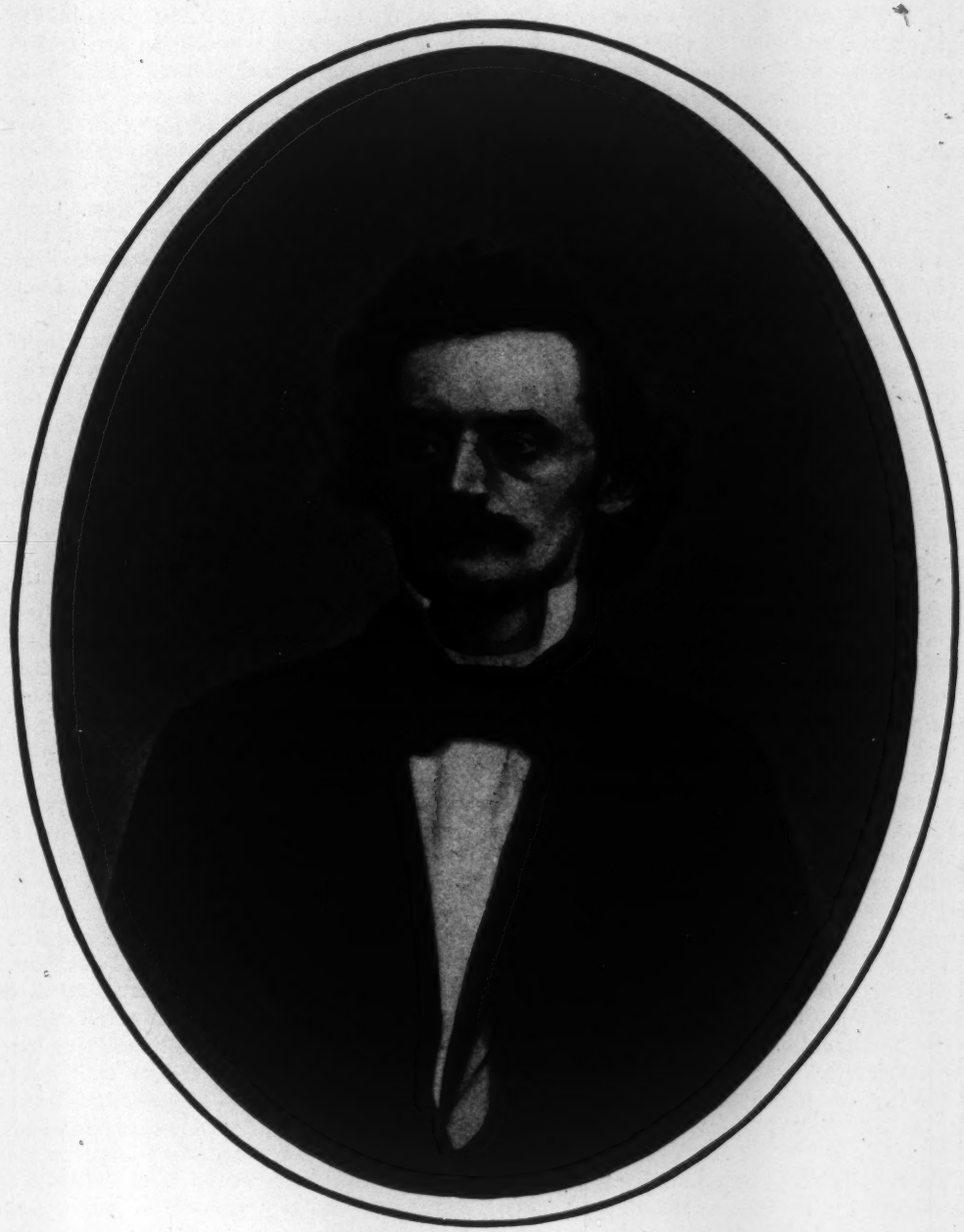
And now imagine the moral, intellectual and economic condition of a community whose principal and most anxious — I might say, hysteric — care is the solution of the paramount problem "how to keep the nigger down" — that is, to reduce a large part of its laboring population to stolid brutishness — and that community in competition with other communities all around which are energetically intent upon lifting up their laboring forces to the highest attainable degree of intelligence, ambition, and efficiency.

This is not all. The reactionist fiercely insists that the South "must be let alone" in dealing with the negro. This was the cry of the pro-slavery men of the old ante bellum time. But the American people outside of the South took a lively interest in the matter, and finally the South was not left alone. If the reactionists should now succeed in reëstablishing something like slavery in the shape of peonage or any other shape, they can hardly hope to be "let alone." Although there is at present little inclination among the people of the North to meddle politically with Southern difficulties, they will hardly witness such a relapse into the vicious old system with indifference. They will hardly accept that doctrine of non-intervention which insists, as Abraham Lincoln expressed it, "that when A makes B his slave, C shall not interfere." I think I risk little in predicting that the reactionists are in this respect preparing new trouble for the South, and that only their failure can prevent that trouble.

Thus it may be said without exaggeration that by striving to keep up in the Southern States a condition of things which cannot fail to bring forth constant irritation and unrest; which threatens to burden the South with another "peculiar institution" by making the bulk of its laboring force again a clog to progressive development — and to put the South once more in a position provokingly offensive to the moral sense and the enlightened spirit of the world outside — the reactionists are the worst enemies the Southern people have to fear.

As to the outlook, there are signs pointing in different ways. The applause called forth by such virulent pronouncements as those by Governor Vardaman, and the growls with which some Southern newspapers and agitators receive the united efforts of high-minded Southern and Northern men to advance education in the Southern States among both races, as well as the political appeals made to a reckless race-prejudice, are evidence that the reactionary spirit is a strong power with many Southern people. How far that spirit may go in its practical ventures was shown in the Alabama peonage cases, which disclosed a degree of unscrupulous greed, and an atrocious disregard of the most elementary principles of justice and humanity. And what has been proven creates the apprehension that there is still more of the same kind behind.

On the other hand, the fact that the united efforts for education in the South, which I mentioned, are heartily and effectively supported not only by a large number of Southern men of high standing in society, but by some in important political office in the Southern States, and by a large portion of the Southern press; and the further fact that the crimes committed in the peonage cases were disclosed by Southern officers of the law, that the indictments were found by Southern grand juries, that verdicts of guilty were pronounced by Southern petit juries, that sentence was passed by a Southern judge in language the dignity and moral feeling of which could hardly have been more elevated, and that the exposure of those crimes evoked among the people of the South many demonstrations of righteous wrath at such villainies — all these things and others of the same kind are symptoms



CARL SCHURZ

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865, WHEN MR. SCHURZ, AT PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S REQUEST, MADE A TOUR OF INVESTIGATION THROUGH THE SOUTH

of moral forces at work which, if well organized and directed, will be strong enough effectually to curb the reactionary spirit, and gradually to establish in the South, with regard to the negro problem, an order of things founded on right and justice, delivering Southern society of the constant irritations and alarms springing from wrongful and untenable conditions, giving it a much needed rest in the assurances of righteousness, and animating it with a new spirit of progress.

No doubt the most essential work will have to be done in and by the South itself. And it can be. There are in the South a great many enlightened and high-minded men and women eminently fit for it. Let them get together and organize for the task of preparing the public mind in the South by a systematic campaign of education, for a solution of the problem in harmony with our free institutions. It may be a long and arduous campaign for them, but certainly a patriotic, meritorious, and hopeful one. They will have to fight traditional notions and prejudices of extraordinary stubbornness, but they will also have generous impulses and sound common sense to appeal to. They will not indulge in the delusion that they can ignore or altogether obliterate the existing race-antipathy, but they can effectively combat every effort to cultivate and inflame it. They will be able to show that it is the interest of the South, as it is that of the North, not to degrade the laboring force, but to elevate it by making it more intelligent and capable, and that if we mean thus to elevate it and to make it more efficient, we must not kill its ambitions, but stimulate those ambitions by opening to them all possible opportunities. Their example will demonstrate that no man debases himself by lifting up his neighbor from ever so low a level.

They will also be able to show that, even supposing the average negro not to be able to reach the level of the average white man, the negro may reach a much higher level than he now occupies, and that, for his own good as well as the good of society, he should be brought up to as high a level as he can reach; and further, that the negro race has not only, since emancipation, accumulated an astonishing amount of property — nearly $800,000,000 worth in farms, houses, and various business establishments — but has also produced not a few eminent men, eminent in literature, in medicine, in law, in mathematics, in theology, in educational work, in art, in mechanics — exceptional colored men, to be sure, but eminent men are exceptional in any race — who have achieved their successes under conditions so difficult and disheartening as to encourage the belief that they might have accomplished much more, and that many more such men would have come forth, had their environment been more just and the opportunities more favorable.

They would be able to banish the preposterous bugbear of "social equality" which frightens so many otherwise sensible persons, in spite of the evident truth of Abraham Lincoln's famous saying that if he respected and advocated the just rights of the black man it did not follow that he must therefore take a black woman for his wife.

They might at the same time puncture those curious exaggerations of that dread of "social equality" which exhibit themselves in such childish follies as the attempt to make a heroine out of a silly hotel chambermaid who thought she did a proud thing in refusing to make Booker T. Washington's bed.

They may expose to the proper pathological light the hysterics which seemed to unsettle the minds of a great many people when the President greeted at his table the same distinguished citizen, who had already been received by Queen Victoria at tea at Windsor Castle, and who is known and admired throughout the civilized world as a man of extraordinary merit, but whose presence at the President's board was frantically denounced as an insult to every white citizen of this republic, and as a dangerous blow at American civilization.

They may with great effect describe how civilized mankind would have laughed at the American gentleman who might have refused to sit at table with Alexander Dumas, the elder, one of the greatest novelists of all ages and a most charming conversationalist and companion, for the reason that Dumas' grandmother had been a negress and Dumas himself must therefore be sternly excluded from polite society as a "nigger."

To the lofty people who, for fear of compromising their own dignity, scorn to

address a colored man as Mr. or a colored woman as Mrs. or Miss, they would give something to think by reminding them of the stateliest gentleman ever produced by America, a man universally reverenced, a Virginian, who, when a negress, and a slave, too, had dedicated to him some complimentary verses, wrote her an elaborate and gravely polite letter of thanks, addressing her as "Miss Phyllis" and subscribing himself "with great respect, your obedient humble servant, George Washington."

They will appeal to Southern chivalry, a sentiment which does not consist merely in the impulse to rush with knightly ardor to the rescue of well-born ladies in distress, but rather in a constant readiness to embrace the cause of right and justice in behalf of the lowliest as well as the highest, in defense of the weak against the strong, and this all the more willingly as the lowliest stand most in need of knightly help; and as in the service of justice the spirit of chivalry will shine all the more brightly, the harder the task and the more unselfish the effort.

In this way such a body of high-minded and enlightened Southerners may gradually succeed in convincing even many of the most prejudiced of their people, that white ignorance and lawlessness are just as bad and dangerous as black ignorance and lawlessness; that black patriotism, integrity, ability, industry, usefulness, good citizenship, and public spirit are just as good and as much entitled to respect and reward as capabilities and virtues of the same name among whites; that the rights of the white man under the Constitution are no more sacred than those of the black man; that neither white nor black can override the rights of the other without eventually endangering his own; and that the negro question can finally be settled so as to stay settled only on the basis of the fundamental law of the land as it stands, by fair observance of that law and not by any tricky circumvention of it. Such a campaign for truth and justice, carried on by the high-minded and enlightened Southerners without any party spirit — rather favoring the view that whites as well as blacks should divide their votes according to their inclinations between different political parties — will promise the desired result in the same measure as it is carried on with gentle, patient, and persuasive dignity, but also with that unflinching courage which is, above all things, needed to assert that most important freedom: — the freedom of inquiry and discussion against traditional and deep-rooted prejudice — a courage which can be daunted neither by the hootings of the mob nor by the supercilious jeers of fashionable society, but goes steadily on doing its work with indomitable tenacity of purpose.

These suggestions are submitted for candid consideration, as pointing out one of the ways in which the South may solve the most difficult of her problems entirely by her own efforts; and thus reach the only solution that will stand in accord with the fundamental principles of democratic government.

Will it be said that what I offer is more a diagnosis than a definite remedy? It may appear so. But this is one of the problems which defy complete solution and can only be rendered less troublesome. It can certainly not be quickly and conclusively solved by drastic legislative treatment, which might rather prove apt to irritate than to cure. What is done by legislation can usually be undone by legislation, and is therefore liable to become subject to the chances of party warfare. The slow process of propitiating public sentiment, while trying our patience, promises after all the most durable results.

"A PICKAXE, AND A SPADE, A SPADE"

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD GILES

I

WHEN the "Ring o' Bells" came to be masterless, an obscure maiden, who had dwelt there since Mrs. Merle's demise, found herself possessor of all the money, for Miser Merle left no will. Minnie Merle was his orphaned niece, and when the old man's unhappy partner shuffled off, he had bethought him of this girl. As a relation lacking friends or position she would come without wages. So from the position of domestic servant in a Plymouth tradesman's family at three pounds a year, Minnie was exalted to be the handmaid of Miser Merle without remuneration of any kind.

"A man's own flesh and blood," he said, "will understand. I don't want to poison your regard for me with money or reduce you to the level of a hireling. You are my niece; you and Nicholas Merle, in the North Country, are all the kindred left to me, now that my wife has been taken."

The old man never trusted his niece again after a day upon which he caught her helping hungry tramps to bread and cheese, because Minnie's idea of a pennyworth was far more liberal than Mr. Merle's; but she

stayed on at the inn, encouraged to the dreary necessity by local friends who hinted to her, behind her uncle's back, that such self-denial must in the long run find itself rewarded.

Then the miser, who would not put on a pair of new boots while an old pair hung together, went through a long day wet-footed and so received his death-blow. His last conscious utterance was a frantic petition to the medical man from Plymouth, when that worthy told him how all hope was vain.

"Then you did ought to take half fees," he gasped. "As an honest man, so you did; an' God's my witness that, if you don't, I'll never give you no peace after I'm took!"

But the physician had a material soul, feared nothing, and held out for his bond after the patient's departure. Minnie Merle, now a young woman of three-and-twenty, reigned at the "Ring o' Bells," and, with sense scarcely to have been expected from one of such youth and peculiar experience, she did wisely as maiden hostess of the little tavern. Albeit not lavish, she gave better value for money than Mr. Merle had given; the inn grew in popularity with the moormen; and romance of an exciting nature hung about the place, because many husbands were in the air for Minnie. Tibby Trout, an ancient gammer who cooked at the "Ring o' Bells," enjoyed the complete confidence of her mistress; and all that Minnie desired to publish she merely murmured into Tibby's ear. The intelligencer had seventy years of experience behind her and might be considered even more artful than old.

Tibby's pleasure was to serve in the bar as a change from the kitchen; and at such times, when her mistress was not by, she would discourse; mete praise and blame; waken hope here, there chasten a mind grown too confident.

"Be it true, Timothy French, as you told a chap to Princetown, you knawed how the cat would jump?" she asked on a night when the bar was full.

Timothy, a sand-colored and a sanguine man, grew hot and laughed.

"Why," he said, "a chap may put wan an' wan together without any harm."

"No harm except to hisself. The wan an' wan you'm putting together in your foolish head — well, her may have named your name thoughtful-like now an' again, but not these many days now. In fact, you'd best to say nought about her to anybody, for you'm awnly like to look a fule come presently if you do. That man at your elbow might explain if he would."

Timothy French turned upon the fellow whom Tibby indicated, and sudden anger shook his high-pitched voice into a squeak.

"This be your work then, Elias Bassett," he said furiously. "You to dare! You, — most penniless chap 'pon Dartymoor!"

Elias stood a head taller than his rival, was ten years younger, and very much poorer; but he had a handsome face, a sturdy body, and a stout right arm.

"You'm a silly poult," he said contemptuously. "As if a sandy-headed little monkey like you would take any gal onless her wanted your money. An' Mistress Merle have got two pounds for every wan of yours. As for me, I doan't care a cuss for the stuff, and wish to God 'twas all drownded in Dart. All men know that I kept company with her afore her uncle died, never knawin' as she was gwaine to have his ill-got money; an' I wish her never had got it; for then her might have looked at me very like. But when it comed out her was up to the neck in gold, so to say, I knawed it must stand between us, and that a gamekeeper weern't no husband for her."

"You seed yourself as others seed you — an' that's a very rare thing," said another man.

"All the same you're a zany for your pains," declared the old woman, who had learned what she desired to learn. "You kept company with missis — you say so. Then 'twas her place, not yours, to decide what was to be done after she was lifted up in the land. I doan't mean for a moment that she'd look at a velveteen coat, so you needn't fox yourself as you've got any chance at all with her — yet her did, careless like, name your name to me among other chaps as didn't 'pear to have learnt any manners in their bearin' towards women."

A strong pulse stirred Elias Bassett's slow nature and made him stare at the withered old woman.

"No call to glaze like a gert bull wi' your eyes so round as pennies," she said. "An' what's more, you needn't take no comfort from what I've told 'e. I reckon

her ban't for no Dartymoor market. Wi' her mort o' money an' dearth o' years, her can very well wait a while wi'out jumping at the first clodpole among 'e as offers."

At this moment a strange man came among them and the subject was dropped for a time.

The new arrival carried himself as one and the assertive manner of one accustomed to have his way.

"Acquaint Mistress Merle that I am come — her cousin Nicholas from Yorkshire."

Tibby curtsied. "Give 'e gude day," said Elias Bassett in a friendly tone. "I daresay now this here lonesome, auld Moor do seem but a wisht, pixy-ridden plaace to a gen'leman like you be."

"BLOSSOMED FORTH . . . IN RUSSET AND PLUM-COLOR"

superior to his company. He was booted and spurred, held in one hand a pair of holsters, in the other a riding-whip. He gave no general salute to those present, neither did he order refreshment, but casting one quick glance about him, addressed himself to Gammer Trout and asked to see the mistress of the inn.

Nicholas Merle was a big, clean-shorn man, with bright eyes, quick movements,

"It is very well, my good soul — a little contracted, that is all. The Wolds are more spacious, but a gentleman might make a living here if others would but let him. Does anybody with a fat purse ride this way?"

Elias and his companions stared, and the lower jaw of Mr. French fell until he appeared imbecile. Yet the stranger's cynical hint brought up his listeners a little more to

a level with him. Their virtue owed it to itself to stand as high as his confessed or pretended rascality.

"That sort of talk leads to a hemp collar, maister," murmured Bassett; but Merle shook his head.

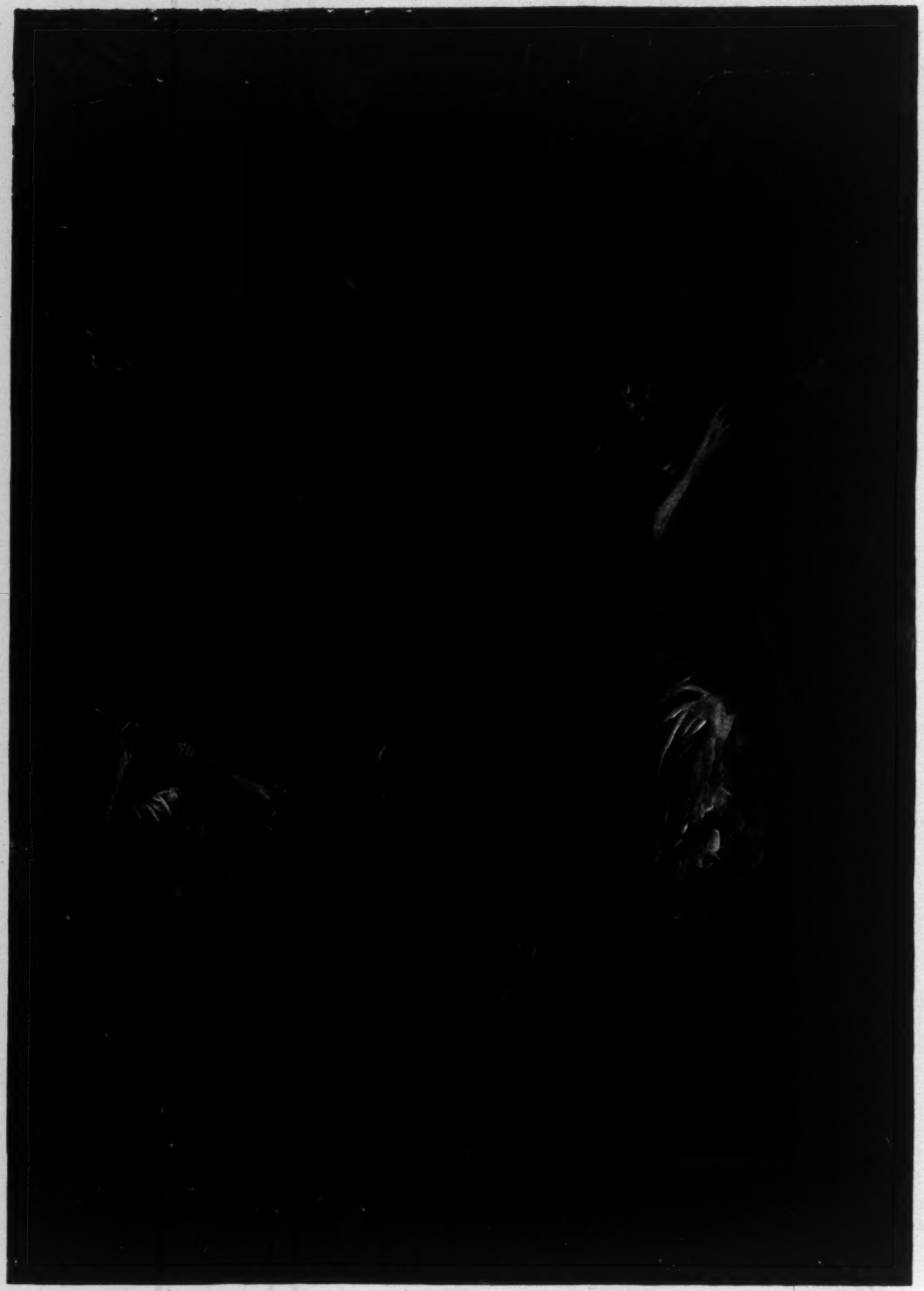
"Mere talk leads nowhere," he answered. "It is the fashion of you clowns to take a jest in earnest. I am not come among you with any such purpose as the road. To-day I have ridden from Exeter and, since leaving Moretonhamstead, saw nought but carrion crows and a fox or two. This place tempts no man to dishonesty. I can see upon your faces that you scarce know the word."

Gammer Tibby returned, and Merle, nodding in a friendly way to all present, followed her through the bar to the private chambers behind it. Then, hardly had the horseman clanked from sight, when Ostler Joe Mudge appeared with his mouth full of news.

"Wheer be the gen'leman to? Not here? Then I can speak. Aw jimmery, what a hoss — if 'tis a hoss! Never seed the like in all my years! Come an' catch sight for yourselves, sawls, for you'll never believe me. Eyes like a human an' a body all so bright as brimstone to the last hair in the tail of un!"

"REDUCED TO DAILY BLUSHES BY HIS GALLANT ADDRESS AND COURTLY FASHION OF LOVE-MAKING"

While the loafers inspected a big horse of unusual color, Nicholas Merle introduced himself to his cousin. They had never met before and a deep interest and instant friendship wakened in Minnie's breast for the only relation she possessed in the world. He was a tall, resolute man of thirty-five, with



"SHE KNEW THAT SHE WATCHED THE DIGGING OF HER OWN GRAVE"

strange oaths and a fatherly manner. He declared that chance alone brought him so far south, and that being at Exeter he had determined to see his relations.

"Not until I reached Moreton did I hear of our uncle's death; but I thought I would at least get a memory of you. And a very pleasant memory it will be, cousin. I never want to see a prettier maid."

Nicholas Merle, chancing upon a journal nearly a year old, had read therein of his miser uncle's passing; so he forsook his usual haunts, to the satisfaction of better men, and galloped westward to look into the matter for himself.

II

Within less than a week of the young man's arrival at the "Ring o' Bells," Minnie was heartily grieved that she had commissioned Mrs. Trout to hint a hope in Elias Bassett's ear. She and the gamekeeper had indeed been close friends before her uncle's death, and it troubled her that, after the change in her fortunes, Elias avoided the old intimacy and feared to be with her alone. Yet she admired him still, and more than ever, contrasted with those who hummed about her like hungry wasps since her prosperity. Now, however, to her secret shame, Minnie Merle began to perceive that she had dropped the handkerchief too soon. Upon the very day — within the actual hour — that Bassett received his polite hint, a greater than Bassett burst upon the vision of Minnie, and soon she hung upon her cousin's words, quite dazzled by the dashing manners of him, reduced to daily blushes by his gallant address and courtly fashion of love-making.

These things, however, Elias did not perceive, nor did the new-comer dazzle him. When the coach from Exeter to Plymouth left a box for Mr. Merle, and he blossomed forth next Sunday in russet and plum-color, Bassett called him a popinjay; and the keeper killed Minnie's old friendship at a breath by telling her: "Not a plain-dealer and you'll live to know it. He goes in fear for all his noise."

"His way may not be ours, Mr. Bassett, but we are a good deal behind the times, and it does not become you or any man to call my cousin in question. He is very superior and genteel, I'm sure, and as for honesty, I never met a more honest man."

"Ess fay an' you have; an' you'll find it out after you'm married to un if not afore," said Elias bluntly.

Minnie flamed and frowned angrily upon the speaker.

"That's a very rude speech."

"Wish to God I could say different. I'd tell a lot more against your cousin if I didn't love you wi' all my heart an' soul; but, being so set upon you, I can't speak with a free mind, so I'll speak nought. Doan't 'e be vexed wi' me, my dear woman. You knaw right well as I'd go 'pon my naked knees from here to Lunnon town to do your pleasure. Awnly I ban't blind an' I see how this dashing chap's bold front have cowed us all round about. Love of you would keep a man true an' honest if 'twas in the nature of un so to be, an' I doan't say but Nicholas Merle be right at root; but I mislike un, 'cause I'm very jealous for you, Minnie Merle, an' I pray you'll take your time an' not jump into his arms fust moment he axes you to marry him, as he surely means to do come presently."

The girl grew a little soothed before this soft answer.

"I'm sure you mean very well, Elias Bassett, an' I'll remember what you say, for it's a foolish softness towards me that makes you say it. We'm auld friends ever since I came to Two Bridges, an' I doan't think no worse of you for speaking your mind. But you'm quite out o' bias. Such a dashing man as my cousin do carry himself civil an' polite to all because he can't help it. 'Tis his smooth custom. He wouldn't think of me as a wife. Why should he — a gal so rough of speech an' manner? An' ill enough to look at, I'm sure, to an eye as have often been filled by town-bred maidens. Doan't 'e fret, theer's a gude man. He'm awnly biding along wi' us because he likes the strong air an' the Devonshire cream an' honey. He'll be off as he came — all of a sudden some fine day, no doubt."

But Bassett shook his head and Nicholas made no haste to depart from the Moor. He took mighty rides over it upon his brimstone-colored horse; he endeavored to win the friendship of all men, and nearly succeeded. For he was generous and a good sportsman — sure credentials to the regard of the folk. Only Bassett and another here and there maintained a stubborn and dog-like mistrust. Elias was laughed

at as a man ousted from hope by a better equipped rival, and the fact that his bitterness was set to the account of defeated love chastened his tongue; but the truth was that Mr. Bassett's regard for Minnie had not all to do with his emotion. Phlegmatic in matters of the heart, he worshipped indeed and had doubtless made a husband above the common good, but a loss already accepted was only for a time rendered freshly bitter by being held out and then again withdrawn. He was an honest man and not prejudiced over-much against young Merle by their relations; nevertheless he read craft into his apparent candor, and was oppressed with the sense of evil at hand.

Then accident presented him with a solid fact and that fact, as is the nature of such things, opened the door to many problems. But some weeks earlier there had happened the foreseen, and Minnie was engaged to be married to her cousin. Liquor ran free on the evening of the great news, and few were those who left the "Ring o' Bells" in silence and sobriety. Elias at least was not among them, for, faced with the engagement, he told himself that it was idle to fight Fate, and so drank Minnie's health far into the night, and went home to his mother's cottage as drunk as any man need desire or deplore to be.

The time was then late summer and the wedding was fixed to take place at Princetown, near Two Bridges, in November. This matter determined, life pursued its level way, and Nicholas Merle, who appeared to have no business or affairs that called him elsewhere, dwelt on at the "Ring o' Bells," enjoyed the best that the inn could furnish him, and spent his time between courting his cousin, in a manner much to her taste, and riding far afield upon the land. Sometimes she accompanied him on her Dartmoor pony; sometimes he went alone.

There came a day in the bar when Gammer Trout was able to furnish the company with a morsel of news.

"The man got a packet by the mail essterday," she said. "Fust as ever he've had since he comed; an' not to his taste neither. 'Twill call him off, for he set his teeth and frowned when he read it, an' said as he must be gone in a week an' wouldn't be back much afore the wedding."

"Who might the packet have comed from?" inquired Timothy French; but Tibby could not tell. She believed in her future master and gave the man a short answer.

"That's his business. Us all have our troubles."

"I be the last to speak anything but praise of the gen'leman," declared Timothy. "Yet he is a man of mystery an' his goings an' comings work upon no rule that a plain head can figure out to itself."

"Done a-purpose," declared Joe Mudge; "nought goes home to a woman's heart like mystery. 'Tis meat an' drink to a fancical-minded female. A fellow do bulk large in the innocent eyes of 'em if they think he've got a moonlight side to un,—a side as nought but the moon knows."

They returned to the subject of the packet, and then it fell out that, within half an hour of that time, the great fact already alluded to faced Elias Bassett.

As Bassett left the "Ring o' Bells," with his mind upon the packet, Nicholas Merle himself set out on horseback and galloped away in a direction that the keeper pursued more slowly on foot. And, as he viewed the receding figure, a speck of white suddenly fluttered into the air behind it and fell upon the moor-path. Ignorant of his loss, the rider went on, and Bassett, convinced that he had seen the identical object of recent discussion, marched along his way. His purpose, arrived at hastily, was to pick up the letter, conceal it, and give it to Minnie with the frank advice that she would do well to read it; but in the event he did no such thing, for, as he stooped to gather up the paper, a thud of hoofs came to his ear, and he saw that Nicholas Merle had discovered his loss and was returning to make it good if possible.

He dropped the writing, unseen, a flash of wisdom leading to that course, but he did not do so until three words had chanced to fall upon his eyes—three words that dazed his mind——

"My unkind husband": he read that much, then moved quickly away from the letter and pretended to be eating blackberries a hundred yards distant, as Merle rode past him with his eyes straining to right and left of the way. The rider banished his care and cracked a jest with Bassett; then, looking backward, without appearing to do so, Elias saw young Merle dismount and clutch up his packet. A moment later he

resumed his ride and went whistling along upon his great, bright horse.

III

The first inclination of Elias Bassett was to meet his rival, man to man, and settle with him by force of arms; but after four-and-twenty hours with himself, he decided against that course. To do the best for Minnie without after-thought for his own gain was now the keeper's duty. He put himself resolutely out of the picture, and even debated whether he should impart his discovery to another and so stand aloof from the necessary action; but his nature would not go so far along with him. He was a man faced with a rascal and an enemy; and that rascal must be unmasked by him, not another. The work before him was in itself so congenial that to delay proved difficult. Therefore Elias quickly planned his course of action, and the hour for it. Yet he was disappointed, for, on the morning of a day that he had fixed to confront Merle with his cousin and break the evil news to Minnie, Nicholas himself departed unexpectedly. He was to be absent until the time of the wedding.

Upon this circumstance Bassett pondered through another day; then suddenly strange matters hurried his decision and anger opened his lips.

Returning by night to the hamlet of Two Bridges over the high moor, Elias suddenly met Minnie Merle alone, walking quickly towards the lonely gorges of West Dart, where the river roars and echoes under Wistman's primeval wood of elfin oaks. Darkness was already come, but a moon hidden under low clouds made all clear. Only the river, full after a freshet, filled the silence with ebb and flow of watery music that waxed and waned upon the wind. The lonely wood, shunned even by day and held a haunted region by night, huddled there like a concourse of misshapen goblins. Huge planes of shattered granite sank from the hills to the river valley, and the red fox and shining adder alone found a home in this fantastic forest of humped, twisted, and shriveled trees. But to Minnie the desolate spot was good. She associated it with her lover: there, when the sunlight shone and *Vanessa Io* danced above the brier, Nicholas had asked her to marry him; and now, under gathering night, it was upon a secret errand connected with her cousin that she stole along when the keeper met her, to their considerable and common surprise.

"A strange hour for a walk, sure enough!" he said. "What be taking you on the Moor at this time of night?"

"It be a secret," she answered, "so ax me no more about it, an' go on your way."

"I'll tell you another secret for yours, Minnie Merle. Wheer be you gwaine so quick?"

"To Wistman's Wood — that much I'll let you know — no more. Now go your way, Elias, like a gude man."

"Ban't you feared?"

"Not of Wistman's Wood. 'Tis nought but a cluster of honest old trees."

"Well, I'll come along with you."

"An' I won't let you. Three's no company."

Elias stared and shifted his walking stick from one hand to the other.

"Gwaine to meet somebody?"

"Why not?"

"What would your young man say?"

Minnie laughed.

"Since you ax, I think I may answer that he'd say I was in the right. Now you know enough — tu much. Leave me — I won't have you go another yard with me."

"I do knaw tu much for my peace," he said; "but 'tis you who don't knaw enough. I've waited a longful time to speak, but now I'll do it, though I break your heart. Better that than ruination. This man — Nicholas Merle — he'm married an' that packet he got — 'twas from his ill-served wife."

"You coward! you liar! you wicked, venomous snake!" cried out Minnie. "To stand theer afore your Maker an' hatch that lie for the ear of a loving woman! Oh! I wish I was a man; I'd tear — but he shall — he shall — he shall know it this night!"

Her passion revealed her secret. She saw what she had done, grew a little calmer, and explained:

"This is the last time I'll ever foul my breath with your name, Elias Bassett; but since you've surprised this out of me, if you've a shadow of honor, you'll keep the secret I swore not to reveal to a soul. The fault was yours. When my true love went away, he told me that I might find to-day a letter in a secret spot known to both of us far away upon the Moreton road. I

went there — rode my pony out this morning — and a letter waited me. I tell you these things that you shall breed no more lies against him or me. In that note he told me that he should be at Wistman's Wood to-night at an auld familiar spot I wot very well. And he is to let me into gert news. Wonnerful things have happened to him. But he is supposed to be far away; and that he is tarrying here is my secret. And now you have surprised it out of me. At least I can trust you not to breathe of this to any living soul if ever you loved me."

"I shall keep silent, be sure, since you can find it in your heart to give me the lie and call me 'snake.'"

"I saw the letter that you pretend to have seen. He shewed it to me. Not that I asked to see it. I would trust Nicholas before the sun. You are dreaming or else very wicked. The packet was from a scrivener. It concerned money. 'A wife!' He never looked at any woman before he met me."

"If I be wrong, I'll beg his pardon on my knees."

"You be most wickedly wrong. He is the soul of honor."

"Then let me come now with you."

"Not for the world. He would never forgive me if anybody heard of this meeting. It is vital to his interests that it should be supposed he is far away."

"Cannot you see there is danger for you in this?"

"Danger with him? How little you know what love means for all your talk, Elias!"

"It is because I know what love means that I care so much. Let me be somewhere near — out of sight and ear-shot of speech, but not too far off for a cry to reach me if you wanted help."

"Each word you say makes me hate you worse, Elias Bassett."

"At least let me stop here and see you home again afterwards."

"Not for a moment. I've done with 'e. You ban't a good man. Besides, you would have to wait for hours. I be very early for our meeting. Nicholas will not be there afore eleven o'clock."

"And if you never come home again, Minnie Merle?"

"Then you may tell all men what you have heard to-night, and go and seek for me. If Nicholas knowed you were his enemy, he would shoot you like a dog. So be warned."

"And yet you cannot see that if he is married already you are his worst enemy? He can't marry you and get the money that way, so——"

She turned and ran from him without another word, and he watched her sink into gray moonlight until the Moor swallowed her up. A dim spot a mile away upon the night marked Wistman's Wood; and from it, through the fitful noise of the river, an owl's cry came faintly, like a child wailing afar off.

IV

Elias sat upon a rock and so remained a long while with his head between his hands. Then he got up and walked slowly homeward; while Minnie Merle proceeded steadily towards Wistman's Wood. Presently, with a light, sure foot, she entered the old forest and passed where auburn autumn foliage rustled under the wan light. The wind sighed here and there in the stunted timber, then died off and left the place breathless.

There was a familiar tree whose boughs, heavily draped with gray lichen and metallic-colored mosses, made amongst them a comfortable sort of couch. The low branches scarcely sprung above the rocky earth, and many a deep cleft and cranny lay beneath the withered boles. Where Minnie now climbed, that her head might rise above the low crowns of the wood, there grew ivy and whortleberry, and polypody ferns climbed along the limbs of the tree; for each most ancient dwarf, gazing bleared and hoary like a ghostly druid through festoons of ash-colored growths, was the home of many living things.

Gazing about her and wondering whence her mysterious lover would appear, Minnie was suddenly startled to see a creature moving in the night. It came towards her, magnified monstrous large by the moon. Supposing it some wandering ox from the herds of half-wild cattle that roamed the Moor, she was glad of her elevated security; but the object proved a horse and on it a man sat — the man she loved best in the world. Nicholas was also very early and, well pleased to find it so, his sweetheart prepared to leap out of her refuge and run to him, when something made her hesitate,

and she waited for a moment and watched her lover dismount.

He carried a curious, long parcel under his arm, and the girl wondered what manner of gift this might be. Then, within twenty yards of her hiding-place, Nicholas Merle, having consulted a big watch, proceeded to a curious occupation that first puzzled the watcher, then froze her young limbs with an awful chill.

First, tethering his horse on the high ground above the wood, Nicholas lighted a lantern, set his pistols at his elbow on a mossy stone, and turned to the long parcel he had brought with him. From this he unwound some rope and produced a spade and a short, heavy pick. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and sought a place for digging. Presently a hollow between two great slabs of granite met his view, and, carefully thrusting away the briers, ferns, and honeysuckle that draped this spot, he set to work and began deepening it with his tools. A mound quickly grew at hand, and a long narrow hole began to yawn between the shelves of stone. He toiled with all his might. Then, as he lifted his voice, the words he uttered told his deed to the girl who, above in the ancient oak, looked down through a screen of red leaves. She shook so that the dry foliage rustled all about her, but Nicholas Merle's own melody filled his ear, and he sang the historic song of another he once had watched mimicking the same business that now engaged him in earnest:

"A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet!"

Then the girl in the tree grasped the friendly limbs and cowered close and set her teeth to save herself from fainting and falling, for she knew that she watched the digging of her own grave. She struggled with herself to think what she should do; but to solve that problem was easy enough. Her life depended upon the sheltering tree. The pistol that glimmered on a mossy stone under the moon was waiting for her young heart.

Half an hour before their appointed time of meeting, Merle finished his labors, hid his tools, trailed the weeds over his work, and then, putting on his coat, blew out the lantern, and sat down to wait his cousin's arrival. And presently, while Minnie watched and wondered how long his patience would keep him in Wistman's Wood and how long her strength would bear the ordeal of this terror under nightly cold, she saw another shape, and a tall man's form was suddenly heaved up out of the darkness.

He approached the other and spoke. "Late work and strange work, neighbor," said Elias Bassett. "I've bided hidden an' watched you this hour, an' yet I be so much in the dark as when I comed. Who are you, and what do you here?"

"I mind my business, and do you the like, if you are a wise man!"

"Why! 'Tis Nicholas Merle! I thought you had gone home to your wife."

"You rash fool! Yes, Nicholas Merle—a name that if you were a Northern clown instead of a Western, would make you shake in your shoes. You know too much, my good clod. You had been wiser to leave this wood alone to-night, for leave it again you never will."

"Yet that grave was not dug for me, I suppose?"

"No, since you are curious. But I can find room for two in it."

He snatched up a pistol and fired point-blank. Bassett felt a fiery stab in his shoulder; then he dashed in and closed. The men rolled together upon the ground, but, handicapped by his wound, the keeper had little chance. His grip relaxed, his head fell back, and the other, who knew that he had hit him, supposed the man was dead. Merle dragged his foe to the grave, and rolled him in without ceremony; then, seeing that Elias moved, hearing that he moaned, the rascal turned to get his second pistol and make an end of the matter. But the pistol was in another hand. Minnie had seen her old suitor slain, and a great grief for the moment banished personal fear. In that moment she acted, leapt quickly to the boulders beneath her hiding place, crept near the battle unseen, and, as her cousin returned and stood erect, she confronted him, his weapon raised and cocked.

"Brave heart!" he cried, "you had come to my rescue, dear Minnie; but, thank heaven, I was one too many for this blackguardly foot-pad. He had traced me, how I know not, and wanted my watch. But he'll need the time no more. He sleeps,

and no stroke but the stroke of doom will waken him again. Give me my pistol, dear heroine!"

"Nay," she said. "I am not deceived. I know my life is in my hand, and I am not going to put it into yours. Come an inch nearer and I will shoot you, for you are a murderer, and worse than a murderer."

The man fell back. He had himself taught Minnie to shoot with small arms, and he knew that she was a good pupil.

"Sit down and let us talk," he said.

"With that poor man groaning his life out there — for me? Go — go now. If I was not a weak fool, I would shoot you in cold blood."

He reflected rapidly, then so acted that he might deceive her into his reach and surprise the weapon from her before she could use it.

"You will live to regret this dreadful error, Minnie Merle. No man or woman wrongs me without suffering for it. There is some treachery here; but I will be even with my enemies. I always am."

He went slowly towards his horse, and she hung back and let him lead the way.

"Little did I think when I taught you how to use that toy that you would one night turn it against your true love," he said with deep sorrow in his voice.

"I have seen you dig my grave," she answered. "You are not worthy to live. Go, because I have loved you."

He slowly mounted into his saddle, very slowly gathered his heavy hunting-crop that hung hitched to the holster; then, as quick as lightning, he hit out with the heavy handle, trusting to strike the girl on the head and bring her down before she could fire.

Minnie started backward, and, to her horror, the jerk of her movement, although it saved her life from the blow, exploded the pistol. Now defenseless, she prepared to fly, but the man's laugh of triumph was broken by a horrid scream of pain from his horse. The ball had struck it high on the neck, and the great brute reared up and became unmanageable. So sudden was the action that Merle came off. A second more and he would have rolled into safety, but, at the moment of his collapse, even as he fell, the frantic creature kicked out, and a huge, steel-plated hoof, with the strength of a flying chain-shot, crashed into his head behind the ear and cut away half his skull. Under the moon oozed forth the brains that had plotted Minnie's death, and she turned shuddering, while the great horse, with a cry almost human, thundered into the night.

Bassett lived, as Minnie soon discovered. His wound still bled, but she tore her linen and stanched the flow, and supported him on the way until his strength gave out again and he sank down upon the moor, while she fled forward for succor.

The name of Bassett warms Devon hearts to-day, and it was the generation that followed Elias that wrote their worthy patronymic large upon the earth and blazoned it in history. Yet the son of Minnie, and her grandsons, and great-grandsons, loved best in their annals that tragedy of the highwayman, their mother's cousin, and the story of his efforts to prevent them from coming into the world by sending their mother out of it. From a humble origin they have waxed high in the land, and men have blessed them; yet their joy in Sir Elias Bassett, Lord Moreton, is not greater than that they take in plain Elias, the statesman's father. Men made a riddle about Minnie Merle and her grave — a jest that set three-generations laughing; but of late this joke has hidden within the pages of old, curious journals. There, indeed, many such-like strange matters shall be met with. Long they lie forgotten, buried in an ancient chronicle, tombed for centuries under the lumber of a muniment chest, until bidden to rise and live again.

LIEUT. CONNORS' COWARDICE

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

CAPTAIN MEAGHAN, running with a tossing lantern down the pier, at the head of Hook and Ladder Company No. O, met the Battalion Chief—Tighe it was—coming in the opposite direction.

"Get off the after-hatch," Tighe shouted. "Powder an' oil aboard," and passed like a flying shadow of himself through the mist into the darkness.

And that was all the information Captain Meaghan got of the cargo that was smoldering in the "Phoebe." He clambered over the bulwarks of the deserted boat—a three-masted sailing vessel, bark-rigged—to find the only sign of fire in the smoke that was leaking from the after-hatch. "Get her off, boys," he shouted; and the men attacked the scuttle with their hooks and axes. "Connors!" he called. He got no answer. "Where's Connors?" he cried, and there was no reply.

Now, Lieutenant Connors at that moment was coming, at the double, down the pier, having been delayed at the truck by the third officer of the "Phoebe," who had been seen standing on the curb, warning the firemen to beware of the powder aboard. He had fastened on Connors when he heard the lieutenant giving orders there; and Connors had learned from him that the explosives were in the upper hold aft, with miscellaneous consignments of general merchandise below them, whereas the oil was being put well forward, and was, therefore, not yet afire.

With this information, the lieutenant had darted across the foggy street that was swarming now with police and firemen and echoing with officers' voices, the whistles and the bells of fire apparatus, and the stamping of horses' hoofs. Just as he had reached the other side of the road, Battalion Chief Tighe had charged down on him from the pier, had swerved to avoid him, tripped on the curb, and fallen hard on the cobblestones.

Connors had stopped and run back to find another fireman raising the unconscious chief; and then, without waiting to aid, he had turned and raced down the pier, eager to rejoin his company before Captain Meaghan could find any possible excuse for censuring him. He had come to this crew from the fire-boat "New Yorker," and he was yet new to his duties. What was more to his misfortune, he was new also to the autocratic manner of Captain Meaghan, who was of the old school, gruff and unlettered; whereas the lieutenant was neat in his person and careful in his speech. He had stood high in his civil-service examination for promotion to a lieutenancy; and he knew it was the captain's openly-expressed opinion that a civil-service examination for a fireman was as useless and absurd as a "preacher's license" for a harbor pilot.

He came, breathless, to the side of the boat while Captain Meaghan was still standing on the bulwarks above them, holding to the shrouds and giving his men the light of his lantern on their work. Connors brought a second lamp. The smoke was bursting through the broken hatch at every blow of the axes.

"Get it off, men. Get it off," Meaghan coached them. In the absence of the Battalion Chief, the command devolved on him, as the first captain to arrive at the fire; he was watching anxiously for Tighe.

The hatch was weakening. "King," he cried, "get back an' get a twelve-foot ladder."

Lieutenant Connors put down his lantern to take King's axe and the captain saw him.

"Connors," he shouted, "when the hatch's off, take a file of men an' pass up the powder an' throw it overboard." For he had understood from Tighe's brief directions, that the oil was burning below the powder; and he knew that to flood the boat under such conditions would be to float the flame up to the explosives.

Connors put down the axe and went back to the bulwarks. He supposed that Captain Meaghan feared lest the engine company might be slow in coming. He pointed to a squad of men dragging a line of hose through the haze under an electric light. "Here they are now," he said.

Meaghan turned. "Eh? What's that?"

"Here's an engine company now," Connors said.

"Well, supposin' it is?"

The lieutenant did not understand his tone. "Can't they flood it out quicker?"

"What's that?" Meaghan cried.

Connors continued in his error. "Can't we flood it out? Do you need to risk the men?"

Meaghan jumped down on him. "By ——!" he cried, "are you scared?" and raised the lantern on him. He had been wondering why Connors had lagged behind the men.

The hatch crashed and fell beneath the axes.

"She's loaded deep," Connors said confusedly, blinking at the light. "We can sink her in no time — and the fire-boats'll be here to help. What's the use ——"

"What's the use?" Meaghan stormed. "Afraid of yer skin, are you? You're a fireman, eh?" He cursed in a fury of contempt. "Boys," he cried to his men.

Connors put a hand on his arm. "Look here, sir," he said thickly.

"Boys," Meaghan shouted, "he's a-scared to lead you down that hatch."

He threw the light on Connors. The men stared at him from the hatchway. King pushed his way through them with a twelve-foot ladder.

"It's a lie," Connors broke out. "I say what's the use of riskin' your men, when you can ——"

Meaghan drowned his voice in the bellow of a maddened beast. "You take yer orders from *me*. D'y' hear? Lead the men down that ladder, or I'll have you broke for the oily-headed, bandy-legged coward y' are!"

Connors threw out a passionate hand at him. "I'm just that much a coward," he said hotly, "that you can't scare me with any threat of getting me broke. I'd be a darn sight worse coward if I'd be scared into leading men where they shouldn't ought to have to go."

Meaghan turned to the men. "Yuh hear that, King? Hear that, Parr? I want you for witnesses. . . . Now," he said fiercely to Connors, "get to —— out of this."

Connors did not move.

Meaghan swung his lantern to the engine company on the pier. "Volunteers!" he shouted. "I want eight men to bring up the powder."

There were twenty men shoving forward before the words were well out of his mouth; but his own crew were first. They lowered the ladder into the smoking hatch; and in the crowding and confusion that followed, Connors slid down into the hold unobserved by his captain. Three men of his crew — Parr, King, and O'Neill — went after him. He began to pass the cases of cartridges to Parr at the foot of the ladder; from him they were handed to King and O'Neill on the rungs; and from O'Neill they reached the deck, to go from man to man and overboard with a splash. They worked with the quiet regularity of a trained bucket brigade.

Connors stopped only once, to tie a handkerchief over his mouth. The other men had better air, an engine company aiding them with the shower of a spray-nozzle which fought back the smoke. Nevertheless, Parr had to be relieved, and three fresh men were sent down to take his place and to fill a gap made in the chain as Connors moved further and further into the hold.

There were exactly two hundred and forty-six packages of cartridges in the cargo; and Connors, while he toiled over them with bruised hands, half-stifled and maddened by the heat, cursed the stupidity of his captain. For himself, he knew that his world had come to an end. He had been held up to his crew as a coward, and he would be dismissed from the department for insubordination. The memory of that scene on the deck of the "Phœbe" possessed him like a delirium. He went over it as he worked; he protested against

"CAPTAIN MEAGHAN . . . OF THE OLD SCHOOL"

the injustice of the captain's charge; he fought against the folly of the captain's orders. But the shame of it persisted; the light of the captain's lantern was still an eye of flaming contempt on him, and Meaghan's great voice continued to ring out his infamy with a "Coward! Coward!" that was a bell booming in his ears. He struggled with the cases of cartridges in a nightmare, muttering to himself, sick and dizzy.

And every minute that he worked was a minute wasted. *That* was apparent now to Chief Tighe, who had come back to the boat with his head bandaged, and who was storming about on the deck above. It was impossible to turn a full stream into the burning vessel while the men were in the hold. It was equally impossible to recall them and attempt a new attack; for the fire had gained such headway that it could not be drowned out, now, before it would reach

the explosives. It was plain, from the lightness of the smoke, that the merchandise was afire and not the oil; and Tighe censured Meaghan for his misjudgment in a volley of oaths that drove the old captain, smarting and humiliated, into the file with his men, to work there, like a private, passing cartridges across the deck.

The crew of a hook and ladder truck were opening the forward hatch. Line after line of hose had been stretched along the pier. The fire-boat had come up whistling through the fog, and was fighting with a wrecking tug to get alongside the "Phœbe." Everything was ready — everything seemed to pause and take breath — for the attack that would drown the fire in a deluge from a score of pipes.

And then, suddenly, from the bow of the boat, came a cry of alarm. A spurt of flame shot up a ruddy reflection on a burst of smoke. The thud of a small explosion shook the deck. There was a ringing shout of "Oil's afire! Oil's afire!" and a second can burst like a bomb. Tighe roared: "Get the men out! All ashore!" And the firemen who had swarmed from peak to poop went over the side to the wharf as if from a sinking ship.

At the first word of danger, Captain Meaghan had dropped into the after-hatch and called to the men there to save themselves. Four dashed up the ladder from the smoke, but the smothered voice of Connors cried back to him, "There's only three cases," and Meaghan groped his way forward to see O'Neill and the lieutenant getting out the last packages by the light of a dim lantern. The captain shouted: "Oil's loose!" O'Neill took a case of cartridges and ran to the ladder with it. Before he could get back, the flames burst in on Connors in a gush of burning kerosene that lit up the hold like a bonfire in a cave.

Meaghan sprang to his lieutenant's aid; Connors passed him a box. He hurried back with it to O'Neill. The private caught it from him and took it up the ladder; and Meaghan turned to see Connors staggering from the flames, with the last package of explosives in his hands and the burning oil blazing around his feet. A report behind the lieutenant filled the air with fire and threw him forward. Meaghan caught him as he fell, and passed the case to O'Neill; then, bending to raise the unconscious Connors to his shoulders, he stumbled to the ladder and climbed panting up it with his burden.

As quick as they had been, the fire had been quicker. From the forward hatch the flames had leaped into the shrouds and the rigging, and from there had reached the ten-gallon tins of oil lying ready for loading on the pier. The heat of midsummer had dried the planks of the wharf so that they flared up with the oil like a laid fire. On the other side of the pier, and nearer the street, a pile of cotton bales was blazing, and when Meaghan reached the deck the whole pier between him and the shore seemed to be flaming in a smother of smoke. The fire-boat had trained its big "Monitor" on the bales and the oil-cans; and the powerful streams scattered and swept them across the wharf. It was impossible to run that gauntlet of smoke, fire, and water; and Meaghan knew it.

He laid Connors on the deck, stripped the smoking clothing off him, tore the handkerchief from his mouth, and began to fan air into his lungs with his helmet. It was air as hot as the stifle of an oven.

"We can't stop here, sir," O'Neill cried to him, as he tossed the last box of cartridges overboard.

"Take him up on the quarter-deck," Meaghan answered.

A choking cloud of smoke blew over them from the glow in the after-hatch, as they carried Connors up the companion-ladder and dropped him beside the saloon skylight.

They were shut off, now, from sight of shore by a thick oil-smoke that rolled up like the belch of a liner's stack, shot with flames at its base — a burning curtain of smoke from which a furnace heat was blown in scorching puffs into their faces. They could hear only that pulse of indistinguishable noises — the roar and crackle of fire, the hiss of water, the throbbing of steam-pumps — which shakes the air in a dull tremble and deafens the ear as a too great glare of light blinds the eye. They knew that the fire-boat must be somewhere in that tumult, and they planned to swim to her. Behind them a glowing haze of smoke and fog hung down to the water.

Meaghan was working over the limp body of his lieutenant. "Get me some water," he called hoarsely.

"CONNORS DID NOT MOVE"

O'Neill ran to the rail, looking for a rope down which to climb. The glass in the skylight of the saloon cracked and fell tinkling; smoke curled up from the empty sash.

"Oil's afloat!" O'Neill yelled. "We're cut off from the fire-boat."

They waited for no more — knowing that if they delayed until the burning oil surrounded them, they would be beyond hope. They threw off their coats, dragged Connors to the taffrail, tore loose a life-buoy that hung there, and leaped with the unconscious man into the water.

The shock and the coolness brought Connors to his senses. He came up choking and spitting, with Meaghan's hand twisted in his collar, and splashed and beat the water wildly with his hands. Meaghan thrust the buoy at him. "Get a-hold of that," he shouted, and Connors clung to it.

The captain had been compelled to jump overboard with his boots on, and for a time

he was busy trying to get free of them while O'Neill kept him afloat.

"Where am I?" Connors gasped.

"You're in the bay,' O'Neill answered.

He blinked the water from his eyes. "What's up?"

"All —— up. Can you swim?"

"Sure," Connors said.

"Well, kick out then," O'Neill advised him. "The oil's comin' this way."

Meaghan, having rid himself of his boots, breasted a small wave with a strong stroke; and O'Neill and Connors struck out beside him, the lieutenant pushing the life-buoy ahead of him as he swam. He was trying to recollect what had happened to him, but he did not waste his breath in asking any questions. He was weak, and the water splashed up irritatingly in his face. They swam in silence.

"There ought to be some tugs around here," Meaghan said at last.

He got no answer. O'Neill raised his shoulders, treading water; and stretched his neck. "Halloo there!" he shouted. A voice came faint out of the mist to their right. "Someone down the piers, I guess," he said.

Meaghan turned on his side and swam in that direction; and the others followed him, borne along on the tide. Connors had come upon a confused recollection of his quarrel with his captain, and he paused to frown at the glare of the fire behind him. When he looked around again, a little wave struck him smartly in the face to remind him of present things; and he coughed the salt water from a throat and nostrils that were already sensitive with heat and smoke.

Young O'Neill, enjoying this adventure with his elders, laughed boyishly. "We'll be smoked an' pickled," he cried.

Connors did not reply. He was speculating on the back of Meaghan's head, bobbing before him in the water, and he wondered what the thought was under that matted gray hair. For himself, he felt as if he had been wakened from a bad dream by the cold water — had been wakened to a world of new efforts and new opportunities of which a man might take advantage regardless of the past. Connors was an optimist; he shook the memory of that charge of cowardice from his thought with a toss of the head, and breasted forward.

They had been swimming for what seemed to him an eternity of fog and splashing water — with the boats of the East River, blinded and peevish in the thickness of the humid July night, lowing and complaining to one another forlornly in the faint distance — when he heard the throb of marine engines somewhere to their left. Almost at the same instant Meaghan raised himself and shouted: "Aho! ahoy!" in a voice like the blast of a fog-horn.

Connors caught the pin-hole gleam of a red port light. "It's a tug," he said.

"All abo-o-ard!" O'Neill screeched in a shrill treble.

They wheeled into line towards the boat that began to show at the foot of the haze.

"Ship ahoy! Man overboard!" O'Neill shouted.

"All right," Connors said; "they're coming."

The green light showed beside the red as the tug bore down on them. They could see a man in the bows, and they yelled a warning to him not to run them down. The hemp-fendered nose of the boat was not three yards from them when it stopped.

A moment later, Connors had caught a rope-end, and, with the assistance of O'Neill and Meaghan, had climbed up the low side to the deck, to find himself weak in the knees and top-heavy. When he leaned over the side to give a hand to his captain, there was no strength in his shoulders.

"Thanks," Meaghan said gruffly. O'Neill came up the rope hand over hand. And Connors turned away to dance the water out of his ears and to smile to himself at Meaghan's manner.

The captain of the tug took a clay pipe from his hairy lips and asked them impolitely where they had come from. Meaghan and Connors took no heed of him. O'Neill nodded his head in the direction of the fire, and continued to wring water from the legs of his trousers. "Blamed pants's done fer," he complained, with the resentment of the man who has to buy his own uniforms.

"What's afire?" the tugboat captain asked impatiently.

"Oil an' cotton."

"Any boats?"

"A bark. She's under water by this time. Fire's spreadin' down the piers. Oil's afloat."

The tugboat man saw prospects of much salvage money. "Full ahead," he shouted to the engineer who was leaning from a window of the engine room; and the boat shot forward on a kick of the screw.

Meaghan joined Connors in the bows, and they watched the fire grow and brighten on them as the tug swung around and cut through the water towards it.

Connors waited for his captain to speak. There had always been an unfortunate silence between them.

"Oil hasn't spread," Meaghan said at last.

"Fire-boats keeping it back, I guess, sir," Connors answered from his experience. He knew how those vessels, sweeping the water with their streams, brushed back and rounded up the burning oil as if with a broom, until it burned itself out impotently.

They could see — across the flame-lit water — a fleet of tugs crowding on the starboard quarter of the Southern freighter that had been lying on the other side of the "Phœbe's" pier. She was burning in her upper works. The tugs had lines aboard her and were dragging her out, stern first, into midstream.

Meaghan turned suddenly. "Did *you* know where the oil was?"

"Yes, sir," Connors said. "One of the mates told me."

Meaghan muttered an unintelligible curse on his own stupidity.

"My fault, sir," Connors apologized. "I should have reported to you. I thought you knew."

The captain shook his head. "Tighe didn't tell me," he said.

Connors did not know what to reply. He waited silently as the boat drew in on the fleet of tugs. "There's the 'New Yorker,'" he said, pointing out the fire-boat. "We could get aboard her."

Meaghan nodded.

They were speedily transferred to the fire-boat, but it was not until the last flames were quenched in the house-work of the freighter that they were able to get ashore. They reported, then, to Tighe. He looked them over, dripping and shoeless. "Go back to your house an' get dried," he said. "Take my rig; I'll come up on the truck. I want to see you two."

And he saw them — and he heard them — through an hour-long conference that kept the crew in a hush of awful expectation on the other side of Meaghan's office door. But when Tighe came out at last, smoking one of Meaghan's cigars, King, from the bunk-room, caught a glimpse of Connors, as the door opened, sitting at his ease, breathing the fragrant blue, and "sucking" another of the captain's cheroots. And King was dissatisfied with that ending of the affair, for he had had an eye for promotion.

THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY: PART TWO

BY

IDA M. TARBELL

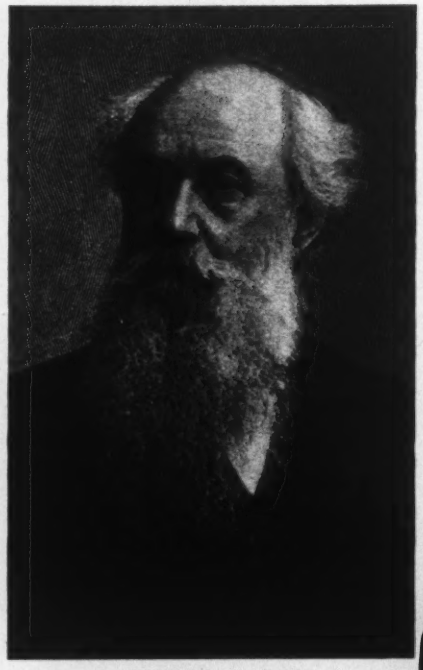
AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF LINCOLN"

CHAPTER TWO

THE FIGHT FOR THE SEABOARD PIPE-LINES

IT is doubtful if the commerce of this country has ever known a man so successful as Mr. John D. Rockefeller in making people think what it is to his advantage they should think. So remarkable is Mr. Rockefeller's persuasiveness that he has even been able to convince a large part of the general public that his great combination, far from being *his* work, is the inevitable result of the operations of "Natural Law," "Economic Forces." A fine illustration of how much "Natural Law" has had to do with much of Mr. Rockefeller's combination is found in the story of the harmonizing of the Standard Oil Trust and the Tidewater Pipe Line — the organization to which is due one of the most revolutionary and important developments in the oil business — the demonstration that crude oil could be pumped through pipe-lines over the mountains of Pennsylvania to the seaboard.

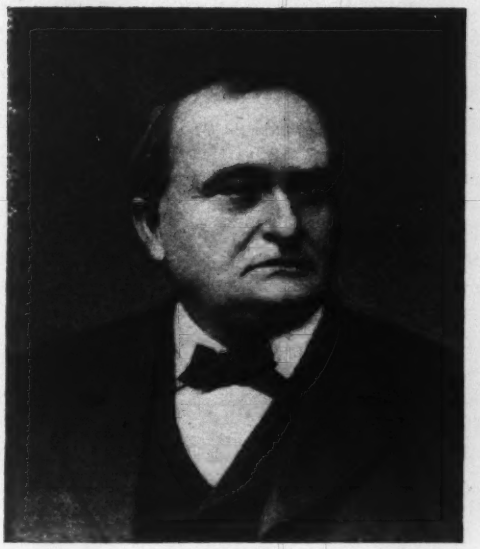
Readers of the first part of this History* will recall that the independent oil men of Pennsylvania, from the beginning of their revolt against the extortions and discriminations of the railroads, had under discussion one or another scheme for securing an oil route of their own to the seaboard. Northwestern Pennsylvania is furrowed to-day by deserted beds of railroads, projected or begun in the hope of securing some connection which would free the oil business. Early in the '70's the talk of free rail connection was silenced by talk of a pipe-line which would carry oil over the mountains to the sea. As, heretofore, the pipes had been used only



DAVID HOSTETTER

The famous Hostetter's Bitters, by which "Dr." Hostetter is chiefly remembered, were manufactured from a formula he had received from his father, a physician. He first made the bitters about 1855 in Pittsburg and from the start made money. This he invested in many enterprises, among others, oil production. It was to insure an outlet for his oil that he built the Columbia Conduit Line, a venture which cost him heavily in litigation. "Dr." Hostetter died in 1888.

* The first part of this History began in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for November, 1902, and closed in July, 1903.



BYRON D. BENSON

The success of the Tidewater Pipe Line was probably due more to the efforts of Mr. Benson, its first president, than to any other one man. Mr. Benson first came to the Oil Regions in 1865 from Onondaga County, New York, where he was born in 1823, and engaged in the lumber business with Major Hopkins. The firm soon drifted into oil producing, at which they were successful. This led them into the pipe-line enterprises described in the present article. Mr. Benson remained at the head of the Tidewater until his death in 1888.

DAVID K. McKELVY

About 1870 Mr. McKelvy became a member of the oil producing firm organized by Mr. Benson and Major Hopkins in 1865, the name of the firm being changed to D. McKelvy and Company. It was this company which leased the Columbia Conduit Line from "Dr." Hostetter and operated it until it was sold to the Standard. Later, Mr. McKelvy was one of the most aggressive of the Tidewater managers. He became the president of the company on the death of Mr. Benson and remained in the position until ill health obliged him to resign.

for gathering oil, and as it was obviously to the interest of the railroads that their function be limited to this duty, the idea that they be put into competition with the roads let loose a flood of objections. As Mr. Rockefeller's hopes depended at that moment on continued discrimination from the railroads, he naturally joined in discouraging and ridiculing the notion.

The idea had vitality in it, however, and in 1876, Mr. Henry Harley, the president of a pipe-line company doing business in the upper oil fields, resolved to test its feasibility. He employed the eminent civil engineer, General Hermann Haupt, to study the mechanical problems involved, and General B. F. Butler to wrestle with the legal side of the undertaking. By the summer of 1876, the serious problems had been so far worked out that the matter was made public. The authority and seriousness of the scheme, as it was set forth, aroused much more than local attention. The whole East was interested. "It was an undertaking," said the New York *Graphic*, "worthy to be coupled with the Brooklyn Bridge, the blowing up of Hell Gate, and the tunneling of the Hudson River."

It is altogether probable that Mr. Harley's pipe-line would have gone through at this time, in spite of the strenuous efforts made to prevent him from securing a right of way, if in the fall of the year a rumor had not started that his company was financially embarrassed. The rumor proved only too true. The company had been grossly mismanaged, and the verifications of the charges against it put an end to the first scheme for a seaboard pipe-line. But it was only for the time being. The continued growth of the Standard and the increasing bitterness of the oil men kept the public mind fixed on the idea of relief through an independent oil route to the sea, and in 1878, when the region was inflamed by the troubles in the Bradford region, the idea was revived by three well-known independent oil men, Messrs. B. D. Benson, David McKelvy, and R. E. Hopkins, all of Titusville. The campaign which these three men began this year turned out to be one of the most exciting, as well as most important in its results, in the history of the Oil Regions.

MAJOR ROBERT E. HOPKINS

A native of the same county as Mr. Benson, Robert Hopkins became his partner in the lumber business undertaken near their home before either young man was of age. The war broke up this business, Mr. Hopkins raising a company of volunteers and entering the army. He was captured at the battle of Chancellorsville and for some time was confined in Libby Prison. At the close of the war he was raised to the rank of major and honorably discharged. He at once joined Mr. Benson in the Oil Regions and embarked in the enterprise already described. Major Hopkins was elected treasurer of the Tidewater at its organization and remained in the office until his death in 1901.

A Daring Project

Messrs. Benson, McKelvy, and Hopkins were not without experience in the pipe-line business, when they undertook, in 1878, to form a company to put through a seaboard pipe-line, nor were they unfamiliar with the methods of the big opponents of the idea. Indeed, they were fresh from one of the several failures to secure an opening to the sea — for they had been managing, for many months, under a lease, the Columbia Conduit Line, built in 1875 by Dr. David Hostetter, the maker of the famous Hostetter's Bitters. Dr. Hostetter had laid a line from the Butler oil field, on the Allegheny River, to Pittsburg, to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which at that time was out of the oil pool. In the fall of 1877, however, the Baltimore and Ohio had joined the other oil-carrying roads, and Dr. Hostetter, disgusted with his venture, had been glad enough to sell the Columbia Conduit to Mr. Rockefeller. The sale of the line released Messrs. Benson, McKelvy, and Hopkins. They were far from discouraged with the pipe-line business. They had learned that it was one of the most lucrative departments of the oil industry. They believed, too, that oil could be pumped over the mountains, and no sooner were they free than they revived the old scheme of Mr. Harley, and engaged General Haupt to survey a route from Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny River, to Baltimore, Maryland — a distance of 235 miles.

The Old Enemy's Hand

All through the summer of 1878 the matter was agitated. The most strenuous opposition developed. The newspapers of Philadelphia and Pittsburg fought the project, the chambers of commerce fought it, the farmers fought it — an opposition organized, it was universally believed, by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Standard Oil Company. Nevertheless, before

SAMUEL Q. BROWN

The present president of the Tidewater, Mr. Samuel Q. Brown, succeeded David McKelvy in 1893. Mr. Brown is one of the pioneers of the oil business, having been a large operator in the early days. He was one of the first stockholders of the Tidewater, and was president of the Chester Oil Co. — the refinery near Philadelphia — from 1883 to 1893.

the end of the year the right of way was, in General Haupt's opinion, complete; contracts were let for the telegraph line and preparation begun to lay the pipe. Before much actual work had been done it became clear to the company that it was not from the Butler oil field but from that of Bradford that a seaboard pipe-line should run, that the former field was showing signs of exhaustion while the latter was evidently going to yield abundantly. With a promptness which would have done credit to Mr. Rockefeller himself, Messrs. Benson, Hopkins, and McKelvy changed their plan. The new idea was to lay a six-inch line from Rixford, in the Bradford field, to Williamsport, on the Reading Railroad, a distance of 109 miles. The Reading, not having had so far any oil freight, was happy to enter into a contract with them to run oil to both Philadelphia and New York until they could get through to the seaboard themselves. In November, 1878, a limited partnership, called the Tidewater Pipe Company, was organized with a capital of $625,000 to carry out the scheme.

The first work was to get a right of way. The company went at the work with secrecy and despatch. The Standard, intent on stopping them, and indeed on putting an end to all future ventures of this sort, set out at once to get what was called a "dead line" across the State. This was an exclusive right for pipe-line purposes from the northern to the southern boundary of Pennsylvania. As there was no free pipe-line bill in those days, this "dead line," if it had been complete, would have been an effectual barrier to the Tidewater. Much money was spent in this sordid business, but they never succeeded in completing a line. The Tidewater, after a little delay, found a gap not far from where it wanted to cross, and soon had pushed itself through to Williamsport.

With the actual laying of the pipe there was no interference which proved serious, though the railroads frequently held back shipments of supplies. At Williamsport, where the pipe crossed under the railroad, it was torn out once. The Tidewater had no trouble in this case in getting an injunction, which prevented further lawlessness.

By the end of May the company was ready for operation. The plant which they had constructed proposed to transport 10,000 barrels of oil a day over a distance of 109 miles. The apparatus for doing this consisted simply of tanks, pumps, and pipes. At Coryville, on the edge of the Bradford field, two iron tanks, each holding 25,000 barrels of oil, were connected with an enormous pump of a new pattern devised by the Holly Company especially for this work. This pump, which was driven by an engine of 70 horse power, was expected to force the oil through a six-inch pipe to a second station 28 miles away and about 700 feet higher. Here a second pump took up the oil again, driving it to the summit of the Alleghenies, a few miles east. From this point the oil ran by gravitation to Williamsport.

A Crucial Moment

It was announced that the pumps would be started on the morning of May 28th. The experiment was watched with keenest interest. Up to that time, oil had never been pumped over thirty miles and no great elevation had been overcome. Here was a line 109 miles long, running over a mountain nearly 2,600 feet high. It was freely bet in the Oil Regions that the Tidewater would get nothing but a drizzle for its pains. However, oil men, Standard men, representatives of the Pennsylvania Railroad, newspaper men, and natives gathered in numbers at the stations, and indeed all along the route, to watch the result.

The pump at Station One was started by Mr. B. D. Benson, the president of the company. There were present with him several members of the concern, and today these men speak with emotion of the moment when Mr. Benson opened the valve to admit the oil to the pump. Would the great venture, on which they had staked all, be a success? Without a hitch the oil flowed in a full stream into the pipe and began its long journey over the mountains. It traveled about as fast as a man could walk and, as the pipe lay on the ground, the head of the stream could be located by the sound. Patrolmen followed the pipe the entire length watching for leaks. There was now and then a delay from the stopping of the pumps; but the cause was trivial enough, never anything worse than chips under the valves or clogging in the pipe by stones and bits of wood which the workmen had carelessly left in when joining the pipe. When the oil reached the second station there was general rejoicing; nevertheless, the

steepest incline, the summit of the Alleghenies, had yet to be overcome. The oil went up to the top of the mountain without an effort, and on June 4th, the seventh day after Mr. Benson opened the valve at Station One, oil flowed into the big receiving tank beyond Williamsport. A new era had come in the oil business. Oil could be pumped over the mountains. It was only a matter of time when the Tidewater would pump to New York.

The Standard at Bay

A new situation confronted Mr. Rockefeller. Just how serious this situation was is shown by the difference in the cost of transporting a barrel of oil to the seaboard by rail and transporting it by pipe. According to the calculation of Mr. Gowen, the president of the Reading Railroad, the cost by rail was at that time from 35 to 45 cents. The open rate was from $1.25 to $1.40, and the Standard Oil Company probably paid about 85 cents, when the roads were not protecting it from "injury by competition." Now, according to General Haupt's calculations, in 1876, oil could be carried in pipes from the Oil Regions to seaboard for 16⅔ cents a barrel. General Haupt calculated the average difference in cost of the two systems to be 23 cents, enough to pay 28 per cent. dividends on the cost of a line even if the railway put their freights down to cost. This little calculation is enough to show that the day of the railroads as long-distance transporters of crude oil was over, that the pipelines were bound to replace them. Now, Mr. Rockefeller had by ten years of effort made the roads his servant; would he be able to control the new carrier? A man of lesser intellect might not have foreseen the inevitableness of the new situation; a man of lesser courage would not have sprung to meet it. Mr. Rockefeller, however, is like all great generals: he never fails to foresee where the battle is to be fought; he never fails to get the choice of positions. He wasted no time now in deciding what should be done. He proposed not merely to control future long-distance oil transportation; he proposed to own it outright.

Taking the Offensive

Hardly had the news of the success of the Tidewater's experiment reached the Standard before this truly Napoleonic decision was being carried out. Mr. Rockefeller had secured a right of way from the Bradford field to Bayonne, New Jersey, and was laying a seaboard pipe-line of his own. At the same time he set out to acquire a right of way to Philadelphia, and soon a line to that point was under construction. Even before these seaboard lines were ready, pipes had been laid from the Oil Regions to the Standard's inland refining points—Cleveland, Buffalo, and Pittsburg. With the completion of this system Mr. Rockefeller would be independent of the railroads as far as the transportation of crude oil was concerned. It was, of course, a new department in his business, and, to manage it, a new company was organized in April, 1881—the National Transit Company—with a capital of five million dollars, and a charter of historical interest, for it was a mate of the charter of the ill-fated South Improvement Company, granted by the same legislature and giving the same omnibus privileges—the right in fact to do any kind of business, except banking, in any part of the world. The South Improvement Company charter, as we have seen, was repealed. The charter which the National Transit Company now bought seems to have gone into hiding when the character of its mate was disclosed and so had been forgotten. How it came to be unearthed by the Standard or what they paid for it, the writer does not know. However, as Mr. H. H. Rogers aptly told the Industrial Commission in 1899, when he was asked if a considerable sum was not given for it: "I should suppose every good thing had to be paid for; I should say a man owning a charter of that kind would sell it at the best price he could get."

Hostility That Does Not Relent

And while Mr. Rockefeller was making this lavish expenditure of money and energy to meet the situation created by the bold development of the Tidewater, what was his position vis-à-vis that company? One would suppose that Mr. Rockefeller, of all men, would be the first to acknowledge the service the Tidewater had rendered the oil business; that in this case he would have felt an obligation to make an exception to his claim that the oil business was his; that he would have allowed the new company to live. But Mr. Rockefeller's commercial vision is too keen for

that; that would *not* be business. The Tidewater had been built to feed a few independent refineries in New York. If these refineries operated outside of him, they might disturb his system; that is, they might increase the output of refined and so lower its price. The Tidewater must not be allowed to live, then. But how could it be put out of commission? It had money to operate. There were plenty of oil producers glad to give it their product, because it was independent. The Reading Railroad had gone heart and soul into its fight — it had refiners pledged to take its oil, and these refiners had markets of their own at home and abroad. What was he going to do about it? There were several ways to accomplish his end; in two of them, at least, Mr. Rockefeller excelled from long practice. The first was to get out of the way the refineries which the Tidewater expected to feed. These were what were left of the little group in New York whose trials in getting oil and livable freight rates through the period from 1872 to 1878 have already been described in the first part of this History. They were approached and terms so generous made to them that they "could not afford" to refuse to combine. Only one factory, Lombard & Ayres, stood by the Tidewater, and soon after their refusal to sell they were condemned as a public nuisance and obliged to move their works! The Tidewater met the situation by beginning to build refineries of its own — one at Bayonne, New Jersey, and another near Philadelphia, in the meantime storing the oil it had expected to sell.

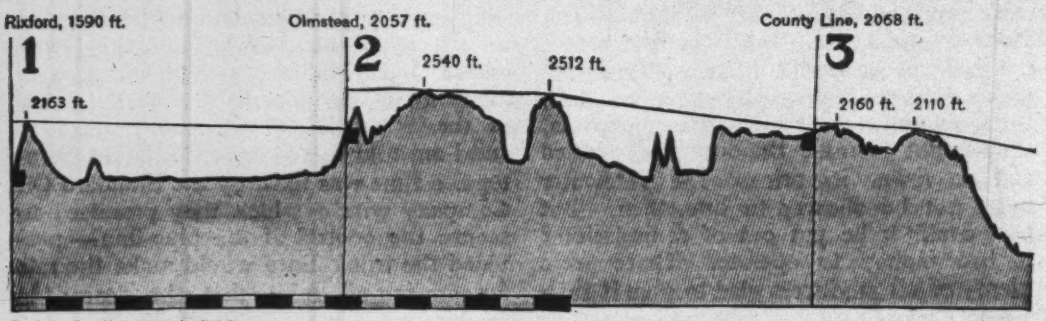
The Familiar Manœuvres

Having done his best to cut off his rival's outlet, Mr. Rockefeller called upon the railroads to carry out that article of their contract with him which bound them to protect him from "injury by competition." What was done was told a few months later to the Committee on Commerce in the House of Representatives by Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, the president of the Reading Railroad. According to Mr. Gowen, the Tidewater and Reading were no sooner ready to run oil than a meeting of the trunk lines was held at Saratoga, at which the representatives of the Standard Oil Company were present, and on that day the through rate on oil was reduced to 20 cents per barrel to the Standard Oil Company. "It was subsequently reduced to 15 cents," Mr. Gowen told the Committee, "and I believe, though I do not certainly know, to 10 cents per barrel in cars of the Standard Oil Company. . . . and I am told that at the meeting at Saratoga, a time was fixed by the Standard Oil Company within which they promised to secure the control of the pipe-line — provided the trunk lines would make the rate for carrying oil so low that all concerned in transportation would lose money.

"I know this, that only three or four months ago we were told — I do not mean myself, but the gentlemen who directly represented the pipe-line which leads to our road — that if they would agree to give all their oil to the Standard Oil Company to be refined, we could carry 10,000 barrels a day, and the rates would be advanced by the trunk lines. But, to use the language of those making the offer, 'we' (meaning the Standard Oil Company) 'will never permit the trunk lines to advance the rate on oil until your pipe-line gives us all its product to refine,' and the prophecy of four months ago has become the history of to-day."

The Tidewater Fights and Prospers

This was the Tidewater's first year's experience. The second and third were not unlike it. But the company lived and expanded. It bought and built refineries, it sent its president to Europe to open markets, it extended its pipe-line still nearer to the seaboard, and it did this by a series of amazingly plucky and adroit financial moves — borrowing money, speculating in oil, exchanging credit, chasing checks from bank to bank, "hustling," in short, as few men ever did to keep a business alive. And every move had to be made with caution, for the Standard's eye was always on them, its hand always outstretched. Mr. Samuel Q. Brown, the present president of the organization, when on the witness stand in December, 1882, said that so much did the Tidewater fear espionage that they were accustomed to keep their oil transactions as a private and not a general account, in order that they might not be reported to the Standard; that even matters which they believed they were keeping in an absolutely private way frequently leaked out, to the injury of the business.



Scale — 3 miles to each division.

CONDENSED PROFILE OF TIDEWATER PIPE-LINE

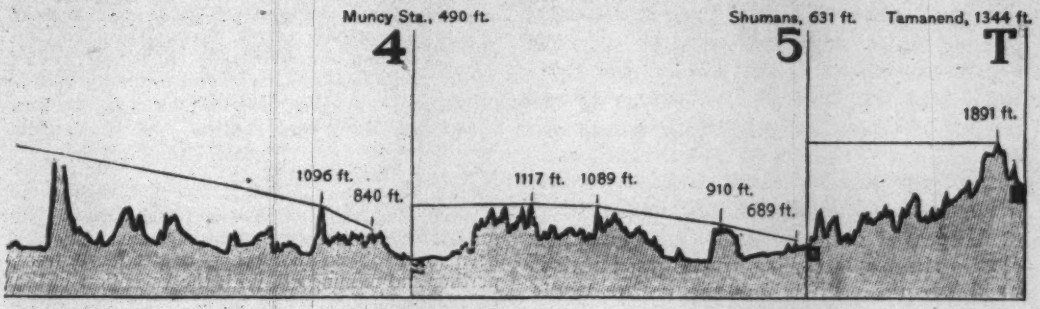
The pipe followed the jagged line representing surface of the ground. The numbers above the surface line show the From here it flowed by gravitation until the gradient line — the sloping straight line above the surface line — touched the shows, the oil now would flow to Station 4, making many steep ascents without further pumping. The third station was

By January, 1882, the Tidewater was in such a satisfactory condition that it decided to negotiate a loan of $2,000,000 to carry out plans for enlargement. The First National Bank of New York, after a thorough examination of the business, agreed to take the bonds at ninety cents on the dollar, but trouble began as soon as the probable success of the bond issue was known. The officials of the First National Bank were called upon by stockholders of the Tidewater, men holding nearly a third of the company's stock, and assured that the company was insolvent, and that it would be unsafe for the bank to take the loan. The First National declined to be influenced by the information, on the ground that the disgruntled stockholders had sold themselves to the Standard Oil Company, and were trying to discredit the Tidewater, so that the Standard might buy it in. It had been planned to place some of these bonds in Europe, and Mr. Franklin B. Gowen was sent over for that purpose. Mr. Brown said on the witness stand, a few months later, that as soon as Mr. Gowen started from this side it was cabled to Europe that he was going over to place bonds which were not sound; that the stockholders were all of them wealthy men, and if the bonds had been good property they would have taken them themselves. Mr. Brown declared this report was spread so generally on the other side that it interfered seriously with Mr. Gowen's attempt to place the loan.

A Machiavellic Stroke

These manœuvres failing to ruin the Tidewater's credit, a more serious attack was made in the fall of 1882, by the filing of a long bill of complaint against the management of the company, followed by an appeal that a receiver be appointed and the business wound up. The appeal came from Mr. E. G. Patterson, a stockholder of the Tidewater, and a man who, up to this time, had been one of the most intelligent opponents of the Standard in the Oil Regions. Mr. Patterson was one of the few who had realized, from the first development of Mr. Rockefeller's pretensions, that it was a question of transportation, and that, if the railroads could be forced by courts and legislatures to do their duty, the coal-oil business would not belong to Mr. Rockefeller. He had been one of the strongest factors in the great suits compromised in 1880, and his disgust at the outcome had been so great that he had washed his hands of the Producers' Union. Later he had been engaged by the State of Pennsylvania to collect evidence on which to support a claim against the Standard Oil Company for some $3,000,000 of back taxes. The Standard had made Mr. Patterson's services unnecessary, by coming forward and giving the Attorney-General all the information as to its financial condition which he desired. Exasperated at the result of all his efforts, and feeling that he had been deserted by the public he had tried to serve, Mr. Patterson sent word to the Standard that he proposed still further to attack them (just how he never explained) unless they would give him, not to attack, as much as there was in the contract with the State.* They seem to have thought it worth while to buy peace, and agreed to give Mr. Patterson some $20,000 in all, and secure him a position for a term of years. The first payment was made at the

* Court of Common Pleas, Crawford County, Pennsylvania. Patterson *vs.* Tidewater Pipe Company, Limited. Testimony of E. G. Patterson. December, 1882.



BETWEEN RIXFORD AND TAMANEND, PENNSYLVANIA

location of the pumping stations from which the oil was forced. The pump at Station 1 lifted the oil over 600 feet. ground. A new station, No. 2, then lifted the oil to the next high point, the crest of the Alleghenies. As the gradient line added to increase the speed of the flow.

end of April, 1882, and $5,000 of the money Mr. Patterson paid to the Tidewater for stock he had taken at its organization. No sooner was the stock in his hands than he began the preparation of the bill of complaint above referred to, and in December the case was heard.

The Oil Regions watched it with keenest interest. That Mr. Patterson had made some settlement with the Standard was generally known, and the charge was freely circulated that they had bribed him to bring this suit in hopes of blasting the credit of the Tidewater and getting its stock for a song. The testimony brought out in the trial did not bear out this popular notion. The case was rather more complicated. That the suit was backed by the Standard, one would have to be very naïve to doubt, but they were using other and stronger parties than Mr. Patterson, and that was a faction of the company known as the "Taylor-Satterfield crowd." These men, controlling some $200,000 worth of Tidewater stock, had been professing themselves dissatisfied with the management of the business for some months, though always refusing to sell their holdings at an advanced price. It was generally believed in the Oil Regions that their "dissatisfaction" was fictitious, that they were in reality in league with the Standard in an attempt to create a panic in Tidewater stock, a belief which was strengthened when it was learned that a big oil company, which the gentlemen controlled, the Union, had been sold about that time to the Standard Oil Trust for something like $500,000 in its stock. The first manœuvre of the Taylor-Satterfield faction had been the attempt to dissuade the First National Bank from taking the Tidewater loan referred to above. Failing in this, they seem to have imbued Mr. Patterson thoroughly with their pretended dissatisfaction and to have persuaded him to bring the suit. For some reason which is not clear, they failed properly to support him in the suit, and when it came off they practically deserted him. The Tidewater had no trouble in proving that the complaints of insolvency and mismanagement were without foundation, and Judge Pierson Church, of Meadville, before whom the case was argued, refused to appoint the receiver, intimating strongly that, in his judgment, the case was an attempt to levy a species of blackmail, in which it must not be expected that his court would coöperate.

Judge Church's decision was given on January 15th. Two days later a sensation came in Tidewater affairs, which quite knocked the Patterson suit out of the public mind: it was nothing less than a bold attempt by the Taylor party, or, as it was now known, "the Standard party," to seize the reins of government. It was a very cleverly planned coup.

After Cunning—Violence

The yearly meeting for the election of officers in the company was fixed for a certain Wednesday in January. By verbal agreement it had been postponed, in 1882, to some time in February, the treasurer, a member of the Taylor faction, representing that he could not have his statement ready earlier. No notices were sent out to this effect, although this should have been done. Taylor and his party, taking advantage of this fact, perfectly well known to them, appeared at the Tidewater offices on January 17th, and although one of the Benson faction, as the majority was known from

the name of the company's president, was present with sufficient proxies to vote nearly two-thirds of the stock, they overruled him and elected themselves to the control. They also elected to the Board of Managers, Franklin B. Gowen, the president of the Reading, and James R. Keene, the famous speculator, both large holders of Tidewater bonds. They followed their election immediately by sending out notices to the banks with which the company did business not to honor checks drawn by the Benson party and to the post-office to deliver mail to no one but themselves.

The announcement caused a terrible commotion in oil circles. Both Mr. Keene and Mr. Gowen refused to recognize the new board, Mr. Gowen telegraphing in answer to the notification of his election:

JOHN SATTERFIELD, Titusville.

At quarter of three o'clock to-day I received a despatch signed with your name as manager and chairman, stating that a meeting of the Board of Managers would be held at noon to-day. While the notice itself is sufficient to render invalid any action you may have attempted at such meeting as has been held, even if you had power to act at all, I deny your right to call any meeting or act in any manner as an officer of the Company and will hold you and all of your associates responsible at law for the occurrences of yesterday and for any subsequent action thereunder. (Signed) F. B. GOWEN.

The Benson party took immediate action, applying for an injunction restraining the new board from taking possession of the books and offices. This was granted and a date for a hearing appointed. Up to the hearing the old board did business behind barricaded doors!

The case was heard in Meadville before Judge Pierson Church — the same who had heard the Patterson case. As it was a case to be decided on purely technical matters — the rules governing elections — no sensation was looked for, but one came immediately. It was a long affidavit from James R. Keene, even more notorious then than now — there were fewer of his kind — for deals and corners and devious stock tricks, declaring that both the Patterson case and this attempt to obtain control were dictated by the "malicious ingenuity" of the Standard for the purpose of destroying the Tidewater and getting hold of its property.

"From my first connection with the company," said Mr. Keene, "it has been hampered and embarrassed in its business by the unscrupulous competition of the Standard Oil Company. When it first began to transport and deliver oil at tidewater, the refineries which purchased and refined oil were one after another bought up by the Standard Oil Company or driven out of business by vexatious and oppressive annoyances. The most private details of our business have been communicated to the officers of the Standard Oil Company, and they have, by every means in their power, interfered with our affairs. By the arrangements which they were able to make with the railroads leading from the Oil Regions other than the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Central Railroad of New Jersey, the Standard Oil Company have been able to obtain a control of the business of transporting and refining oil, with the exception of that part of the business which has been carried on by the Tidewater Pipe Company and their refineries, to which it had made deliveries. Repeated efforts have been made by parties in their interest to secure the control of the Tidewater Pipe Company, and if they could succeed, the monopoly thereby secured would add many million dollars a year to their profit."

Mr. Keene's putting of the case was undoubtedly correct, but pious horror of commercial brigandage, coming from "Jim" Keene, was useful only to give joy to a cynical world, unencumbered by the possession of stock in either concern. The Keene sensation was followed by a second, an affidavit from John D. Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company, denying that his company had any interest in the present suit, but adding that for some time the officers of the Tidewater had been seeking an alliance with the Standard:

"Byron D. Benson and David McKelvy have at various times for the past four years met me at their own instance and have proposed to combine the business of the Tidewater Pipe Company with that of the Standard Oil Company, desiring the Standard Oil Company to agree on a division of the business of transporting and refining oil, and to agree with the Tidewater Pipe Company in fixing the rates of transporting oil and the price of refined oils. These proposals were renewed to me by B. D. Benson during the summer of 1882, he coming to my office at his own instance and urging, by various arguments, such an arrangement. These proposals, in whatever shape made, have always been declined. This deponent has also had many interviews with James R. Keene, and always at his request, upon the same subject, in which interviews said Keene has earnestly urged such a combination and has used many arguments in favor of the advantage which would result from such a combination. These proposals have always been declined."

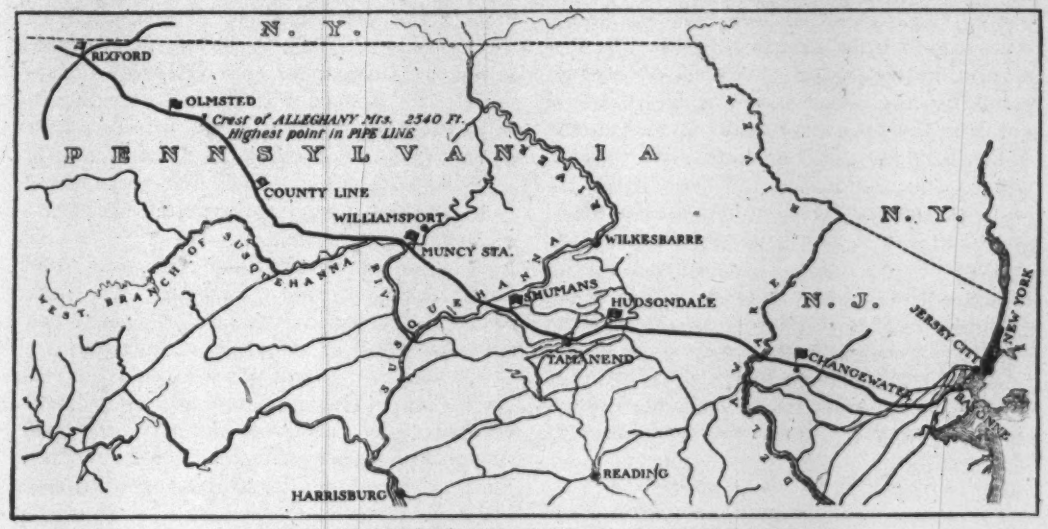
Naturally they were declined — the Standard was not seeking an alliance, it was seeking ownership of the Tidewater; and it expected so to discredit the company that it could buy in its stock for a song. Mr. Archbold's affidavit cooled popular sympathy for the hunted concern no little, however. A suggestion of any kind of a compromise with the Standard was looked upon as rank disloyalty by the Oil Regions, free compe-

tition in rates and in prices being, they contended, the only hope of the country. Mr. Archbold's affidavit must have something in it, everybody thought, though it might be, as Mr. Benson immediately swore, — "grossly inaccurate."

Such was the character of the charges and counter-charges in this purely technical case. The judge took little notice of them in his decision, but, after an exhaustive discussion of the points involved in the election, decided it was illegal and continued

future of competition in oil seemed to be up to the oil men themselves.

But the Oil Regions people have always been prone to jump at conclusions. They were forgetting Mr. Rockefeller's record when they concluded that he was through with the Tidewater. Because he had failed in his old South Improvement Company trick, that is, failed to create a panic among Tidewater stockholders, and so get their property at panic prices, was no reason at all to suppose he had abandoned the chase.



MAP OF TIDEWATER SEABOARD PIPE-LINE

The first section of the Tidewater extended to Muncy Station and was completed in May, 1879. The line was extended to Tamanend in the summer of 1882 and five years later it reached Bayonne, New Jersey.

the injunction he had granted against the new board. Judge Church's decision aroused general exultation in the Oil Regions — as any failure of the Standard to get what it wanted was bound to do, and with good reason. The Tidewater's growth in the face of the Standard's constant interference with its business was proof that independent pipe-lines and independent refineries could be built up if men had sufficient brains and courage and patience. What one set of men had done, another could do. Their hope of restoring freedom of competition to the oil business was still further brightened in June by the news that the Legislature of Pennsylvania had passed a free pipe-line bill — a measure that they had been urging for twelve years without avail. With a sturdy example of independence, like the Tidewater, before them, and the right of eminent domain for pipes, the

There still remained a legitimate method of getting into the company, and, as a last resort, Mr. Rockefeller accepted it. He bought the minority stock of the concern, held by the Taylor party.

The Velvet Hand

Up to this time Mr. Rockefeller had appeared in Tidewater affairs as a destroyer. He now appeared in a rôle in which he is quite as able — as a pacifier, and his extraordinary persuasiveness was never exercised to better effect. "We own $200,000 worth of your stock," he could tell the people he had been fighting. "If you will consent to confine yourself to a fixed percentage of our joint business, and will sustain pipage rates and the price of refined oil, we will let you alone. Let us dwell together in peace."

The Tidewater, tired of the fight, accepted. And so these men — to whom the oil

business owes one of its most remarkable developments; who, in face of the most powerful and unscrupulous opposition, had in four years built up a business worth five and one-half millions of dollars — signed contracts in October, 1883, fixing the relative amount of business they were henceforth to do as 11½ per cent. of the aggregate, the Standard having 88½ per cent. The two simply became allies. The agreement between them was the same in effect as all Mr. Rockefeller's running agreements — it limited output and kept up prices. Any benefit the oil business might have reaped from natural and decent competition between the two was, of course, ended by the alliance. For all practical purposes the two were one. In the phrase of the Region, the Tidewater had "gone over to the Standard," and there it has always remained. The contract was made for fifteen years, but since its expiration it has been lived up to honorably by both parties without other than a verbal understanding. For, note this — Mr. Rockefeller always keeps his word. Indeed, in studying his career, one is frequently reminded of Tom Sawyer's great resolution — never to sully piracy by dishonesty!

The Fate of the Tidewater

The Tidewater has prospered within the boundary Mr. Rockefeller drew for it, as those who have accepted submissively his boundaries have never failed to do. Mr. Rockefeller is right when he says, as he does so often, that all who come with him prosper.

That the company would have succeeded in becoming eventually a formidable rival of the Standard, and in controlling much more than 11 per cent. of the business, no one can doubt who knew Mr. Benson, Major Hopkins, Mr. McKelvy, and their colleagues. They were business men of the first order, as their tremendous work from 1878 to 1883 shows.

Rockefeller Once More Sole Master

Once more the good of the oil business was secure, and Mr. Rockefeller at once proceeded to arrange his great house in the new order made necessary by the introduction of the seaboard pipe-line. The entire transportation department of the business had to be reorganized. When the seaboard pipe-line became a factor in the oil business, in 1879, the Standard Oil Company owned practically the entire system of oil-gathering pipe-lines — that is, the lines carrying oil from the wells to the storing or shipping points. These lines were organized under the name of the United Pipe Lines, and the story of how they had come under Mr. Rockefeller's control has already been told in the first part of this History. The organization was magnificent in both extent and in character of service rendered. Never, indeed, has the ability of the men Mr. Rockefeller gathered into his machine shone to better advantage than in the building up and management of the pipe-line business. At the end of 1883, when the alliance was made with the Tidewater, the United Pipe Lines were taking from the wells of Pennsylvania fully a million and a half barrels of oil a month. Their pipes, of an aggregate length of 3,000 miles, connected with thousands of wells scattered all over the wide Oil Regions.

Whenever the oil men opened a new field, no matter how remote from those already developed, the United Pipe Lines immediately went there to care for the oil. In more than one case, in these years of rapid and excessive development of oil territory, the pipe-line company invested great sums in preparing to take care of oil fields whose yield never paid the cost of the pipe laid. Thus, in 1882, there was a tremendous excitement over the opening of the Cherry Grove field. The Standard spent $2,000,000 getting ready to take care of a great outpouring of oil — which came, but did not stay. In 1882 Cherry Grove produced 2,345,400 barrels, in 1883: 755,512! It cost the company 46 cents a barrel to take care of the production of one short-lived group of wells in this field, on which they never realized more than 20 cents pipage.

The Standard not only gathered this oil; it stored it, to wait its owner's demand. At this date it controlled fully 40,000,000 barrels of iron tankage, in which it stored the enormous stocks, over 35,000,000 barrels, which had accumulated in the five previous years. When the oil passed to the pipe-line, the owner received his money for it at once, if he wished, or the line "carried" it. When a producer had 1,000 barrels in the line, he received a pipe-line certificate for it. In December of 1883 the United Pipe Lines had issued certificates for nearly all of the

35,000,000 barrels of stocks above ground. The oil men thus had a bank for their oil, a bank recognized generally as sound as any in the United States.

Such were the returns from the pipe-line for its services that no business ever justified more fully the extraordinary outlays of money and energy which it had taken to perfect it. For each barrel of oil the United Pipe Lines gathered, they received, when it was taken from the lines, 20 cents. The service cost them perhaps 2 cents after installation, though in these years, when they were obliged to carry some 30,000,000 barrels, they had constantly $6,000,000 on their books on which they did not at once realize. They could afford to let this sum stand because of the storage charge. For every 1,000 barrels carried in their tanks they received $6.25 each 15 days—$152 a year. Now, tankage did not cost over $250 per 1,000 barrels, so that the storage more than paid its cost in two years. There were often great losses by fire, but these were paid by the owners of the oil—a pro rata assessment being made. There was a deterioration in quantity and quality of oil from holding, but this again was paid by the owners in a shrinkage charge of 3 per cent., deducted from the quantity of oil when run. Thus on every side the pipe-line business was guarded. So long as it could keep out competition and hold up its prices, there was no better paying business in the United States than piping oil. As we have seen, Mr. Rockefeller began to add long-distance pipe-lines to his business as soon as the Tidewater demonstrated their feasibility, and before the time the Tidewater was brought into harmony he had a complete system to the seaboard and to his inland refinery points, organized under the name of the National Transit Company. The United Pipe Lines and the National Transit Company were really one business, the former consisting of local lines and the other of trunk lines, and to make the organization more compact the former was transferred to the latter on April 1, 1884. The paid-up capital of the concern at this date was $31,000,000.

Clinching Matters

Just as Mr. Rockefeller claimed, in 1878, that he was "prepared to enter into a contract to refine all the petroleum that could be sold in the markets of the world," so now he could announce that he was prepared to gather, store, and transport all the crude petroleum, not only that the markets of the world demanded, but that the producers took from the ground. As things now stood, the only remaining point where he could possibly be affected by competition was the Pennsylvania Railroad. A new situation vis-à-vis of the railroads was created by the new development. Mr. Rockefeller was not only independent of them, he was their competitor, for, like them, he was a common carrier obliged to transport what was offered. His open rate to New York was 45 cents, to Philadelphia 40, though the actual service probably did not cost over 10 cents. It was very necessary to keep up this price to outside refineries. By the alliance with the Tidewater any danger of competition from a pipe-line, which could of course afford to cut the price, was shut off. The railroads might possibly, however, lower the prices a little and still make a pittance. There were a few independent refineries near Philadelphia, served by the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was desirable that cost of transportation should be kept up for them in order to make it as difficult as possible for them to do business. Moreover, when Mr. Rockefeller entered New Jersey with his seaboard pipe-line, he had been obliged to cross the Pennsylvania Railroad. He could not do so without the consent of the company, there being no free pipe-line in the country. He accordingly had been obliged to make a traffic arrangement with them to get his pipe through. A new arrangement was now necessary in order to prevent competition, and in August, 1884, a contract was signed, for "considerations mutually interchanged," by which the National Transit Company agreed to give to the Pennsylvania Railroad 26 per cent. of "all petroleum brought to the Atlantic seaboard by all existing carriers, whether rail or pipe, now engaged in transporting such property, or which may hereafter engage in such transportation in conjunction with the Transit Company's pipes." At the same time that the Transit Company agreed to give the railroad this amount of oil, it also signed an agreement to carry this oil for the railroad on a sliding scale. When the open rate of the pipe-line was 40 cents to Philadelphia, the

railroad was to pay the company 8 cents — with each five cents difference, up or down, in the open rate, there was to be one cent difference to the railroad, the Transit never to receive less than six or more than ten cents. Suppose, for example, that the entire seaboard shipment of oil in the month ending December 20, 1884, had been 1,000,000 barrels. 260,000 barrels belonged to the Pennsylvania. If the Transit Company ran all the railroad's percentage, it would get 8 cents a barrel for the service, $20,800, and it would pay the railroad $104,000, less $20,800, or $83,200. The pipe-line probably never ran the whole amount. More or less refined oil — naphtha, benzine, and other petroleum products — would necessarily go by rail. Large sums were paid monthly by the National Transit, however, to the railroad. Mr. Rockefeller seems to have been paying the Pennsylvania Railroad this money not to compete with him as an oil carrier. It would be difficult to find in our variegated commercial history a more beautiful example of the beneficence of combination — to those in the deal!

Peace and Monopoly

With the removal of danger of any competition by the Pennsylvania Railroad, the transportation department of the Standard Oil Trust seems to have been as nearly a perfect machine, both in efficiency and in its monopolistic power, as ever has been devised. It was more perfect, indeed, than the refining end of the trust, for independent refiners did exist, and since 1880 they had been showing increasing vigor, whereas there seemed now no opportunity for an independent pipe-line ever again to develop. Who, with the Tidewater's story in mind, would be bold enough to attempt to reach the sea? For the time being, then, the National Transit Company had things all its own way. It collected with its ally, the Tidewater, practically the entire output of a great raw product. It manufactured fully 90 per cent. of this product, and aimed to manufacture 100 per cent. It was a common carrier, and so obliged to deliver oil to rival refineries if they called for it, but these refineries paid forty or forty-five cents for a service which cost the Standard Oil Trust not over one-fourth of the sum.

Mr. Rockefeller had every reason to be satisfied with oil transportation in 1884, but there was a part of the oil business which was not so completely in his grasp. The markets of the country were still open. There the few independent refiners who had escaped strangulation were free to barter as they could. But the right to make all the oil in the world, which Mr. Rockefeller claimed, carried with it the right to sell all the oil the world consumed. The independent was therefore a poacher in the market and must be driven out.

(To be continued)

AND MINISTERED UNTO HIM

BY

S. H. KEMPER

MAY be in His more human weariness
Came little things to minister and bless;
To touch Him in a humble way, to please.
Perhaps came little earthly memories:
The simple stir of Nazareth's sun-washed street;
The busy sound of Mary's housewife feet;
A pattern of leaf shadows at the door;
The scent of fresh curled shavings on the floor.

THE FAILURE

BY

JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. COGGESHALL WILSON

OUT of the deadly stupor that encased him as a leaden coffin, Burke started with a gurgling cry. He thought that somebody was driving a red-hot poker into his eyeballs. He found only that the flaming globe of the rising sun had just emerged over the lorcha's bow bulwarks and was burrowing his face with its feverish rays. He rolled clumsily down the sloping deck to a spot where a flap of dirty sail gave shade and there he lay weakly on his back, motionless.

The change gave him little comfort. His eyes throbbed hotly, his throat was as if scraped raw, and his mouth was fevered. A circle of iron seemed riveted around his head and his whole body vibrated to a mad dance of all his nerves. At last he could stand it no longer. He sat up and looked about him desperately, then crawled to the scuppers and picked up a flask lying there. He held it up against the sun. It was empty. With a curse he hurled it into diamond-dust against the bulwarks.

He sat there a moment, glassy-eyed, then rose with a trembling effort and groped aft to the cabin. He had to kick a mangy dog out of the way and to step over a squalid baby, but finally he fell on his knees in a corner and eagerly searched beneath the bamboo bench that followed the wall on three sides. He rolled a dirty bundle out of the way and pulled a demijohn toward him. He lowered the mouth tentatively till a few drops of the fiery white beno wet the palm of his hand, then, with a cry between a sob and a snarl, like that of a starving dog closing in on a bone, he raised the jug to his lips and drained the dregs in four big gulps. His trembling fingers opened and the demijohn fell to the floor with a crash.

A faint color came to his cheeks and his body straightened. He searched his pockets with feverish fingers and drew a soiled cigarette paper and a pinch of tobacco. He rolled a cigarette, lit it, and went out on deck. A breath of wind, sweet with the fruity smell of crude sugar, struck him in the face, and he noticed for the first time what had been true since his awakening—that the lorcha had come to a standstill and that the white roofs of Manila were glistening before him.

The sight did not seem to quicken him into action. He strolled down the deck and sat on the bulwarks, his legs dangling above the quay. He inhaled the smoke deeply two or three times, then his back humped and his eyes narrowed like those of a purring cat.

This lethargy of bliss did not last long. Slowly something forced itself into it with the insistence of a question-mark. On the quay, almost beneath his feet, there were four long, black boxes, ranged symmetrically in a row, each with its long, black cover by its side. At first they said nothing to his half-stupid contemplation, but gradually they took on something mysterious and awesome. They were so regular, so oblong, so respectable; they stood so gapingly, so alertly open, that suddenly a little shudder thrilled up along his spine. Ten feet away, rigid and alert, a big Met. policeman stood, looking along the quay with patiently expectant eyes. Burke was on the point of calling out a question when his attention was drawn by another scene.

A little rosy pig trotted squealing down the deck with a fierce little boy after it. It bumped the bulwark beneath Burke,

and the vibration caused him to look down. The boy had the pig by the tail. The boy was pulling one way and the pig the other; they were of equal strength, so that for a second they were fixed in a plastic group. Struggling impotently, the boy turned his big black eyes up to the man in mute appeal, and the big black eyes suddenly recalled to Burke two other such eyes in just such a little brown face, and these big black eyes became a measure of the road that Burke had traveled the last three years, a road he liked not to contemplate. So he was turning from the unpleasant scene when the boy let go the tail and fell back, rigid.

Burke looked down upon the stark little form with a frown of perplexity and distrust. He slid himself along the bulwark till a few feet away, then ran his eyes up along the mainmast.

At the peak, a yellow flag was smacking in the wind.

His eyes dropped to the boxes on the quay. They were coffins.

He understood. The cholera had crept upon the lorcha before it had left Vigan, and all the way down the coast it had been doing its dread work about him, plunged in the oblivion of his solitary orgy.

There had been seventy people on the lorcha when it had left Vigan; and there were still a half-hundred. They were huddled forward, a squalid, rancid, and colored group, their eyes wistfully set upon a black pot vibrating upon a fire of small sticks. They were from the famine district of Vigan and had not eaten for a long time, but their attention was not solely upon the vessel holding their handful of rice. At times they threw black looks toward the quay. Fear was upon them; fear, not of the impalpable Death hovering about them, but fear of the White Man's Quarantine as represented by the big, impassive policeman standing there like a menace; the White Man's Quarantine, ready to clutch them at the first sign of disease and tear them off to its den, to a fearful and ever-mysterious fate.

Burke looked at them, then pointed at the boy at his feet, but they seemed to see nothing. He sprang to the deck. "Here, mangaling, mangaling dito!" he shouted. They turned their heads, scowled indifferently at the little stretched body, then their eyes returned to the black kettle quivering on the fire.

"Here, here, that won't do," cried Burke, all the maudlin softness out of his face, as he marched upon the group. His Tangalo was failing him, but the gestures accompanying his English were unmistakable."

"Get up, you hound!" he thundered, kicking the nearest man. "Get up there! And you, too," he added, cuffing another. "Get up and take care of the kid!"

He laid about him furiously for a moment, then his rage oozed out of him and he stood silent and at loss. For the resistance offered him was unlike any he had ever met. The men did not budge; they took the blows like blocks of wood, remaining as they were, without a tremor, their eyes glowing sullenly at the deck between their knees; and the passiveness of that resistance was so monstrously powerful that Burke felt his throat tighten in a rageful, childish impulse to break out weeping.

Seated on a box, a little apart from the crowd, there was a fat, sleek, pale-yellow personage. He observed the scene through his narrow eyes with the arrogantly skeptical air of the Chino mestizo. His falsetto voice now broke the silence.

"Porque no Usted?" he said suavely, while his eyes narrowed to a line with a gleam in it. "Why not you?"

Burke opened his mouth, left it open for a good second, then shut it again with a grinding of teeth.

"By ——, I'll do it," he muttered, as he turned away.

He went to the boy, made a movement as if to pick him up, hesitated, stood irresolute for a moment, then, with a blinding flash of resolution such as in the past had carried him off into postures of which others said resounding things and of which he himself was vaguely ashamed, he stooped quickly and whisked up the little body into his arms. He crossed the deck, and as he passed his old army blanket, lying still open on the floor, he picked it up and wrapped it about the boy; then he laid the whole burden down in a sheltered spot against the cabin. A sudden, springy alertness had seized his body, and beneath the pussy alcoholic flesh of his face had sprung tight ropy lines not yet corroded. He tore off the light camisa and pantaloons

and began rubbing the stiffened limbs. He rubbed with an energy almost savage, and he felt under his fingers the stark flesh loosen and warm up and live again. The glazed eyes softened, the lids closed slowly, and they reopened with the light of life beneath them.

And then it was worse. Burke sprang to his feet. His bloated face took on the color of his khaki jacket and beads of perspiration welled up about his lips. Then his eyebrows snapped down in one black line, and his lower jaw advanced till it almost crushed out the double chin. For the next hour he worked with concentrated rage.

A thunder of wheels over the cobbles of the quay froze him into a listening attitude. The noise stopped in a creaking of brakes and Burke rose slowly, stretching his body to full length. He walked to the bulwarks and looked out. A big, black wagon was standing by. From it two men alighted, putting on great rubber gloves. Burke came down the gang-plank, bearing the boy in his arms. "Hurry up, he may pull through," he said. They placed the little form in the wagon and rumbled off to the heavy trot of the weary horses. The Met. carelessly took a position between Burke and the street, but this was not necessary. Burke looked down at the coffins, raised his head, took a big gulp of fresh air, and walked back up the plank.

Ten minutes later a light buggy drove up. An officer with a brass cross on the collar of his khaki jacket sprang out and walked aboard.

Burke went to his feet and his hand rose to his hat in military salute. "Good morning, sir," he said.

The officer's eyes wandered over the boat, taking in all the details swiftly, then came back to the man standing there at attention. He looked at the bloated face, with its ruins of strength beneath; at the bloodshot eyes, with their remnant of calm, blue light; at the great, corroded body, with its something yet elastic.

"Jerry Burke!" he said.

"Glad you remember me," said the man, with a slight sarcasm in his voice.

The officer looked at him again, with a long, sweeping glance that took in the bloated face, the bloodshot eyes, the twisted mouth, the dirty, ragged collar, the greasy jacket, the trembling, clutching hands, the cork-screwed trousers, the heelless shoes — the whole abject picture of human degradation there before him.

"And that's what you have become," he said at length.

Jerry did not answer.

"Why the devil didn't you go home with the Volunteers?" asked the officer angrily.

Jerry's lips trembled.

"It had got too bad by that time," he answered at length.

"And now?"

"You can see."

The officer paced the deck.

"Who took care of that boy?" he asked, suddenly turning upon Jerry with a snarl.

"I did," answered the latter, surprised into acknowledgment.

The officer went back to his pacing. At the tenth turn he stopped short, pivoted on his heel, and faced Burke.

"You were a man once, weren't you?" he asked.

"I suppose so," answered Jerry, hanging his head. "At least, you ought to know," he added, a little bitterly.

"Well, do you want to be a man again?"

Jerry was looking at the deck. He raised his eyes slowly till they plunged into the surgeon's.

"Can you do it?" he asked steadily.

"I can't!"

There was such bitter acceptance of fact in this that the officer's manner softened.

"Well, here's the matter. I'm short of Health men. I need somebody on this derelict. You are the man; you're in quarantine anyway."

Jerry waited for more.

"This afternoon the lorcha will be towed behind the breakwater. She'll be in strict quarantine. You'll be in charge. I'll give you disinfectants and medicines. You'll keep the boat clean, and you'll attend the sick. Whenever somebody tumbles over, run up the yellow flag and we'll come after him as soon as we can. Every morning I'll come around and see how you are getting along."

"How long will it last?" asked Jerry.

"Don't know. Till they're all gone, perhaps. There must be five days' quarantine after each case. If they die close together it will be short. If they go five days apart, it may last six months. Six

months to make a man of you, Jerry; will you do it?"

"It will be hell," said Jerry, with a tense smile.

"It will be hell," acquiesced the surgeon. "You must work, Jerry."

"I'll do it," said Jerry.

That afternoon the lorcha was towed behind the breakwater, and at sunset a woman who was lighting the fire for the evening meal whirled on her heels and slapped the deck with the whole length of her body. Jerry ran up the yellow flag, but the night had dropped like a thunderbolt, and it was not seen from shore; so he cared for her till morning. She was old and knotted and decrepit; her teeth were gone, and she was loathsomely unclean, but he worked over her with rigid patience, not ceasing for a moment, for the Demon was already clutching at him. At dawn a boat pulled up and the woman was lowered into it, still alive. Then the sun rose, blinding hot, and Jerry paced the deck furiously. The groups of sleepers on deck were disentangling beneath the stinging announcement of the new day, and they scattered in awe before the strange Americano, tugging among them with great steps that were almost leaps. At last a little steamer appeared at the mouth of the river; it slid along on the other side of the breakwater, turned at the end, and chugged alongside the lorcha. It was the doctor's launch.

Burke stepped to the bulwarks and looked down at the boat wallowing in the cross-seas. Huntington was standing on the rail, his right hand against the side of the lorcha, his body giving easily to every shock; and Burke gazed hungry-eyed at his cool, alert demeanor.

"Well, how goes it?" asked the surgeon.

"One case," said Burke, calmly.

"That means five days more. What is it?"

"A woman; she's at the hospital now," he answered, in the same rigid, subdued tone.

"And you?" asked the surgeon.

"For God's sake," cried Burke, his voice breaking into frenzy, "give me something to do, something to do!"

"All right, old man," answered Huntington, showing no surprise. "Throw us a rope."

Burke threw a rope. A case was tied to it and hauled on deck.

"Chlorodyne," announced the surgeon.

The rope was thrown back. A demijohn was hauled up, then another, and another.

"Carbolic," shouted Huntington. "Disinfect the boat."

"All right; good-by," said Burke.

The doctor waved his hand and the launch churned away.

The day was heavy with heat. The wind had died, the sea was glazed, and the tin roofs of Manila glistened white. A torpor fell from the brazen heavens, and all day Burke struggled beneath it in a frenzy of toil. When he had cleaned the boat thoroughly, he arranged the little cabin into a hospital. Almost immediately it had its occupant. A boy was down. Jerry laid him on his cot, pried his teeth open with his knife, and poured some chlorodyne between them; then walked to the mainmast, and soon to the watchers on shore the leprous banner rose against the gory hues of the setting sun. The boat came and took the child away.

When the launch came, in the morning, Burke was standing at the head of the ladder. All the traces of a fearful night were in his face, and yet Huntington's scrutiny found something satisfactory in the man. The old khaki suit had been washed, and hung, still damp, upon his frame.

More medicines and disinfectants, a supply of food and distilled water, several objects, very vulgar and very grim, were passed up, and then the doctor asked:

"Anything you need, old man?"

Burke shook his head in indecisive negative.

"I have you on the pay-roll," added the officer casually; "assistant inspector; three-and-a-half a day."

Burke dropped his eyes to the deck. Then he blurted out:

"Yes, two khakis."

"All right," said Huntington, rapidly measuring with his eye the frame before him. "Anything else?"

Again an embarrassed silence, then another burst:

"A razor."

"I'll send the things this afternoon," said Huntington, gladder than his voice implied.

Burke went back to his work. After disinfecting his little hospital he executed, with the aid of Tionko, the Chino mestizo whose oily good-will and linguistic ability were fast becoming indispensable, a plot hatched during the sleeplessness of the night. First the men, then the women, were filed into a bath-house made of sails and forced to bathe in warm carbolized water, while their clothes boiled in caldrons outside. By sunset the passenger list of the "Bonita" was clean, at least externally.

Then the usual commotion forward told Burke that his work had begun again. This time it was a child-mother, a pitiful little black-eyed thing with a squalling whitish babe at her breast. It was too late for the shore boat, so he cared for them. At midnight the baby died and, two hours later, the mother; they lay side by side and, of the two, it was the mother's face that looked the child's, and the baby's the withered old. At daybreak the boat took them away.

Weeks followed, filled with the same stagnancy of horror. The work had settled down to flat routine and life became a fearful monotony as day after day poured its brazen heat upon the empested boat. The only element of excitement lay in the ebb and flow of disease. On some days two or three, once even five, fell, and Burke's hospital over-filled and poured out its burden upon the deck; at other times there would be periods of three or four days without a case, and once the expiration of the mystical five days which was to free the lorcha from its imprisonment was almost reached when two men were suddenly felled as if by the same thunderbolt. Burke's worst periods were when the hospital was empty. On such days the routine of his duties took him only a little past noon, and then would come the full bitterness of the struggle. He found something to do and worked with teeth set, but his hands trembled, his nerves were tortured, and his eyes felt as if being pulled out of their sockets.

Then in the maddening monotony of this life there crept another element.

Before lying down to his snatch of horror-broken sleep, Jerry was accustomed to take a plunge over the side, although the waters of the bay were full of sharks. One night, as he was preparing to climb back upon the lorcha, he reached in vain for the rope that he had left dangling for the purpose. It had been pulled up just out of his grasp. Treading water by the black hull, Burke shouted repeatedly, but a sleep deep as the night that wrapped the vessel seemed to have its inhabitants, and his cries got no response.

"Listen," finally said Burke, talking calmly in the silence. "Listen. You know how I can swim. If that rope does not come down in ten seconds I'll swim to the big army boat to the right there. I'll come back with fifty soldiers, and we'll hang you all to the mast. Remember, the sharks do not touch me."

As mysteriously as it had been raised, the rope dropped softly till its end touched the water. When Burke, dripping, sprang on deck, a heavy silence was upon the boat, broken only by the hoarse breathing of the sleepers, spread about in limp attitudes like the dead upon the battle-field.

A few days later, as he took up the demijohn in which he kept his drinking water, brought distilled from shore, he found the cork askew. He was always careful to shut the vessel hermetically, and a sudden suspicion made him turn the demijohn over and pour its contents out upon the deck. The water gurgled out, and when the vessel was empty Jerry found a little piece of cloth sticking to the inside of the gullet. He drew it out, and an icy shiver ran up his spine. He held in his hand a little square of red and yellow calico. The last cholera victim of the "Bonita," a woman, had worn a padadyung of red and yellow calico.

He threw the demijohn overboard, and when he had obtained a new one from shore, he slept against it at night.

Burke began to observe his crew, and this gave him little satisfaction. Beneath the oriental passiveness, malevolence was boiling. His orders, it is true, were obeyed; but it was with heaviness of movement and dullness of eye; and in the periods of rest, sullen, squatting groups formed, that broke out in whisperings and oblique looks, to be scattered usually by the bowing, smirking, oily Chino, Tionko. And of all the ominous signs there was none that displeased Burke more than the behavior of the Chino — this evident eagerness to save the face of things, to glaze over the dark working beneath with a serene surface.

They were on one of these periods of immunity from disease which drew all nerves tense. Three days had passed, then four; they entered upon the fifth. Twenty-four hours more would set the "Bonita" free from the iron clutches of the quarantine. That day was a bad one. The solidarity in misfortune that had bound the unfortunates of the lorcha broke into a ferocious individualism. All work ceased that morning. The population of the "Bonita" divided into groups; these segregated more and more as the day advanced, till finally each man was squatting alone, with glaring threat in his eyeballs. God help the one who came down; the execration of the whole boat was already focused upon him.

At last the brazen day melted into the purple evening and night came, with a trembling crescent of moon in the sky and an horizon vibrating in sheet lightning. Burke prepared himself for what was likely to be his last night of vigil. He lit a lantern and began pacing to and fro to keep awake, usually an easy thing for him to do. Toward midnight, he stopped and leaned against the mainmast, gazing at the weird flashing of light at the horizon. Insensibly he went asleep. His head fell on his breast, his legs sagged beneath him, and he slid softly down till he sat upon the deck, his back against the mast.

Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright, all his faculties stiffened in alarm. The turbulent fancies of his slumber had merged into something tense and sharp as reality, and his ears still rang with low moans, a scurry of feet, and a strangled cry. Now that he was fully awake, however, the night was heavy with silence, only the tide bubbling and tinkling and crooning along the flanks of the boat. He lay back a moment, but his senses had been too acutely wrung, and, picking up the lantern, he walked forward.

Everything was quiet. Indistinct forms were stretched about the deck, and the breathing of the sleepers rhythmed the silence. Near the anchor, Burke recognized Tionko. The Chino's chest was rising and falling in deep, regular movement; he moaned inarticulately as Burke bent over him with his lantern.

Burke was turning away when, in the movement, the light of the lantern fell upon the rope up which he had clambered on the night of the first mysterious attack against him. Although not used any more, it had been left hanging over the side, and now, as Burke's eyes fell upon it, in the glare of the light it was all a-tremble and a-thrill, like a live thing. Mumbling sleepily about the strength of the tide, Burke gave it a pull. A resistance met him, as that of a line with a fish hooked at the end. Puzzled, he went over the side, holding to the bulwark and bending down as far as he could, and then, as he gave another tug, two thin arms clutching the rope, and then a livid face, bobbed up slowly into the pale moonlight.

Burke let himself down, his feet against the side, his left hand grasping the rope. He bent down, his right hand caught a handful of hair, and he drew up on it. Taking the loose end of the rope, he passed it beneath both limp arms, then, holding it between his teeth, he clambered back to the deck and pulled the whole body up. He sent the rays of his lantern into the face, and recognized it as that of a young boy of the lorcha.

He was still alive, but cholera had him. Burke understood, but it was no time for punishment. He carried the stiffened form to the hospital and for an hour fought with Death; but the shock had been too much for the disease-racked body. When there was nothing left to do, Burke turned back the blanket over the rigid face, then stood still, his eyes cast down at the deck.

"Tionko," he finally said, as if giving the answer to some problem.

He picked up an iron belaying-pin, bared his arms, and started toward the bow. As he reached the foremast, however, three shadows sprang at him from the darkness ahead. With a sidewise leap he evaded them, then waited, crouched low, with one hand upon the deck. The men scattered in a circle surrounding him, but before they could close in, he sprang at one and felled him with the shock of his body, and darted behind the mast, where he stood, waiting.

There was a moment of hesitation among the bravos, and they retreated toward the bow. Burke left the mast to peer into the darkness; a knife whizzed by his head and he sprang back to his shelter.

They came forward again and they were four this time. Burke saw that the defensive would be useless. With one leap

"HE REACHED IN VAIN FOR THE ROPE"

he was among them, whacking to right and left with his belaying-pin. A hatchet was raised above his head, but the belaying-pin cracked the wrist that held it and it clattered to the deck. A streak of fire scorched his shoulder, but the badly-aimed dagger dropped as the belaying-pin came down upon its owner's cranium.

And all this time, while he laid about him with instinctive parry and thrust, his eyes were riveted on an indistinct form in the shadow behind, a form from which came a running sound of encouragement, suggestion, command. Suddenly he sprang back, then to one side, then forward — and he had passed the struggling four men. He took two running steps forward, then his body left the ground and shot through the air. With a thud it struck the man in the shadow and crushed him to earth. Like a cat, Burke was on his feet again. He picked up the body by the waist, held it off at arm's length, brought it back close to him long enough to see Tionko's face in a grin of horror, then his arms distended like great springs and Tionko shot over the bulwarks.

He turned to the others, but they had slunk away in the darkness, and he knew that, the Chino gone, there was no more to fear.

He peered out into the water, and the phosphorescence showed him an indistinct form swimming slowly away. Then it turned back, splashing painfully, and a cracked falsetto voice whined in beggar-like modulations.

"Señor, for the love of Christ, let me on!"

Burke hesitated, and suddenly the thing was settled for him. From the right a phosphorescent flash cut the water in a streak. Swift and luminous as a rocket it came, straight toward the splashing form; it struck it, and then the spot burst out in a great bubble of light, in which Burke caught a flash of the Chino, his arms raised to heaven, his mouth distended in abominable fear. There was a hoarse croak, a gurgle, and then the phosphorescence sank slowly and went out in the depths below. A gentle ripple undulated over the darkened surface of the water and broke softly against the flanks of the lorcha.

Burke, half dizzy, walked forward. The limp, scattered sleepers were still there as before, but in one corner a man was choking in his breathing, and near the anchor another was vibrating in his sleep in one long, continuous shudder.

There came another period of suspense. One day passed, two days passed with no cases. The third day came, and Burke's Demon was clutching him.

He had found some shellac, redolent of crude alcohol, in the hold and had brought it up to varnish the crude furniture of his hospital; and now he dared not come near it. The bucket stood by the hatch, and Burke was pacing to and fro along the deck like a wild beast. Each time he passed the bucket the pungent odor stung his face, filling his mind with the memory of one of his worst periods of degradation and his whole physical being with a madness to wallow back into it.

He fought hard. He knew that he must throw that bucket overboard, so he forced his thoughts upon the act.

"I'll walk twenty times the length of the deck with my mind on that," he muttered to himself.

So, concentrating his brain upon the necessary deed, he began pacing up and down. At the twentieth turn he walked toward the bucket and stopped suddenly, livid as death, his eyes fixed stupidly upon his hands.

In his right hand he held a stick, a little, pliable bamboo stick.

He tried to remember picking it up; he could not. The act had been not of the will, of the will that was fighting for mastery; it had been forced by that other Power, that Power which possessed his nerves, his bones, his flesh, the Power he was seeking to kill.

"I will begin again," he muttered.

At the tenth turn he stopped short and a cold sweat welled up upon his body. He had another stick in his hand.

And then, slowly, haltingly, but irresistibly, he approached the bucket. With somnambulant rigidity he placed the stick in the viscous stuff and slowly rotated it once, as if tentatively; then once more, determinedly; then again, with a sort of rage. The heavy fluid followed the stick, turned on itself faster and faster. A little whirlpool formed in the center. Burke's eyes fixed themselves upon it, and silently the little whirlpool sucked down all that was strong in him.

The stick scraped along the sides of the bucket; the shellac circled swiftly. In a minute, in the depression at the center, a black spot formed. The stick turned faster. The black spot grew; finally it was a little round ball that sank to the bottom. The stick whirled around madly. The little ball enlarged. From all sides the like molecules rushed to it, rounding it out as a snowball that is rolled downhill. At last it was like a small cannon-ball. Burke bared his arms, plunged them into the bucket, drew out the black, pitchy solid, and threw it overboard.

He rushed back and his hollowed hand scooped up a few drops of the now-white liquid and slapped it to his lips. The taste drove him mad, and dropping down on hands and knees like a dog, he put his lips to the side of the bucket and drew in long gulpfuls.

A little later the natives were all gathered at the stern, looking with wonder upon the strange actions of the Americano.

He was squatting on deck, the bucket between his knees. At close intervals he raised it to his lips and poured the awful contents down his throat. Then he hugged the bucket, sobbing softly like a child being consoled after suffering, and between his laughs and his tears, he gurgled to himself an endless story, full of tearful

"THE SPOT BURST OUT IN A GREAT BUBBLE OF LIGHT"

"A LITTLE WHIRLPOOL FORMED AT THE CENTER"

self-compassion and sobbing, endearing terms, long and soft and meaningless as the croon of a lonely babe.

Toward night he fell into a heavy stupor and lay there on his back, his face to the moonlight, and the tears drying on his cheeks.

In the morning, when the doctor's launch churned out of the river, it had in tow the boat of the "Bonita," filled with the people of the lorcha. They had been caught by a patrol-boat at midnight just as they were on the point of landing on the Luneta.

The launch pulled up against the lorcha and Huntington sprang aboard. Burke rose from the deck and waited for him. He was hollow and drooping, as if the bony frame had been removed from his body, and his eyes were dead.

A look told the doctor what had happened.

"Yes," said Burke, corroborating the surgeon's unexpressed thought.

Huntington paced the deck.

"Well," he said finally, "you did well to stand it that long. Next time it will be longer."

Burke did not answer.

"We have to begin again."

"Begin again," echoed Burke mechanically.

"You'll do it, old man," said Huntington confidently.

"My God, Huntington," said Burke in a whisper; "my God, Huntington, I killed Tionko; I threw him to the sharks, and now, look at me!"

When the launch had left, Burke crouched down in a corner against the bulwarks, and there he sat the morning long, his eyes glued stupidly to the deck.

At noon he suddenly got up, walked firmly to the mainmast, and ran up the yellow flag.

When the boat came, he went down the ladder and sat himself in the stern sheets. The man in charge looked at him inquiringly.

"Pull away," he said shortly; "I've got it."

TUNNELING OUT OF LIBBY PRISON

A MICHIGAN LIEUTENANT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN IMPRISONMENT AND DARING ESCAPE

BY

JAMES M. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH A PHOTOGRAPH AND PLAN

FROM the village of Calhoun, on the Hiawassee River, the morning of the 26th of September, 1863, our little troop of cavalry began the retreat northward, hotly pursued throughout the day by the enemy under General Forrest, until just at daylight of the following morning, when near a small station called Mouse Creek, a number of our soldiers riding in the rear were cut off and captured, myself and two other officers being among the number. But the Confederates soon after halted, for they were now in the vicinity of Loudon, where a large force of Federal infantry was stationed, a territory upon which it was unpleasant, if not dangerous, for any small or detached command of Confederates to venture at that time.

At this point, by an officer with a couple of men who seemed to be exercising special jurisdiction over me, I was taken into a house which was known to me in raids made through that country previously as a house occupied by Union people. The male members of the family had retreated with our troops during the night, two ladies being its only occupants.

While my escort was preoccupied in looking the place over, it occurred to me to give my money and watch (which I had previously taken the precaution to secrete in the leg of my boot) to one of these ladies, believing they were in sympathy with me, and much preferring them to the Confederates as heirs to my little personal effects.

Accordingly, when an opportunity presented, I quietly removed my watch and money — some thirty odd dollars — from the place of their temporary concealment, and, without saying a word, or even giving her a look, handed them both to the lady who chanced to stand nearest and a little behind me.

She took them in silence, as they were offered, and without being observed by my captors, as I have always believed. Shortly after, we were taken up the road a mile or two, where the Confederate troops had halted in a wood. Stretching myself out on the ground for a little rest, I was presently accosted by a Confederate soldier who seemed to take a fancy to my boots, they being of an excellent quality, with high tops. I was finally persuaded to take them off, when my curious friend gave me his shoes in return—"just as a keepsake," he said. They were so ragged that, in order to keep them on, I was compelled to tie them together with cotton strings. More soldiers gathered round, and, in compliance with oft-repeated demands, article after article of my wardrobe disappeared in exchange for others misshapen and curious enough. After this transformation, the picture I presented must have been amusing; with a pair of trousers made out of green baize (the material generally in use for covering billiard tables), six inches short in the leg, and large enough in the seat for Barnum's Fat Boy. Sharp search was made for money about my person, and they seemed to think it strange that an officer in the "Yankee" army carried no watch or other valuables.

That afternoon all the prisoners, about one hundred and twenty-five in number, were started south, destined we knew not whither, nor into what fate the fortunes of war would eventually plunge us. All the remainder of that day and the following night we were hurried, on foot, with mounted guards on either side, over the same ground that marked the course of our retreat the day and night before, reaching Calhoun and the Hiawassee River (the scene of our first conflict with the enemy forty-eight hours before) some time the next day. Having ourselves burned the bridge at this point, we could not well complain at being compelled to ford the stream, in water reaching above our waists.

The march on foot extended to Dalton, Georgia, a distance of about one hundred miles.

Reaching that place, footsore and weary, we were shipped in open cars to Atlanta, and there turned into a pen, or stockade, in company with twelve or fifteen hundred other prisoners, mostly captured at Chickamauga, and many of them wounded. After remaining in Atlanta two weeks, all who were able to be removed — some ten hundred, I suppose — were shipped by way of Augusta, Columbia, and Salisbury to Richmond, Virginia. This trip, generally in box or open freight cars, occupied fourteen days more. On this journey promises were made (as we afterward found, for the purpose of keeping our men quiet and in order) to the effect that an exchange of prisoners would take place as soon as we reached Richmond.

A Personal Experience of Life in Libby Prison

Coming up from Petersburg, we crossed the long bridge just below Belle Isle, and were disembarked on the Richmond side of the James River, and in a body marched down Cary Street, to what most of us then believed was some convenient place where an exchange of prisoners would soon be made. Visions of far-away homes, which we hoped soon to see in reality, were uppermost in our minds; but alas! these hopes proved a chimera, and all too many of our poor fellows never saw their homes again. For my own part, I remember to have read all the signs along the way, but of the great number thus observed only one fixed itself indelibly upon my memory. Halting under the shadow of a dark and

LIBBY PRISON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865 BY GEORGE S. COOK

frowning wall of brick and mortar, on casting my eye upward, there, over a broad entrance, in large black letters painted on a board, I read the words: "A. Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers," and then, for the first time, it flashed upon my mind that we had reached our destination, and that the building in front of us was Libby Prison, and instinctively the familiar quotation from Dante came to my mind: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." At the windows, which were heavily barred, and standing a little back, could be seen the wan faces of our friends who had preceded us.

The officers of our number (I was at the time a second lieutenant in the Eighth Michigan Cavalry) were singled out and shown the way to the office, situated on the first floor of the "Hotel de Libby," while the enlisted men were sent to the Smith Building, Castle Thunder, Belle Isle, and other places.

At the office, after registering our names, rank, and regiment, we were relieved of the few valuables we chanced to have left. We were then conducted to the floor above, and put through a door which was immediately closed and bolted on the outside.

Our group, on entering, was quickly surrounded by the old prisoners, all anxious to learn something of the progress of the war and of their friends in the various commands to which they belonged, as the information the Confederates furnished was always meager and exceedingly unreliable.

For the first three months many of the prisoners lay on the bare floor without a thing in the world either over or under them, with nothing but their boots on which to lay their heads at night. Among the twelve hundred men confined there at the time, all officers in our service, of greater or less rank, were represented almost every trade and profession. Many were masters of science, art, and literature whose names were not unknown to fame. There were preachers, painters, sculptors, orators, and poets. Many were the curious and beautiful designs wrought from beef bones saved up for the purpose, after the bones had first been picked to the very marrow by our hungry men.

The pencil and pen sketches, drawn on whatever even surface might be found, often showed evidences of genius and a cultivated hand. Among those more or less famous in music I remember one of the Lumbard family of Chicago, at that time celebrated singers of the Northwest. General Neal Dow, the father and founder of the Maine Liquor Law, treated us now and then to temperance lectures, which, in a practical view, seemed to be quite unnecessary, as food was very scarce and intoxicating drinks absolutely out of the question. Religious services were held quite frequently, but in an evil hour a minstrel troupe was organized, which came near swamping religion and all else for the time being.

We were constantly hungry, and our dreams by night were filled with visions of home and loved ones, and tables spread with every conceivable luxury known to the culinary art, and on waking in the morning the old sensation of hunger came back with renewed force. In my more contrite and submissive moments I remember to have agreed with myself that, if spared to get out of that place, I would never ask nor require anything more or better to eat than *bread and butter*. Many a time I have wakened in the night, gone down to the kitchen, and scraped the burned rice from the bottom of the kettles left soaking in water that they might readily be cleaned for the next meal.

Character of the Prison Building—Plans of Escape

Libby Prison, at the time of which I write, was situated between Cary and Canal Streets, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, the width of the building extending one hundred and ten feet from one street to the other, its sides running along either street one hundred and forty feet east and west. It was three stories high on Cary Street, with a basement cellar under the center of the building, making it four stories high on Canal Street. Across the width of the building, extending from the basement to the roof, were two partition-walls, dividing each floor into three rooms, or apartments, of equal size. Our prisoners at this time occupied the two upper floors, or the six upper rooms. The rooms were designated as the upper and lower east rooms, the upper and lower middle rooms, and the upper and lower west rooms. The middle room on the first floor below was used for cooking purposes, and was known as the "kitchen." It had three fireplaces in its

east partition-wall. This kitchen was the only place in the building the prisoners had free access to, save the six rooms spoken of above. The fireplaces were not utilized, but in front of each one of them were three stoves, the pipes of which went into the chimney-flues running upward above the fireplaces. The flues did not extend below this floor, so the partition-wall from here down was solid. The east room on the first floor was used for hospital purposes; the west room was the office where the prison officials were quartered, and the basement beneath was divided up into dungeons for the confinement and punishment of unruly prisoners. The doors and windows of the prison were barred like those of a jail.

Aside from the effects of hunger, there was a feeling of unrest among many of the prisoners, which, if yielded to, often led to serious despondency and even insanity. Plan after plan was devised for escape, only to be proved to be impracticable. In the dead hours of the night, men could be seen prowling around the prison, in the hope that some means of escape might offer. Often, on dark, stormy nights, the guards would come up for temporary shelter, under cover of the prison walls, where, unobserved by any one from the outside, they would enter into conversation with the prisoners, often giving expressions of sympathy. Among them frequently was found a man of Northern birth who had been conscripted into the Confederate army and was at heart a Unionist. Bribes were sometimes offered by the prisoners, and taken by the guards; but attempts to escape by that means generally resulted in the prisoner being handed over to the authorities, after he had gotten outside and given up his valuables.

At one time a plan was laid for a general escape of all the prisoners then in Richmond. There were then fifteen or twenty thousand confined in the various prisons in different parts of the city. At a preconcerted signal these were to break out, overpower the guards, take their arms, seize the Tredagar Iron Works, where, it had been learned from the daily papers which reached the prison occasionally, there were enough small arms and ammunition stored to put a loaded gun into the hands of every prisoner. Successful thus far, the design was to take possession of the city and the Confederate Congress, then in session (including President Davis), and hold them until aid could come from our forces in Virginia. The signal for the outbreak was fixed; every prison had its special duty assigned, and the day of the night on which the attempt was to be made came, when lo! the secret had been revealed by some traitor in the prison.

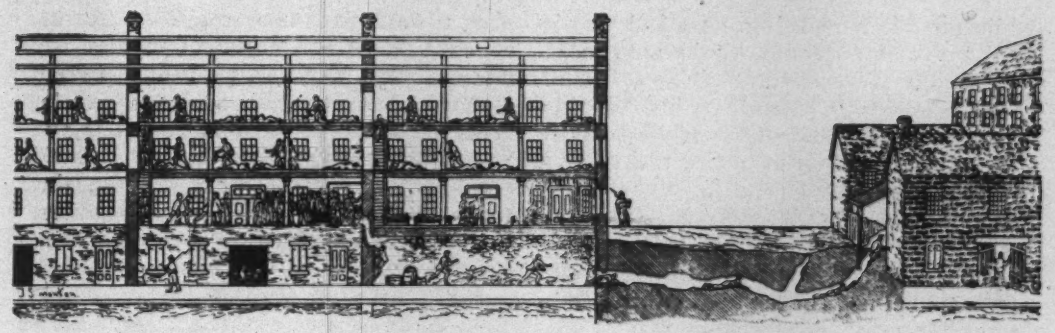
After this misadventure it was then resolved that any new plan should include only men whose sagacity and fidelity could be implicitly relied upon. By their continued movements at night the prisoners most desirous of escape gradually came to know each other, and to take counsel together, and in this way a compact association, consisting of only fifteen men, was formed in Libby, and tunneling was decided upon. An effort to go out through a large sewer was abandoned as impracticable, after considerable time and labor had been lost.

Digging a Tunnel without Tools, at Dead of Night

It was finally determined to begin in the basement under the east end of the building, a place familiarly known among the prisoners as "rat hell," and tunnel eastward, coming out under a carriage-shed attached to a large building on the opposite side of the street, where the escaping prisoners could lie screened from the observation of the guards around the prison behind a high board fence, extending from the ground to the roof of the shed, until they found it safe to emerge. The tunnel was to run under a short cross street reaching from Canal to Cary Street, at the east end of the prison.

But how was this cellar, which was to form the base of all operations, to be reached? The prisoners could not go into the hospital room and thence through the floor into the cellar, for in this room were nurses and guards who would at once discover the plan. They could not go into the basement, under the cook-room, and then through the partition-wall into the east basement, for there were guards on duty there all the time. Every step taken had to be kept a profound secret, not only from the Confederate authorities, but from the majority of the prisoners also; and until secure access to the cellar could be obtained nothing could be done.

It was finally determined to go behind the stoves in one of the fireplaces just



SECTIONAL VIEW OF LIBBY PRISON AND TUNNEL, SHOWING THE PLAN OF ESCAPE

described, and, taking out the bricks in the center, follow the partition-wall down below the floor on which the cook and hospital rooms were located, a distance of three or four feet, and then go through the wall into the cellar, thus escaping observation from every quarter. This was successfully accomplished. Major A. J. Hamilton, of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry, was the author of this plan, while Thomas E. Rose, later of the Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, then colonel of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, was the chief engineer of all tunneling operations and the leading spirit of the entire enterprise.

Beginning in the fireplace, then, the bricks were removed from the center of the wall, so as to make an opening wide enough to admit a man's body. From fifty to seventy-five bricks were taken out. The work was all accomplished secretly and at night. After "lights out," or nine o'clock, at which time everybody in the prison was supposed to be lying down, two men, having first quietly removed the bricks, would go down, and take turns with each other in digging throughout the night. In the meantime, two or three others, detailed for that purpose, would remain on watch in different parts of the prison, and be ready to give the signal and help the two workmen up on the first approach of day. The night's work done, the bricks were carefully replaced, covered over with soot and dirt, which was always plentiful behind the stoves, and in this condition the place was left secure from observation until night came on again. This operation was repeated nearly every night for about seven weeks.

The authorities made regular tours of inspection through the prison every day, while hundreds of prisoners were in this room and about these stoves, engaged in cooking from early morning till nine o'clock at night, and yet not more than twenty or twenty-five men ever knew of the work until it was nearly all accomplished. From the bottom of the cellar an opening was first made through the stone wall, some four or five feet thick, and then the work of excavating began. Clam shells and case-knives were the principal tools used, and with these simple instruments a tunnel sixteen inches in diameter, eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground and about sixty feet long, was dug.

As the work progressed, difficulty in removing the dirt from the tunnel was experienced. To overcome this, a spittoon from one of the rooms above — a box about eight inches square and five inches deep — was taken down into the cellar; and the man digging inside would pull the box in by means of a cord attached to one side, and, after filling it with dirt, give a signal, when the man in the cellar, by another string, would pull it out and empty it. By this slow and wearisome process the whole mass of dirt was removed.

The back end of the cellar, or basement, was not used by the authorities, and was seldom invaded by any person or thing except rats; but it was filled several feet deep with straw, which had been placed there for hospital purposes, though not in use at that time. As the dirt from the tunnel came out, it was spread evenly over the bottom of the cellar and covered with this straw, thus concealing it from observation through the day. The front part of the cellar was used as a store-room, and attachés of the prison were in and out by day, but seldom, if ever, at night.

When the tunnel had reached a distance of twenty feet, the air became so foul that one man had to fan at the open mouth

while the other man dug. So foul was it at times, that a candle would not burn; yet, to dig successfully, light was found to be a necessity as well as air. Lights were obtained by stealthily taking a portion of the candles furnished the various rooms each night.

Last Preparations for Escape

Those who had been let into the secret of the tunnel now began to put themselves in readiness for the exodus, which they foresaw would mark the beginning of their greatest trials. To harden our limbs and muscles, persistent and continued walking and other physical exercises were resorted to. My comrade and myself once walked a distance of twenty-two miles around the room in a single day. I was nearly barefooted, and for a long time had had my eye on a pair of boots belonging to one Lieutenant Mead, of a Union Kentucky regiment. I had received a box from home and had offered Mead many of my choicest things for his boots, for boots I must have before making the escape. But Mead, who knew nothing of the tunnel, or the special purpose for which the boots were wanted, was inexorable. I had often tried them on to show how well they fitted me — even better, I thought, than they fitted Mead — but to no effect; it was no go. When the night came for the escape, I lay down by Mead's side, according to my custom, and as if for the usual night's rest. An hour had not passed before Mead was wrapped in profound slumber, when I pulled on his boots, and, like the Arab, folded my tent and silently stole away. I still lacked a hat; but, in passing out among my sleeping comrades, I stumbled upon one belonging to Lieutenant Thomas McKee, of the First West Virginia Regiment, who nightly shared the luxuries of the floor with me in that immediate neighborhood, and, without compunction or further ceremony, I hurriedly placed it where, in my own judgment at least, it would do the most good.

There was no way of judging of the distance across the street under which the tunnel ran, save as it was measured by the eye from the windows above. So, when the tunnel had been carried far enough, as was believed, to reach the carriage-shed, it was thought best by those in charge of the digging to prospect by means of a small hole dug upward for the purpose. The men engaged below that night commenced running up at an angle of forty-five degrees. A short time before this, some workmen had been employed in the prison, making repairs and strengthening the doors and windows. It was their custom to leave their tools in the prison overnight, and these, used by them for fastening our chains, were now made use of by the tunneling party in cutting them loose; for, one night, from the carpenter's outfit, our fellows stole an auger and chisel, and carried them down into the cellar for use in that quarter, and they were forever lost to the Confederacy, though they did good service in forwarding our escape. I believe the chisel was the principal tool in use the night the prospecting hole was made. The man engaged in digging was reaching ahead into the small opening, letting the dirt rattle back down the inclined plane, when suddenly the chisel went through the surface at a point full in the glare of a street lamp, and not more than ten or twelve paces from where a sentinel walked. The noise made by the chisel as it went through was heard by a guard, who asked another near by if he had heard the noise. He replied, "Yes," but that it was "nothing but rats," and both walked on. Their conversation was plainly overheard by the real "rat" under the ground. The hole was at once stopped up with little stones and whatever material could be utilized for the purpose, and the main tunnel went on some ten or fifteen feet further.

The plan was, when the tunnel should be completed, to let as many prisoners into the secret as could well get out in a single night, and then, leaving it to some one behind to cover up the excavations in the wall and so preventing the discovery of the tunnel by the Confederates, let as many more escape at another time.

The Attempt at Escape Made

On the night of the 9th of February, 1864, everything being in readiness, about two hundred men, who at this time had been let into the secret, were assembled in the cook-room, after nine o'clock, ready to take the desperate chances of escape. It was a trying moment. The digging of the tunnel had been a gigantic undertaking, accompanied with the greatest anxiety, hardship, and privation; and now, completed

at last, it only opened the way to dangers no man of us could forecast.

About a dozen or fifteen men had gone down through the hole in the wall into the cellar, and my turn had just come, when a noise at the outside door caused a report to be circulated that those who had gone out had been captured, and that the guards were coming in to take us all under arrest. This was made the signal for a general stampede across the room, a distance of one hundred and ten feet, to the stairway in the corner leading up to the rooms where the prisoners belonged. My partner, who was equipped with a haversack containing a scant supply of rations saved for the occasion and a map of the country which we had drawn up with a pencil, ran back with the crowd. I remained behind the stoves and reflected a minute. Listening at the door, I could hear no one coming in. "And if they do," said I to myself, "they know nothing of this hole and nothing of the tunnel, and, anyhow, I may just as well go down and out; it can be no worse for me." Accordingly down through the hole in the wall I went.

On reaching the tunnel, I found a young man by the name of White, a lieutenant from Erie, Pennsylvania, just going in. He said, "Wells, I will wait for you at the shed." I waited until he had made his way through, for, on account of the foul air, it was dangerous for more than one to enter the tunnel at once. I was soon through, dragging my overcoat on my legs, behind me. I found, on emerging, that White had gone, and that I was alone. I stretched myself up at full length and breathed the fresh air for the first time in six long months. I felt the soft ground under my feet, and looked over and about me, as if to assure myself that it was not all a dream. I never felt a greater determination to accomplish a purpose in my life, and resolved to push on, and by continued efforts realize the benefits of the labors already performed, or perish in the attempt. My nerves were strung to the highest tension. All fear had vanished, and my senses were as alert and quick as those of a wild animal.

From the shed we had to pass through a gate which opened on Canal Street. Along this street, to within twenty steps of the gate, a sentinel walked, who, on reaching a certain point, would face about and go a distance of forty or sixty paces the other way. Taking advantage of the time when his back was turned, the prisoners opened the gate, and, stepping out on Canal Street, passed out of sight. In this manner all emerged from the gate, one by one, or sometimes in parties of two or three. The alarm causing the prisoners to stampede from the cook-room proved to be a false one, and that night one hundred and nine men got out. Among the number was my partner, but after five days he was recaptured. Of the whole number who went through the tunnel, only forty-eight got entirely away.

Watching my opportunity, I slipped out in the manner just described, and walked two squares down Canal Street. I had no fixed plan for getting out of the city, but was guided wholly by impulse, and by circumstances as they were presented, though my general purpose was, by some means, if possible, to place the Chickahominy River, which to the northward was not more than six miles distant, between myself and Richmond that night. My especial object in this was to baffle any pursuit that might be made with dogs.

Out of Prison, But Not Free

The Federal uniform which I wore was rather an advantage to me than otherwise, for the Confederate soldiers had appropriated clothing sent by our Government, and were then commonly wearing our uniforms on the streets. After reaching the borders of the city, out of reach of the street lamps, I took the center of the road and made my way as quietly and rapidly as possible. But soon I discovered a light immediately in front. I dropped upon the ground, and, watching closely, saw a sentinel pass the light with a musket at right shoulder. The place I took to be a guard-house or perhaps a hospital. I then crept on my hands and knees some distance around, thus flanking the light and the sentinel, and, soon after, came to the fortifications around the city, where I apprehended great danger and difficulty in eluding detection and arrest. On these fortifications were large siege guns in position, and sentinels mounted on the parapets. For more than an hour I felt my way along, never standing up at full height, and most of the time on my hands and knees. My caution and perseverance finally brought me safe out upon an open plain, far beyond the city's limits and defenses.

Presently I came into a dense thicket on low bottom-land, covered here and there with water. I believed myself near the Chickahominy. Coming to some flood wood on the edge of a considerable body of water as black as midnight, I broke off a large piece of the light-colored bark and threw it into the water, deeming that if it floated off, the water was that of the river. It did float off, and immediately I proceeded to place the stream between myself and Richmond. In doing this, however, I had to wade in water and mud waist deep.

I had barely reached the uplands on the north side, when daylight came on, and I at once sought a hiding-place for the day. This I found a little further on, by crawling inside an old inclosure which had grown up to a dense thicket of laurel and other brush. As the day approached, I could hear the voices of the Confederate soldiers encamped near the river a half-mile away. About nine or ten o'clock I heard a body of cavalry coming up the road from the direction of Richmond and, standing up, could just see their heads as they passed on the gallop, not more than two hundred yards distant.

These men, as I readily divined, were in pursuit of escaped prisoners, for that morning, at the accustomed roll-call, one hundred and nine men had failed to put in their appearance, and Confederate cavalry, infantry, and trained dogs were at once brought into requisition to hunt down the fugitives. A rigorous search was also instituted to discover, if possible, the means of our escape; but some of our men, by previous arrangement, took the precaution to stop up the places of egress, at the same time prying off a bar from the window and hanging out a rope made by tying together strips of blankets. This ruse led the authorities to suppose we had escaped through the window, having first bribed the guards. This deceived them for a while, and the guards and officers on duty were arrested and sent to the guard-house, all the while protesting their innocence. Search was then made throughout the day, and it was not until nearly nightfall that a colored boy, chancing to go into the shed, discovered the hole where we had emerged; but for many days thereafter they did not learn how we went into the cellar from the cook-room.

My hiding-place was on a gentle slope of land at the lower end of which was a spring, where some colored women came that day to do their washing. I could hear their conversation, and about the time the cavalry passed up the road I heard them say something about "de Yankee prisoners." Chickens and hogs came about me through the day, all seeming to view me suspiciously, the hogs especially; these would dash away with a boo-a-boo, after looking at me intently for a moment. This, I feared, greatly increased the chances of my discovery and capture.

A Hunted, Half-Starved Fugitive

When night came, after first taking an observation, I moved on, and presently came into a road which I ventured to follow for a short distance before turning into the brush again. In passing, I noticed some saw logs, and it occurred to me that there must be a mill not far off. Soon, at a point where the road forked, I saw a man coming toward me, and, believing that the country must now be all up in arms about our escape, this gave me great anxiety. But I decided that it would not do for me to show any signs of fear or hesitation, and I accosted the unwelcome stranger with: "Good evening, sir; can you tell me which of these roads will take me to the mill?" He said, "To Gaines's mill?" and I said, "Yes"; and then told him I had an uncle living down there somewhere by the name of Jackson, and asked if he knew of any of the Jackson family. He said he thought there was a man, not far from the mill, by the name of Henry Jackson, and I assured him that Henry Jackson was the very man I was looking for, and told him that I belonged to the First Virginia and had just obtained a furlough for a few days, for the purpose of paying my relatives a visit. I then hurried on my way.

Toward morning I came to a cross-roads where there was a mile-post and finger-board. I climbed the post, and, holding on by one hand, with the other struck a match which I had carried in my pocket for a long time. On the board was an index finger, pointing nearly in the direction I had been traveling for the past two hours, and beneath it the words, "Twelve miles to Richmond." I had then traveled the greater part of two nights and made but twelve. By this time hunger and

fatigue and loss of sleep were closing in upon me with a death-like grip. I pushed on, however, though from sheer exhaustion often stumbling and falling to the ground. In going through an open woodland, I suddenly came upon an encampment of Confederate teamsters, doubtless a quartermaster's train carrying provisions to the army about Richmond. Some of the men were up knocking about among the mules and wagons. It was very dark. Assuming the rôle of a driver, and bursting out in the vernacular common to the class, I walked up to a mule and gave him a kick in the ribs, and in a gruff voice commanded him to "stand around." Repeating this and similar operations two or three times, I soon, and without interruption, made my way through the encampment.

When morning came, I again sought a hiding-place. Shivering and hungry throughout that day, and unable to move for fear of detection, I had a good opportunity to reflect upon the mutability of human affairs and the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Night coming on, I again took my bearings, and was about to start out, when I overheard footsteps in the brush not far distant, and, crouching down like a frightened rabbit, awaited developments. Nearer and nearer the steps came. I thought I had been discovered, and that my time had come, for now I could distinguish the steps of two persons. Soon into plain sight, almost on tiptoe, walked two escaped prisoners, McCain, of the Twenty-first Illinois, and Randall, of the Second Ohio Regiment. I recognized them at once, and I hailed them in a whisper. They shared with me from their scant rations of corn bread, and then, for the first time in thirty-six hours, I tasted food. We here traveled on together; and once or twice during the remainder of the week we obtained provisions of colored men, who were true to the escaped prisoners in every instance.

We had been traveling four nights, all the time in the woods, and Sunday morning found us well-nigh exhausted. We came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to travel in that way any longer, and so, after lying down for an hour or more for a little rest, we started out for the first time by daylight. Following up a ravine, we soon came out into an open field inside of which was a school-house or church, and people, evidently attending service, had already begun to assemble. Beyond ran a road which forked near the school-house, and not more than one hundred and fifty yards from our hiding-place in the brush. Two or three little dogs came uncomfortably near, and, while we were debating what course to pursue, about seventy-five cavalrymen rode by and halted at the fork of the road. Randall volunteered to crawl around to the road below the school, to see if it were possible for us to cross in that direction unobserved. He disappeared in the brush, and we never saw him again, but the report of three or four guns fired down the road in the direction he had taken led us to suppose he had been shot and killed. One of the dogs now discovered McCain and myself, and commenced barking furiously. We started back down the ravine, keeping, as far as possible, under cover of the brush. The firing below and the barking of the dog had set the soldiers and everybody else on the *qui vive*. We were discovered in our flight and pursued by cavalrymen, but finally eluded them. Through the rest of the day we remained in the swamp, closely secreted, being fully satisfied with our experience in trying to travel by daylight. When night came on, the weary march was resumed.

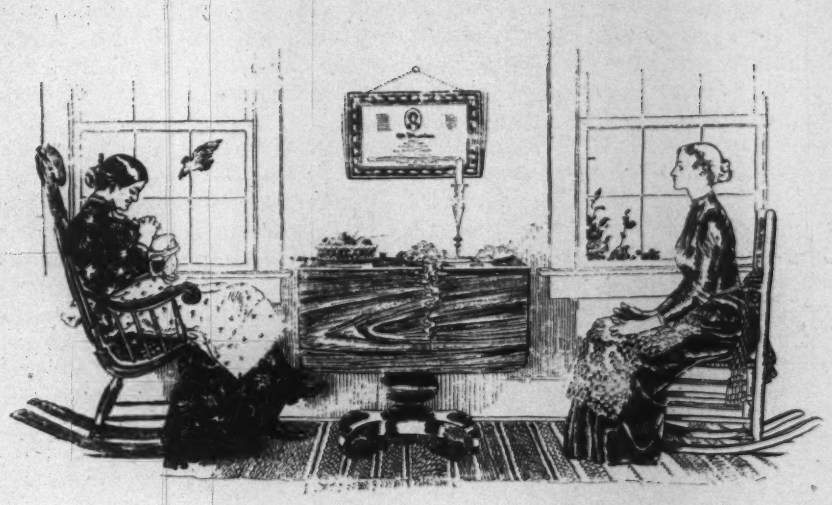
A Kind and Helpful Enemy

Coming to an opening, we discovered, some distance off, a man standing in the door-way of a cabin. Believing him to be colored, we had little hesitancy in approaching him; but on coming to within a few paces, we found him to be a white man. It was then too late to back out, and putting on a bold front, we walked up and asked him for something to eat, telling him at the same time that we were Yankee prisoners recently escaped from Libby Prison, and that we were likely to perish for want of food. He told us that he had already heard of the escape, that he had been a Confederate soldier, and that he knew something of the life of a soldier. "But," said he, "I never turned a hungry man away from my door yet, and do not propose to do so now." Whereupon, by his invitation, we followed him into the house. He gave us three or four dry biscuit, stating that they constituted his whole store of provisions. He appeared friendly

and kind from the start, but we followed him into the house, fearing he might possibly bring out a musket instead of meat. He even directed us which way to go to avoid detection and capture, and told us that we were only a short distance from the York River, where a gunboat flying the American flag had passed down not more than an hour before.

Our objective point now was Yorktown, or Williamsburg, the nearest point where our troops were stationed. We had gone a long distance out of the way, and must now travel south. I had lost my hat, our clothing hung about us in rags, and all the time we were getting weaker and weaker. On the night of the seventh day out, there came a terrible storm of sleet and rain, and, raking up a quantity of dry leaves by the side of a large log, and covering them with boughs, we crawled under, lying closely together for shelter and warmth and rest. How long we had lain there I do not know, but presently I was awakened by McCain, who said we must get up and go on or we would surely perish. I agreed with him, but neither of us made an effort to rise. While lying in this state of half-stupor, I found my memory was failing me, and that I could not recall my only brother's name. Suddenly, as by a concert of thought as well as action, we sprang to our feet, and soon found ourselves in an open field near a road which proved to be the Williamsburg Pike, though at the time we were in doubt as to the fact. We concluded to follow it in the direction of Williamsburg, as we believed; but, for safety, we kept back a little distance in the field. Presently we heard cavalry coming ahead of us. We had already had a little experience with Confederate cavalry and were not anxious to repeat it. But these might be our friends. We were on neutral ground, at least, and very near our own lines. It was a great risk to hail them, and a great risk to let them pass by unchallenged, for it was becoming apparent that we could not stand the pressure much longer. Approaching within a few paces of the road, we secreted ourselves in the weeds and brush. By the clatter of the iron scabbards I knew the cavalrymen were armed with sabers (it was too dark to see), and I told McCain this was to me an evidence that they belonged to our side, for the Confederate cavalry as a rule were not armed with sabers. They came up and passed on, but nothing occurred and no word was spoken to give us any clew to their identity. The situation was terrible. The cold, freezing rain was now coming down in sheets, and our bones were chilled to the very marrow. The main column had got by and the rear guard, about twenty in number, were in front of us. We could endure it no longer, and resolved to hail them. Accordingly, we both stood up, and I cried out, "What regiment is that?"

As quick as thought, wheeling their horses into line along the fence, and at the same time drawing their pistols, they demanded our immediate and unconditional surrender. The click of the hammers, which we could plainly hear as they came into position, added to the horror of the moment. My hair actually stood on end. I said to McCain: "We are gone up." With this he seemed to agree, and replied that we had better surrender, as our lives depended upon it, and that no time was to be lost. Accordingly, we threw up our hands and together cried out, "We will surrender." On going to the fence we discovered that we were in the hands of a detachment of the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, which had been sent out as a rescuing party, and had made every provision for our further comfort and safety.



THE TREE OF A THOUSAND LEAVES

BY

ALICE BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY ORSON LOWELL

"YOU give me that serpentine braid," said Aunt Ellen Temple to her niece, Myra. "My! ain't there a lot of it! You must ha' be'n crochetin' nigh about all winter. It's real tight an' firm, too."

They were sitting in the west chamber, each at a window, rocking and sewing as they talked. Myra was a thin, straight girl, with reproving eyes and an axiomatic mouth. She was extremely pretty, in an irreproachable way. Her complexion was faultless; the pink of her cheeks looked as if it had been tinted there by some designer of beauty for the world's great fashion-plate. All her features would pass muster: yet they left the onlooker cold. Aunt Ellen, who had come on from the West to mother the girl in her wedding preparations, took the liberty of wondering why the young minister should have been drawn to Myra. Aunt Ellen, in her secret mind, decided that she would sooner wed with the poker. She herself was of another stamp even from her dead sister, Myra's mother, whom Myra so much resembled. She was a generous type of woman, with brown eyes and a mobile mouth. Though she was long over forty, she knew her small beauties, and smiled at them in the glass. Her elbows had dimples in them; and when her sleeves were stripped up for bread-making, the casual eye was welcome to linger on those decorative indentations. Myra's mother had used to say that Ellen was bewitched over men-folks. That was not true. Ellen knew what bewitched them, and she liked to answer in key.

"I was terrible pleased when I got your letter," she said, incidentally, as she set her quick, careful stitches. She always used a short thread, and drew it back and forth with a capable speed. "I'd be'n sort o' makin' up my mind to come on East, an' the minute you wrote 'weddin',' I says to myself, 'Now's my time.'"

"I knew you hadn't any ties to prevent you," said Myra, with the air of keeping funeral state over cold memories, "since Uncle Hiram died."

Aunt Ellen laughed, a rich little gurgle.

"Law, yes, I have," she said. "I've got ties everywhere I've ever be'n. I know

every man, woman and child in town out there, an' when I come away they were all grabbin' at my petticoats an' holdin' me back. Ties! I guess I have. But I thought there wouldn't be no harm in makin' a few new ones."

Myra was frowning over her work.

"I had a kind of a plan," she said. "I thought maybe you'd fall in with it. I don't know as you've noticed it — but father's a great trial to us!" She looked

"SHE KNEW HER SMALL BEAUTIES"

up challengingly, and her blue eyes were honest, though cold.

Aunt Ellen did not trouble herself to meet them. She had "sized up" her niece in childhood, and that record was lasting very well.

"What's the matter of him?" she inquired easily.

Myra launched into a confidence likely, she fancied, to be understood.

"Father's terrible queer. He always was, but he's queerer'n ever. He's been a dreadful trial all winter. Elbert sees it. He recognized it, he said, when he asked me to marry him. He recognized the fact that father would be a great responsibility to us." Her voice had taken on the tone of her lover's speech. It had a pulpit flavor, adapted to the household.

Aunt Ellen rocked and sewed.

"Ain't your father well in health?" she asked casually. "Seems so to me."

"Yes; oh, yes!" returned Myra, with a neutral emphasis extreme in her; it made her top-note of passion. "Father's young for his age. It's his mind. I'm going to tell you the whole: all last winter from Thanksgiving on, he spent the greater part of the day doing sums. He'd make 'em up out of his head, and then he'd try to prove 'em."

"Well," said Aunt Ellen, "I don't see's that troubled anybody."

"Why, he was set on it!" cried Myra. "That cold storm, he stayed out in the shed and ciphered on the boards with a piece o' chalk. And Elbert lent him books, and he wouldn't read 'em. And he'd pray with him, and father'd sit and keep his pencil down hard on the place where he was in his figuring, and when Elbert stopped, he'd go right on adding up."

Aunt Ellen laid down her work. She spoke slowly, with an emphasis unusual in her.

"I don't know's anybody's ever told you, Myra, that your father always had that bent? When he was quite a young man — I was a little girl then — he run through all the cipherin' books he could git, an' the old minister that was — Parson True — he bought him some more, an' he run through them."

"Oh, I know that!" said Myra. "Mother told me. It always worried mother. It tried her 'most to death."

"What made it?" asked Aunt Ellen. "Now what do you s'pose made it?"

Myra opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it again. Her neat intelligence felt itself rebuffed. "Why," she said, "why, it did! 'Twould worry anybody."

"You see," said Aunt Ellen, ignoring the conclusion, "your mother knew all about that beforehand. When she married him, she married his cipherin' too. That's the long an' short on't."

"You don't mean to say you stand up for him?" asked Myra, her blue eyes widening.

Aunt Ellen laughed. She had gone back to her air of irresponsible good humor.

"I stan' up for 'most everybody, Myra," said she. "Law! the minute you git inside their skins you can't help it. Now you look here! ain't your father contented when he's cipherin'?"

"Yes, he's contented enough."

"Ain't he real pleasant company when he ain't interfered with?"

"Why, yes, Aunt Ellen! It takes up his mind. He ain't got eyes nor ears for anybody."

"Well, then, let him cipher, an' you do your serpentine, an' Elbert can do his preachin'. That's all there is to it."

Myra set her mouth in the lines bequeathed her by her late mother.

"Father's my responsibility," said she. "Besides — Aunt Ellen, you just cast your eye out there!" She rose and pointed from the window. The orchard lay in that direction, and the May sun was warm on petals flushed with pink. Aunt Ellen also rose, obeying with a mild regard. Nothing that Myra had to offer need, she judged, stir her to keen emotion.

"Where?" she asked.

"In the gillyflower tree. Don't you see him?"

"Who?"

"Father. There's his legs."

A blue overalled leg was depending from a bough.

"Where's t'other one?" asked Aunt Ellen, as if it were a question of legs.

"T'other one?" repeated Myra impatiently. "T'other leg? why, he's sitting on it. See the leaves!" A green shower fell from the tree. "He's picking off leaves. He's be'n doing that for a week. Now if you don't call that being out of anybody's head, what do you call it?"

A slight shade passed over Aunt Ellen's face.

"Have you spoke to him about it?" she asked.

"Of course I have. So's Elbert. Elbert told him he should make it a subject of prayer."

"What did your father say?"

"Why, he was up in the Hubbardston when we found it out, and he just got down out of it and walked away. 'Twas only this morning I see he'd took to the gillyflower."

Aunt Ellen rolled up her work, in her quick way, and caught the scissors from the table.

"Where you going?" asked Myra.

"I thought I'd take my sewin' out an' set with your father a spell. I'll borry that little rocker out o' the kitchen." She was walking toward the door, but Myra stepped hastily after.

"You wait a minute, Aunt Ellen," said she. "Let me finish up. I told you I'd got a plan. Elbert and I think it's best for father to live with us, and he won't. Father just won't."

"No," said Aunt Ellen smoothly; "I think's likely 's not."

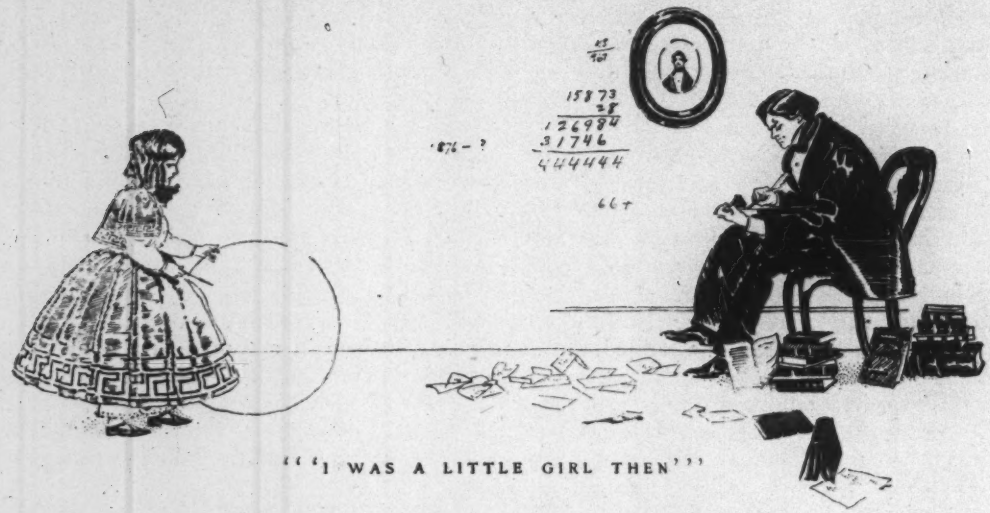
"But it's best for father. Father's our responsibility. Elbert says we mustn't shirk it. Now father never seems to think you own half of this place, and always have, ever since 'twas left to you and mother together. But if you should say you'd made up your mind to come East to live, it would drive him right out of here, and there'd be nothing for it but to have him go with us. And it's a real mercy we're going to live in a town. He couldn't go climbing trees and sitting there picking off leaves. I'm worried to death about father. If he ain't crazy, nobody ever was; and unless something's done, where's it all going to end?"

"Well," said Aunt Ellen thoughtfully, "I guess I'll go out an' set a spell."

Ellen walked slowly through the orchard, her sewing in one hand and the rocking chair, held by the top, bumping along behind. It was high summer-time in the midst of spring. The birds were loud in a

"'STAYED OUT IN THE SHED AND CIPHERED'"

wild and never dissonant chorus sung to different keys, and the green was brilliant under a fervid sky. Ellen smelled the apple blossoms, sweet with their tang of bitter, before she came under the trees, and reflected that if it were not for that blossomy



"'I WAS A LITTLE GIRL THEN'"

index of time, she might almost have thought it the last of June. She put her chair down under the gillyflower, and seated herself. She spread out her apron and took her work in hand. Only then did she lift a glance at the overalled leg.

"You up there, William?" called she. "Ain't this day the crowner?"

William swung himself into range. He was gazing down upon her. He was a lightly built man who looked something less than his age. His brown hair was still thick. His blue eyes were gentle, and the great forehead overtopped his face. But there was something childlike and sweet about his mouth and chin. Even at sixty, he looked as if the world might fret him into a perplexed discomfort from which he could see no escape.

"That you, Ellen?" he responded shyly.

"Yes, it's me. I thought I'd bring my sewin' out a spell, an' we'd have a dish o' discourse. It's an elegant day to set up there amongst the branches. I wisht I could. But my! I ain't clipper-built like some."

William was silent for a moment, and then he opened his hand and let loose a fluttering of leaves. Some of them fell in Ellen's lap, but she did not seem to notice them. Finally he spoke, with a difficult candor.

"Myra thinks I'm crazed, settin' up here."

Ellen laughed richly.

"Law!" said she, "fur's I can make out, everybody thinks everybody's crazed, all exceptin' themselves. I dunno what difference it makes what we do, so's we don't interfere with other folks."

"Nor I neither!" replied William explosively. "Nor I neither. Ellen, what should you say if I told you I was numberin' off the leaves o' this tree?" He spoke with a keen anxiety, as if the words held more than common value. Ellen dropped her spool, and there was silence while she stooped for it. Then she answered:

"Why, I dunno exactly what I should say! Yes, I do, too. I guess I should ask ye how fur you'd got. How fur have you got, William?"

William kicked his legs forward with a haste that looked like jubilation. They dangled from the limb, and in a moment his feet were on the ground. His face had flushed with something more than the exertion. It looked like pleasure or some tremulous expectancy. Ellen glanced up with a frank smile.

"My!" said she composedly. "You come down like a cat."

There was an old milking-stool under the apple-tree. He had put it there to reach the branches, not being able to "shinny" as in early youth. Now he took the stool and set it in front of Ellen, and there he placed himself. He was a well-made man, with firm, strong hands. He was noticeably clean in his workaday clothes, and his face looked very honest.

"Ellen," said he, "seems if you had more sense 'n the common run o' women. Now you look here. Don't you think 'twould be sort of interestin' to know how many leaves there was on a tree?"

Ellen's gaze met his in an untroubled candor.

"I think 'twould be terrible interestin'," she said. "I don't believe anybody ever did afore."

"I don't believe they ever did," said William, in a painful earnestness. "It come over me last winter when that poor tool of a minister was readin' a chapter, an' I was cipherin', how kind of interestin' it was for the Lord to keep numberin' things. The hairs of our head, they're all numbered, so we're told. Then there's the fishes in the sea an' the birds o' the air. They're numbered too. An' it come over me when the leaves was out an' before the canker worms come, I'd number me jest one tree an' know how many leaves there was. So I begun on the old Hubbardston—" A sinister recollection darkened his brow.

"Well, what made ye stop?"

"Myra 'n' that young Nimshi made me so tarnal mad I lost count. Dum fools!" But as Ellen laughed, a slow gleam overspread his face, and he laughed too.

"How fur ye got on the gillyflower?" she asked, as if it were a desirable secret.

William looked whimsically disconcerted.

"I got up to three hunderd an' nine," said he; "but when you come out, I picked off three or four together, an' that way I kinder lost count."

"You don't say!" commented Ellen, in a warm excess of sympathy. "William, I tell you what: you move up into that sweet-bough an' begin over, an' I tell you what you do. You pick the leaves into a basket, an' when you've got as much done as you feel like doin', I'll number 'em over after ye, an' see 'f we agree."

Tears stood in William's eyes.

"Ellen," he said, "Ellen—" Then he stopped.

"Not but what I think your account'll come out right," said Ellen hastily. "I guess 'twill, an' you with your head full o' figgers. Parson True used to say you was a very gifted man, doin' sums an' all."

"Did he?" asked William in a hushed voice. His face had the unbelieving joy of one arrived at last. "Did Parson True say that?"

"Yes, he did. I heard it with my own ears. I wa'n't nothin' but a little tot, but 'twas the year you an' Myra was married. Myra was there too. Didn't she never tell ye?"

His face darkened.

"No," he said, "no. She'd ha' been afraid 'twould encourage me. She thought 'twas all foolishness, my cipherin'."

"You an' Myra was a handsome couple," said Ellen irrelevantly.

"She was a pretty girl," returned William with indifference, as if he made his dead mate a just concession.

"THE ROCKING CHAIR . . . BUMPING ALONG BEHIND"

"A terrible handsome couple," repeated Ellen. Then she laughed. "Law, William," said she, "there wa'n't a girl in town but what would ha' jumped mast-high to git ye. I was nothin' but a mite then. I didn't grow up till later. But I remember, as if 'twas yesterday, just how you looked."

The dinner horn, in meagre volume, broke upon the air. Ellen gathered up her work.

"Seems to me she's been terrible spry with her dinner," was her smiling comment. "But there! time flies swift in pleasant company."

William straightened his broad shoulders.

"Don't you go to tuggin' along that rocker," said he with a conscious gallantry. "That's my job."

The next morning, after breakfast, William looked remindingly at Ellen, and she answered by a confirming nod. Myra was there, clearing the table, and William, after one glance at her, as if to assure himself of her topography, went out into the shed. Ellen followed him. He jerked his thumb toward the kitchen.

"Don't say one word," he began in a beseeching undertone, "or she'll git up on her high hoss. You ain't forgot that numberin'?"

"Law, no!" said Ellen cheerfully. "I should admire to do it. I'm ready when you be. I've got a pencil an' paper in my pocket, an' my head's as clear as a bell."

"That's jest the question." His tone was one of deep dejection. "The mornin's the best time o' day; but I've got to do my hoein' fust, whether or no. That's one rule I made, Ellen. I made it when *she* was alive. I says, I won't let my figgerin' prevent me from doin' what other folks do. I said that, Ellen, an' I'll hold to it. This farm's as good a farm as there is east o' the Connecticut River."

He was regarding her with a wistful anxiety. Ellen knew he longed to please.

"Don't you worry, William," said she, from her all-embracing kindliness. "You've done well by the farm. Nobody's ever denied that. Now I'll tell you what: long about three o'clock Myra's goin' to ride with that Infant Sam'wel o' hers, an' soon as they're fairly down the road you an' I'll slip out an' begin our numberin'."

"Father!" called Myra, from the kitchen "Father, you there?"

William turned with the speed of one accustomed to count that summons a dismissal, and loped away in tiptoeing strides, as if he trod uncertain ground.

In a moment Ellen was back in the kitchen, humming a cheerful stave.

"You seen father?" inquired Myra, with the sharpness of the true home ruler.

"'MADE ME SO TARNAL MAD'"

"'I AIN'T CLIPPER-BUILT LIKE SOME'"

"Your father?" inquired Aunt Ellen pleasantly. "Le' me see. Oh, yes; there he is now, goin' out towards the corn-house."

Myra took a brief glance from the window and returned to her dishes, mollified.

"Yes," said she, "he's got his hoe. He's off my mind till dinner-time. Well," she went on presently, as she put the hot tumblers in their draining pan, "what did father have to say for himself?"

"Say for himself?" repeated Aunt Ellen vaguely. "When?"

"Yesterday, out under the gillyflower tree. I haven't had a minute to ask."

"Oh, not much of anything!"

"Didn't he speak about the numbering?"

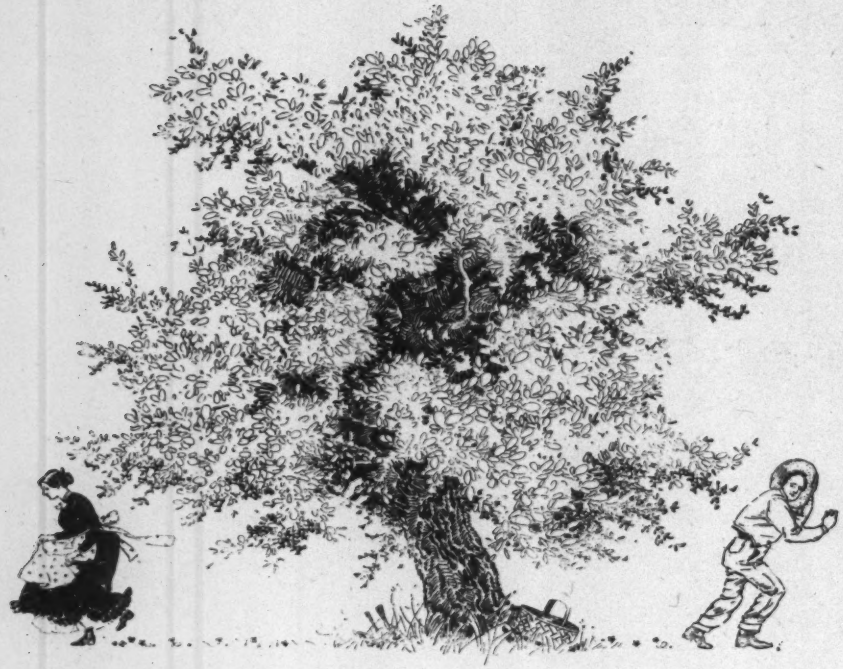
"Well, he kind o' beat round it. I shouldn't worry about that, if I's you. He don't mean any harm."

"There's a good many folks that don't mean any harm," said Myra with a judicial comprehensiveness.

That afternoon, when the young preacher stopped at the gate, Aunt Ellen was taking a nap, and she continued it until he and Myra drove away. Then, peering at them through the blinds, she laughed, and presently sped down the stairs as lightly as a girl to some tryst, half humorous, half loving. Under the sweet-bough tree she halted and looked up. There was a shape in the branches, and a sound. William was laughing. Immediately she was aware that he cared more about their conclave than about the number of the leaves.

"You ain't brought your chair," said he, with chivalrous concern.

"No. I'll take this stool. I may want to clip it into the house, if they should turn



"'YOU CLIP IT ONE WAY, AN' I WILL T'OTHER'"

'round an' come back. Now you go ahead, William. How you goin' to manage? You got anything up there to pick into?"

"Yes," said William absorbedly. "When I git a certain number, I'll pass it down to you."

Ellen sat there in the sweet spring weather, and looked away beyond the orchard reaches. She was delightfully content. For the last twenty years she had lived a life of experience and action such as these men and women could scarcely understand; yet here her being had its root, and it had never really been uptorn. The fibers had spread over a wide surface, but from this New England soil she drew true nourishment.

"There!" said William. "You put up your hand, an' I'll pass ye down the basket."

"Yes," said Ellen. "Now I'll count."

She went back to the stool and sat there buried in her task. William, for the moment, was not counting. He was dangling idly in the branches, pondering over a ray of sunlight on the bright thickness of her hair.

"Ellen," said he irrepressibly, "I don't believe you've got a gray hair in your head!"

"Seventy-three — seventy-four," said Ellen. There was a bubble of fun in her voice. "Don't you interrupt my countin'."

William kicked his heels against a bough. For the first time in his life he felt the stimulus of a nature to which counting seemed, for some reason, as important as it did to him.

"Two hunderd an' seventy-three!" said Ellen.

"Correct!" He came to the ground with an elastic speed. "Say," said he, "I guess we've counted enough for one day."

"Law, William, we ain't half begun!"

"No, but there's other days comin'. I was thinkin' last night, when you an' Myra was settin' out on the front steps, that I ain't asked sca'cely anything to speak of about your livin' out West."

"'Twas proper hard, the first years of it," said Ellen, falling at once into a sweet-toned confidingness. "We lived pretty nigh the wind. The worst days we had was in Montana."

"'Twas there Hiram was taken away, as I remember."

"Yes. You let me put down this number. Two hunderd an' seventy-three! That's what we both made it. Now I'll keep that paper right in my pocket-book, an' whenever you say to go on, it'll be all

ready to add on to." She folded her plump hands in her lap, and looked up smilingly at William, where he stood leaning against the tree.

"Well, all I can say is, you don't look as if you'd passed through any hardships," said he, with the honesty of one unused to compliment.

Ellen smiled at him and shook her head.

"I don't dwell on things," said she. "What's the use when they're over an' done? Yes, we had a pretty tough time; but Hiram left me some real estate, an' I sold out, an' there I was."

"'Twas said Hiram was a real driver, as a young man."

"Yes, Hiram would ha' made money if he'd been spared. He set a good deal by money: too much, I thought sometimes. He never knew what 'twas to live."

"So!" said William musingly. "Well, he was a good deal of a man an' a good deal of a loss."

"He *was* a good deal of a man," owned Ellen seriously. "Yes, that's so. But, I don't know how 'twas, William, I felt as if I knew him better when we met first than I did after we'd lived together."

William gave a confirming nod.

"Yes," said he, "you needn't tell *me!*"

"You see, Hiram was terrible busy. His mind was on the future, an' I always liked to live from day to day. There! le's not dwell on them things. William, when I stopped in Chicago, on my way through, they showed me a kind of a machine for addin' up figgers, an' I thought of you, an' how you'd admire to see it work."

"Do tell!" said William.

"Yes, it adds up figgers faster'n the mind o' man. I dunno how it's done, an' the clerk said he didn't either; but this was the way it acted." She began the fairy tale of her hour at the bank, and William sat entranced.

"The land!" she cried in the midst, when the five o'clock stillness had fallen and shadows were long upon the grass. "Don't you hear wheels? You clip it one way, an' I will t'other."

The two elderly playmates sped in different directions, and when Myra entered the kitchen she found Aunt Ellen "blazing a fire" for tea.

"You seen father?" asked Myra, taking off her hat, and smoothing her careful braids. "He said anything about what he means to do?"

"Not a word," Ellen assured her pleasantly. "Your young man's goin' to stay to supper, ain't he? Don't you want I should stir up cream-o'-tartar biscuits?"

For the next week, Myra seemed to be perpetually on the spot, and there was little numbering. Yet there were stolen moments in the shed or the barn, and, even once, driving the cows together through the dewy lane. William felt that he was getting extraordinarily well acquainted with Ellen. No one in his life, save his own mother, had ever seemed so familiar to him. And he had no experience of any one who was such excellent company. She had tales innumerable to tell of wild adventure, most of it hearsay, or, where it touched herself, keen human happenings. But, whenever she approached the sadder side of life, she would say, in that sweet voice of hers, enriched by tolerant memories:

"But le's not dwell on them things!" So she would turn aside like a river bent on flowing through flower-bordered banks. Life began to seem to him not like a task to be endured, snatching some wilful pleasure by the way, but as something to be cherished. He thought of her more than of his ciphering. She had the appearance of making herself an adjunct only to his native tendency; but that, in turn, had become tributary to her, a ministrant and meeting-ground to both of them.

One afternoon, when the air had the still foreknowledge of later summer, Ellen saw him from her window, walking up and down the orchard from the sweet-bough to the Hubbardston. He moved with the desperate stride of a man stung by harsh discovery, and turned upon his track like an unhappy prisoner. Myra was in the dairy straining milk, and Ellen, as she passed the door, wondered how long the task would keep her. The cat was lapping from a foamy saucer. Ellen caught her up and dropping her in the sitting-room with a thud of four stiff feet, shut the door upon her. Then she overturned the milk. Myra, if she appeared untimely, would find provision for another five minutes in clearing up that havoc.

Ellen sped to the orchard.

"William," she called, before she reached him, "William, what's the matter?"

He turned upon her a face all flushed and seamy with its grief.

"She's be'n layin' down the law. She says I've got to live with them."

"Well," said Ellen, "that don't make it so."

He scarcely heard her.

"As true as I stand here, Ellen," said he, "I never've thought a thing about your ownin' half the place. I suppose if I'd be'n more of a man I should."

"Well," said Ellen brightly, "if I own one half, you own t'other. Myra's mother left it to you, fair an' square. I never had no great of an opinion of her, if she was my sister, but she done well there. She mistrusted Myra'd cut up some kind of a dido."

William stood gazing at her with a new look on his face. It held some bitterness, some reproach of the pilfering years.

"Ellen," said he, "anybody but you'd laugh at me. I ain't had a thing as I've wanted it."

"That's the more reason for havin' it now," said Ellen.

"I never took any notice of you when you was a girl growin' up," he went on, with the angry passion of middle age.

"Well," said Ellen, "I took notice of you, William. You were the likeliest man I ever see." A flush was on her cheek. Her eyes were wet.

"An' here I be, a man along in years——"

Ellen thought she heard the pantry door.

"William," said she firmly, as a mother recalls a grieving child, "you hear to me. There's a good many years gone by, but there's a good many left—three hunderd an' sixty-five days in every one of 'em. You begin to multiply them days, an' you'll feel more or less well off. I guess we'll begin to live by days now, William. We won't reckon by years."

William was looking at her in a strange passion unknown to him, mingled of hope and wonder.

"Ellen, should you be willin' to stay here with me?"

"I should be pleased to, William," said Ellen, as if she accepted an invitation to singing school.

William took a step nearer. A shining gratitude was on his face, and perhaps, too, some wondering sense of life's mobility.

"There's plenty of better men you might marry now, Ellen," said he, in wholesale tribute to her. "What I've said this day I wish I'd said thirty year ago——"

"Well, you didn't," said Ellen practically. "All you've got to do is to number on from now. Speakin' o' numberin,' William, we didn't get along very fur with our tree."

They were smiling into each other's eyes. There was trust between them, and happy fellowship.

"I guess I kind o' forgot about it," said he in frank avowal. "I guess I've thought more about you lately, Ellen, than I have about the leaves. An' that was a kind of a makeshift, anyway. It give me an interest where I hadn't none."

"Le's see, how fur'd we git?" said Ellen, a smiling abstraction in her eyes. "I know. 'Twas nine hunderd an' ninety-eight. I told you to break off another couple, but she ketched us so quick you couldn't. Here, William, you pull off a leaf. Now I will. There, that's it. That's a thousand!"